

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

March

15c



Spotlight Cover
of Hepburn

Why Katharine Hepburn Didn't Dare
Nelson Eddy—Waiting for "The Woman"

COLDS are dangerous *infections - give them* *Antiseptic Treatment!*

• **Listerine's success in reducing the number of colds is due to germ-killing action in mouth and throat.**

Colds are infections. Why not treat them as such—not with harsh drugs powerless against bacteria, but with a first-rate antiseptic that kills germs quickly?

Fewer, Milder Colds

People who follow this system may expect fewer colds and fewer sore throats. That has been proved by scientific tests in which Listerine was used. The results of these tests are corroborated by the experience of Listerine users as attested by enthusiastic letters to this company.

Remember, your cold is accompanied by germs, which invade the body through the mouth and throat. Promptly killed or even held in check, they may do no damage. Allowed to multiply, these bacteria are almost certain to get the upper hand. A mean



cold or a nasty sore throat often follows.

Kills germs on membranes

Listerine holds such germs in check. When this pleasant though powerful antiseptic touches the mucous membranes, it begins to kill by the millions germs associated with colds and sore throat.

Even 3 hours after its use, vulnerable areas show a substantially reduced bacterial count.

See for yourself

Why not get in the habit of using Listerine twice a day this winter? You may find, as many others have, that it makes you less susceptible to winter ailments. Many report that as a result of using Listerine they have no colds whatsoever. Others say they catch cold seldom, and that their colds are so mild as to cause no inconvenience. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Listerine

- at the first sign of Cold or Sore Throat

LISTERINE COUGH DROPS

A new, finer cough drop, medicated for quick relief of throat tickle, coughs, irritations.



10¢



SAYS
DEBUTANTE

Savage!

**A DEBUTANTE AND A
DENTIST QUARREL ABOUT
A RIB OF BEEF**

Sensible!

SAYS
DENTIST



(But the civilized way to combat "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" is IPANA and MASSAGE)

IN THIS PICTURE, you see a girl chewing vigorously on a rib of beef. Viewed from the angle of good manners, it's pretty bad... And the debutante is right when she says, "It's simply savage!"

But the dentist is right, too. And it needn't surprise you to hear *any* dentist say: "That's a good, common-sense demonstration of the *healthy* way to use teeth and gums."

In modern dental circles, it is freely admitted that the lack of coarse foods and vigorous chewing is largely responsible for a host of gum disorders. Naturally,

gums grow sensitive on a soft food diet. Naturally, they grow flabby, weak and tender. And, naturally, that warning "tinge of pink" eventually appears upon your tooth brush.

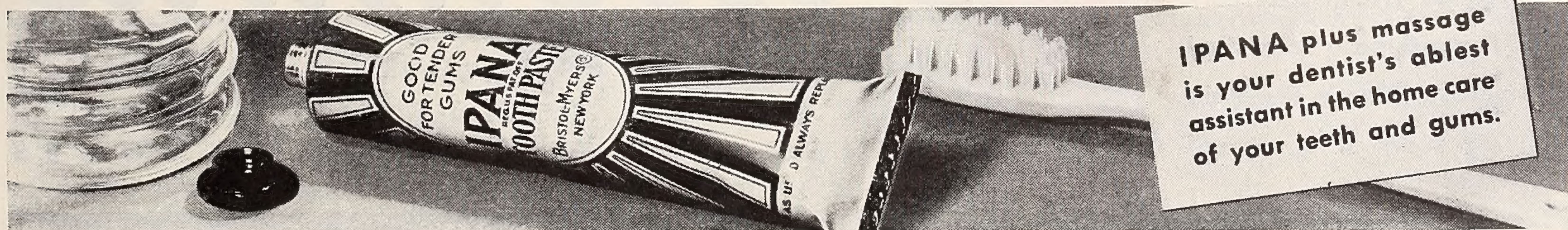
"Pink Tooth Brush" Tells the Truth

And the truth is—your teeth and gums need better care. You should change to Ipana plus massage... You should begin, today, the double duty you must practice for complete oral health. So start now to massage your gums with Ipana every time you brush your teeth. Rub a

little extra Ipana into your gums, on brush or fingertip—and do it regularly.

For Ipana plus massage helps stimulate circulation. It helps your gums win back their firmness. It helps them recover their strength and their resistance. They feel livelier, better, healthier. And healthy gums have little to fear from the really serious gum troubles—gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease.

So be reasonable. For your smile's sake, for the sake of your good looks and your good health—begin today with Ipana plus massage.



*Again they thrill you
with Glorious Melody!*

"YOU BELONG TO ME! I BELONG TO YOU!"

The singing stars of "Naughty Marietta" now lift their golden voices to excite all the world with the immortal melodies of the most vibrant and stirring musical of our time — "Rose Marie" ... The romantic drama of a pampered pet of the opera and a rugged "Mountie" torn between love and duty, whose hearts met where mountains touched the sky... How you'll thrill with delight as they fill the air with your love songs — "Rose Marie, I Love You", and "Indian Love Call"! It's the first big musical hit of 1936—another triumph for the M-G-M studios!

Thrill to Jeanette MacDonald as she sings "The Waltz Song" from Romeo and Juliet, and with Nelson Eddy, the immortal duet "Indian Love Call"

Jeanette
MACDONALD
NELSON EDDY
IN
Rose Marie

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
with

REGINALD OWEN • ALLAN JONES
Directed by W. S. Van Dyke • Produced by Hunt Stromberg

'SONG OF THE MOUNTIES!'
300 rugged male voices led
by Nelson Eddy in the most
stirring song of our time!



The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

TOM KENNEDY, Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

March, 1936

Vol. XXXII. No. 5

EVERY STORY A FEATURE!

The Editor's Page.....	Delight Evans	17
The Quintuplets Are Movie Stars Now.....	Maude Latham	18
Nelson Eddy—Waiting for "The Woman".....	Ben Maddox	20
Medals and Birds.....	S. R. Mook	22
Ruby Tapped the Trail. Ruby Keeler.....	Ruth Rankin	24
Playing at Palm Springs.....	Margaret Angus	26
Movie Man at Home. Robert Taylor.....	Maude Cheatham	28
The Great Powell. William Powell.....	Elizabeth Wilson	30
English Rose. Madeleine Carroll.....	Hettie Grimstead	31
Why Katharine Hepburn Didn't Dare.....	Jay Brien Chapman	32
Secret Chapter in Fred's Success Story. Fred MacMurray.....	Walter Ramsey	51
Reviews of the Best Pictures.....	Delight Evans	52
Forever Yours. Fiction.....	Margaret E. Sangster	54
SCREENLAND's Glamor School. Edited by Gladys Swarthout.....		58
Hollywood Fashion Highlights.....		60
Alphabet Scoop!.....	James Marion	63



Next Month: Shirley's New Contest!

SCREENLAND gave you the first Shirley Temple contest. You liked it—and proved it by your whole-hearted response. Now you have asked for another contest sponsored by Shirley—and again SCREENLAND gives you what you want!

See the next issue—the April number—for the new Shirley Temple contest. You won't be disappointed, for this contest has a new idea; and new, bigger, and better prizes, including cash!

Shirley is Box-Office Queen Number One of American motion picture audiences. As the publication first to give her a cover, and first to feature her in a contest, SCREENLAND is again chosen to present the NEW Shirley Temple feature—a unique competition to appeal to everyone, young and old.

Remember: Shirley's new contest will appear in the April issue of SCREENLAND, on sale March 3rd.

SPECIAL ART SECTION:

Captain "Kid." Shirley Temple. Glorifying Myrna Some More! Rare-fying Rainer—Ridiculous! Maid of Mystery. Merle Oberon. Man of Moods. Leslie Howard. Beauty's Return! Dolores Costello. Norma Shearer. The Loves of Anthony Adverse. Olivia de Havilland, Gale Sondergaard, Steffi Duna. Out of Character. Evolution of Astaire. Jean and John. Jean Harlow, John Boles. New Hero at Home. Errol Flynn. Teaming Up the Talent. The Most Beautiful Still of the Month.

DEPARTMENTS:

Inside the Stars' Homes. Anita Louise.....	Betty Boone	6
Honor Page.....		8
Tagging the Talkies. Short Reviews.....		14
Hollywood in New York.....	Tom Kennedy	56
Your Face as You Like It! Beauty Article.....	Elin Neil	62
Here's Hollywood. Screen News.....	Weston East	64
SCREENLAND's Crossword Puzzle.....	Alma Talley	72
Femi-Nifties.....		82
Ask Me.....	Miss Vee Dee	90
Salutes and Snubs. Letters from Readers.....		95

Spotlight Cover Portrait of Katharine Hepburn by Marland Stone.

We're having tea in the jewel-box home of Anita Louise—perfect setting for her pink-gold beauty. Yes—the exclusive recipes are delectable, too!

By Betty Boone



Exclusive photographs especially posed for SCREENLAND by Ed Stone.

The home of the youngest, most unspoiled beauty in pictures is an exquisite setting for her gentle loveliness. This little girl who looks like a medieval princess plays the piano and the harp, makes a hobby of needlepoint, and entertains graciously at tea with her mother, shown with her in the large picture, right, above.

ALL interior decorators tell me that they cannot properly furnish a house until they know its mistress.

Perhaps that's the reason Anita Louise's home is the most perfect one in Hollywood—for her mother, a former interior decorator, designed it especially for her.

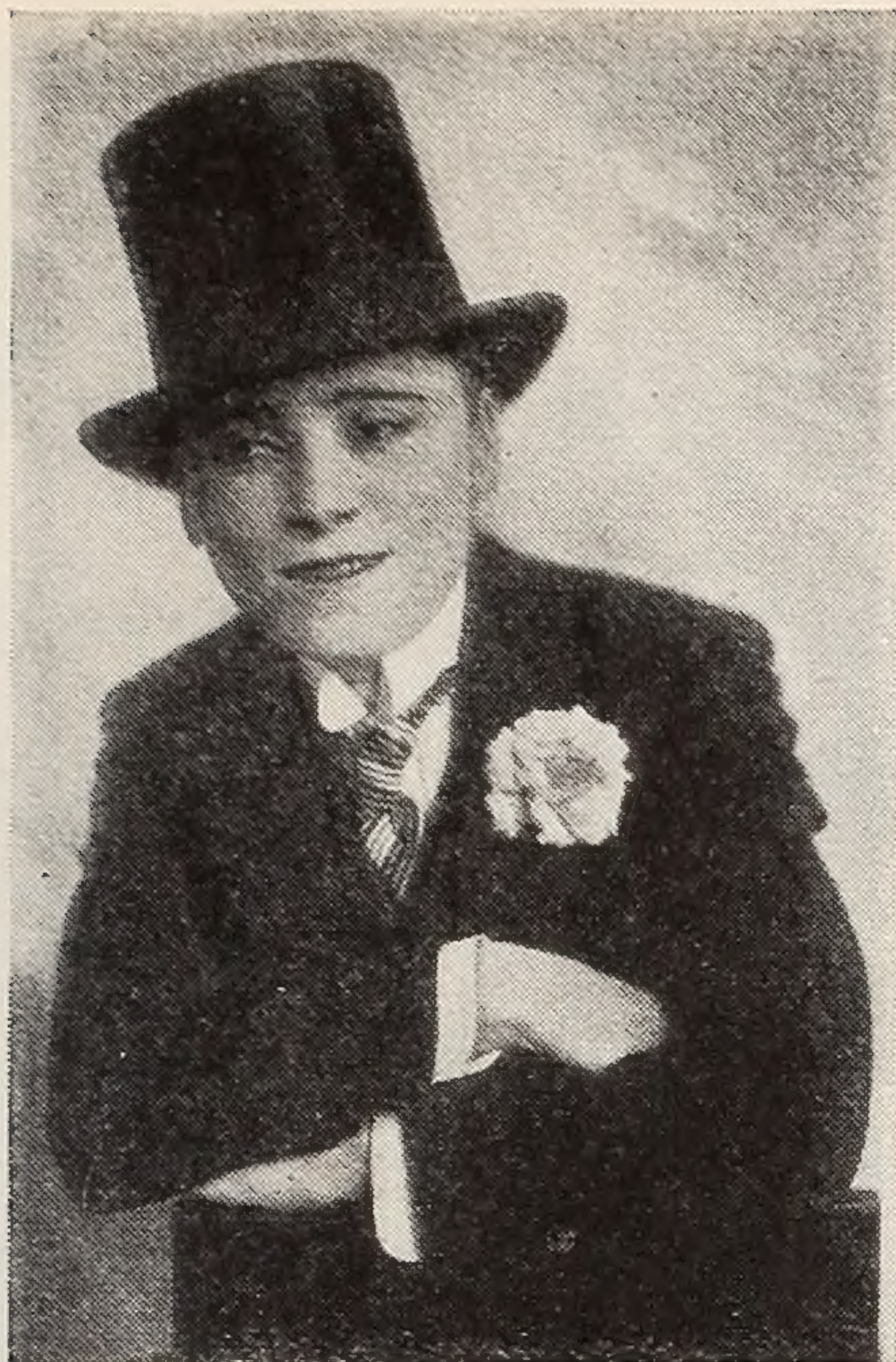
The house is French Provincial, set high on a green hill that slopes sharply down to the street. Great trees spread arching branches on the lawn so that you can't see the white doors from the sidewalk.

Anita is slim and fair and exquisite. Her coloring is pink and white and gold. She looks too beautiful to be real. Her house is an ideal setting for her, a very jewel-box created to display to best advantage the loveliness of its tenant.

White and gold, white and gold, is repeated throughout the dwelling. A white and gold entrance hall, dominated by a huge grandfather clock. To the right, a dining room with gold satin brocade wall paper and white and gold furniture of delicate design. To the left, the living room, in white and gold. Oyster-white broadloom carpet covers the floors; the furniture is white picked out in gold. Anita's piano, which is over eighty years old, is white with touches of gold; her harp is new and golden.

"Mother gave me the harp for my last birthday," said Anita. "Ever since I can remember I've wanted one, and I've played it for four and (Continued on page 84)

Inside the Stars' Homes



When Mae West starred in the opening stage show at the Capitol, New York, in 1919, singing tunes written by Gershwin.

Below, Janet as a screen cutie at the time she was first called "Little Gaynor."



Remember when Claudette Colbert played opposite Chevalier in "The Big Pond"?



Here's another snapshot from our album. Mae West in a then up-to-the-minute bye-bye hat touched off with aigrets.

Marion Davies in character for her starring rôle in "Polly of the Circus." Below.



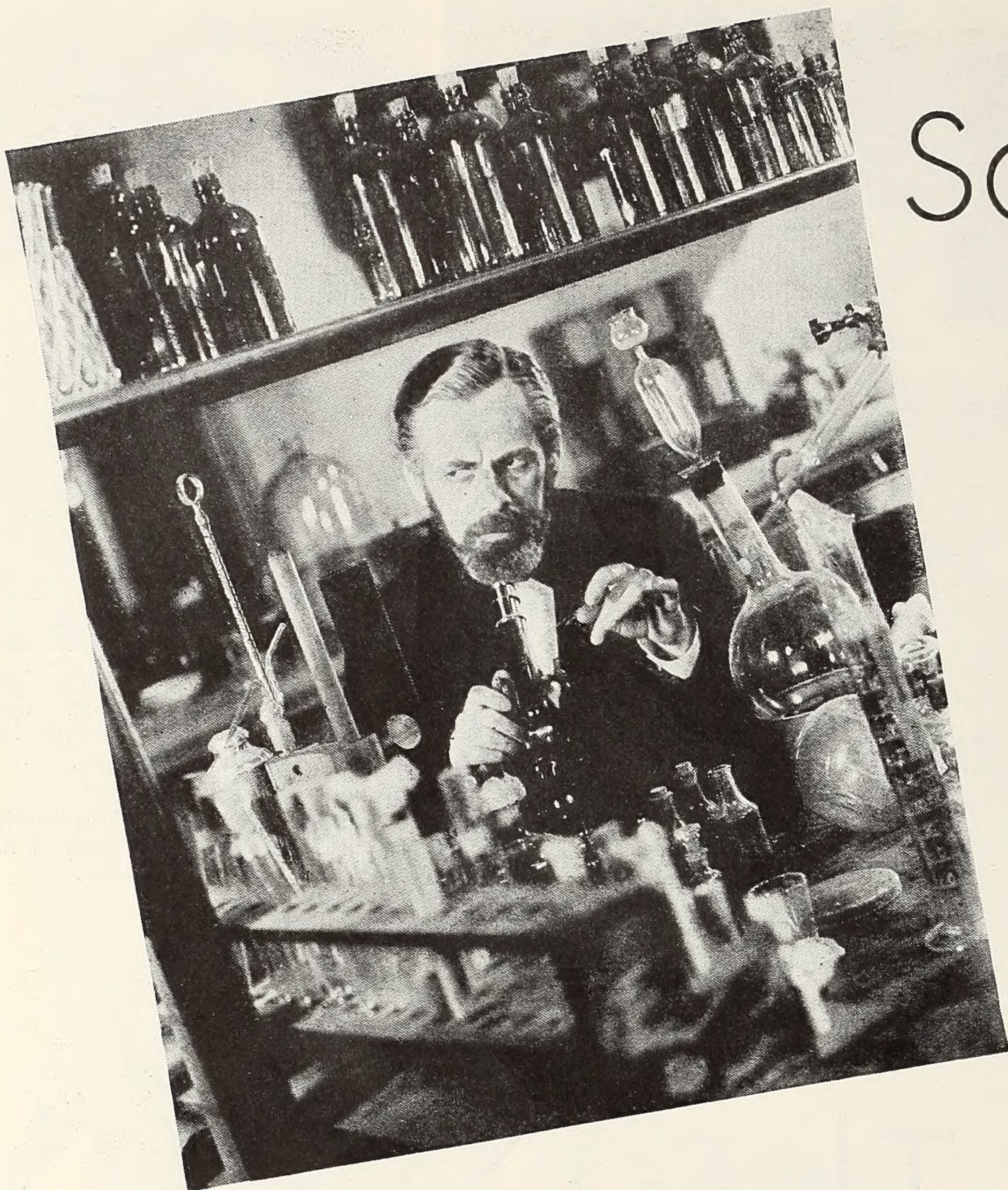
As They Were

Yes, that's Joan Crawford, below, in a close-up from a film called "The Taxi Dancer."



SCREENLAND

Honor Page



As the great scientist, Louis Pasteur, Paul Muni gives by far his most impressive performance. Above, a character study; right, a close-up. Josephine Hutchinson in her quietly convincing characterization of Mme. Pasteur is pictured with Mr. Muni at upper right in a scene from the big new film.



Honoring Paul Muni for
his masterly portrayal
of "Louis Pasteur"

THE Life of Louis Pasteur" is at once the most daring and dignified of all the current screen dramas. We have had many movie biographies of great men, but usually they have glorified men of action, of adventure or romance. Now comes this superb characterization of a great scientist, a worker in the cause of curing humanity of its ills; and we find that here is powerful drama far exceeding in suspense and human appeal all past cinema biographies. The wide interest inspired by "The Life of Louis Pasteur" is perhaps

chiefly due to the star, Paul Muni, who portrays his great rôle with deep sympathy and intellectual understanding. We have bowed to Muni before as a fine actor and a conscientious artist; but for the first time the burning sincerity of his performance enables us to forget his technique and stage training; here, Muni becomes heart and soul the character he sets out to create; he is the heroically noble *Pasteur*. You will not believe until you yourself have seen it, how exciting this picture, dramatizing the life of a great scientist, can be.

One woman gave him the thrill of reckless kisses. The other gave him the glow of a deathless love. And in the burning crucible of three souls in conflict is born this triumphant heart song of a million wives and sweethearts.

ANN HARDING *and*
HERBERT MARSHALL
in "The
LADY CONSENTS"

with
MARGARET LINDSAY
WALTER ABEL • EDWARD ELLIS
HOBART CAVANAUGH • ILKA CHASE

Directed by Stephen Roberts

AN RKO—RADIO
PICTURE



"You are the best I could get. And now I've got you—she'll never be able to win you back again!"

EXCITEMENT RIDES
THE *Hollywood*
RANGE . . . AS THE
"TRADE" CRITICS
Preview



*//THE
LOUIS



PAUL MUNI'S sensational new success

throws the spotlight on some important personalities you never knew till now.



The story of Pasteur's historic battle with the ruthless killers of an unseen world has roused the experts of the film trade press to a very uncharacteristic frenzy of praise



Moving performances by Josephine Hutchinson, Anita Louise, Donald Woods, Fritz Leiber, and many others, have been a vital factor in the salvos of applause for "Pasteur"

WHAT is it that even the most conscientious film fan never hears about—yet is as well known and important in "picture business" as famous stars, directors, or producers?

Answer—a movie "trade paper" publisher.

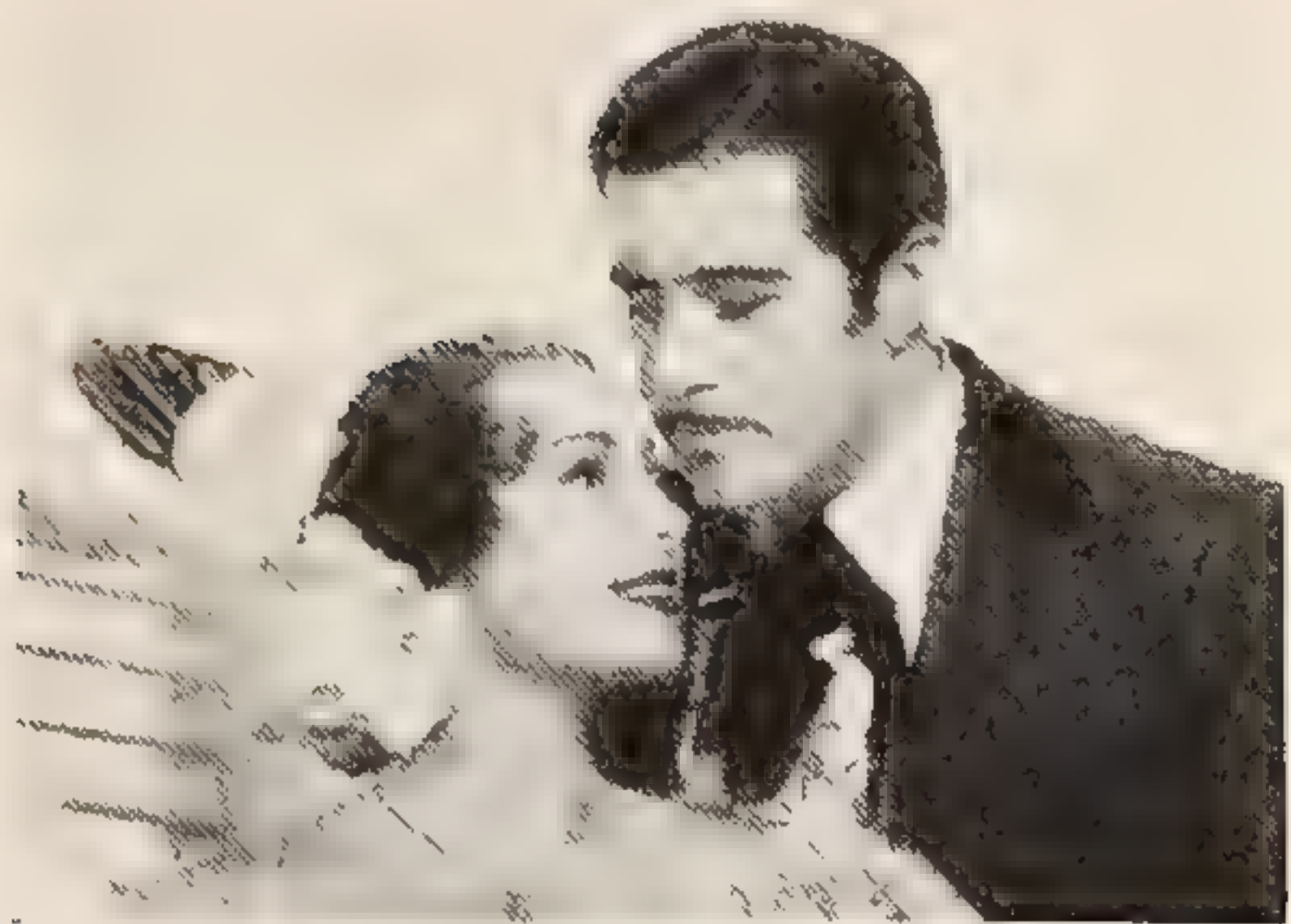
If you were in the movie business the publications presided over by these gentry would be as familiar to you as your daily newspaper. Their reviews of new pictures are the first impartial comments published anywhere and usually have an important influence in determining at what theatres a production will be shown and for how long.

Being steeped in picture affairs to the eyebrows, these "inside" reviewers never hesitate to call a spade a spade and a flop a flop. Praise is the exception rather than the rule and it's rare indeed for the boys to agree unanimously in favor of any one production.

So you can understand why the film industry practically *in toto* sat up with a jerk one recent morning when they picked up paper after paper and found every one of them not only praising, but gushing like schoolgirls about the same picture—Paul Muni in *The Story of Louis Pasteur*

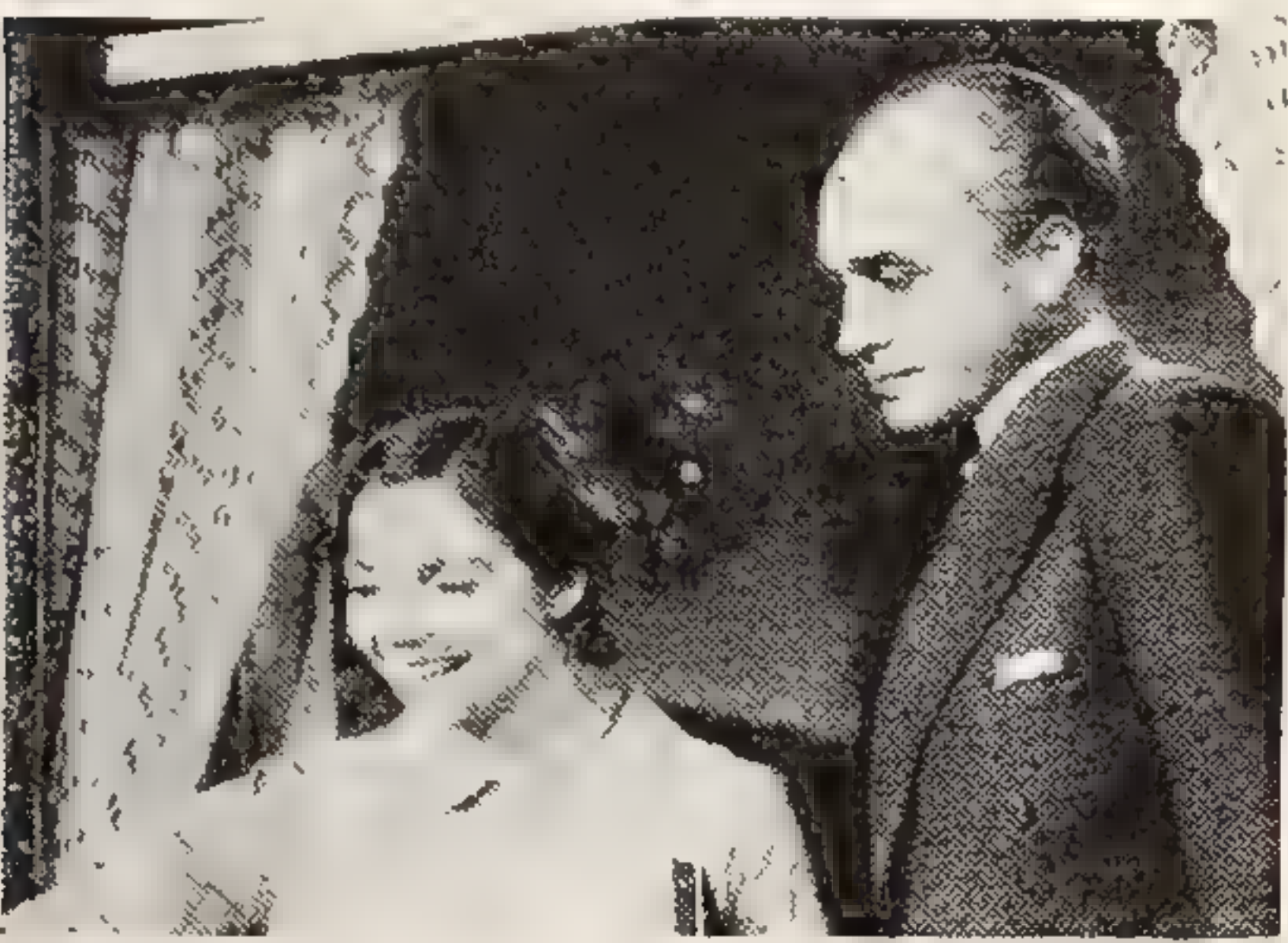
FOR instance, they found seasoned, cynical Jack Ali-coate's *Film Daily* notifying the world that "*The Story of Louis Pasteur* is distinguished and gripping drama that blazes a new trail in pictures. Warner Bros. have fashioned a story that grips from the start. Muni's performance is something to cheer about. William Dieterle's direction deserves lavish praise."

Veteran publisher Martin Quigley's *Motion Picture*



Rose
of the
Rancho
Paramount

Gladys Swarthout, beautiful to behold, lovely to listen to when she sings, makes her film debut in a western melodrama done in conventional stage operetta style. She is the Spanish girl who thwarts the land-grabbers of the California of the 1850's. John Boles is the government agent. If you can reconcile the blending of music with hard-riding, fast-shooting action drama you may like this very unique effort.



The
Passing
of the
Third
Floor
Back
Gaumont-
British

Jerome K. Jerome's famous play makes a fine vehicle for the gifted and very intelligent actor, Conrad Veidt, and it also introduces to America a young actress, Rene Ray, whose handling of the climax, in which the slavey confesses her guilt to protect the Stranger from the taunts of the crowd, is a marvelous piece of histrionics. The play is symbolism of an inspired sort. It is a picture that is quite worth seeing.



Seven
Keys to
Baldpate
RKO-
Radio

Our old friend—this crackling mystery yarn appears here in its second talkie version, and for the fourth time on the screen. Gene Raymond is the novelist who gets into a peck of excitement at the deserted inn, and Margaret Callahan is the girl Gene falls for. Eric Blore, Erin O'Brien Moore, Grant Mitchell and others make it a good cast. This is good for an hour or so of fun and excitement.



We're
Only
Human
RKO-
Radio

Detectives and gangsters, action and thrills, whoopee! And a fight that has 'em all stopped. Preston Foster, detective, is put on the carpet for "working alone." Then he goes out and cleans up the worst gang in town, single-handed. Jane Wyatt is the lady reporter, Jimmy Gleason the kind of a cop we would love to get arrested by, Christian Rub does a *Casper Milquetoast* that's swell; Mischa Auer villains.



draw
me!

COMPETE FOR AN ART SCHOLARSHIP

Copy this girl and send us your drawing—perhaps you'll win a **COMPLETE FEDERAL COURSE FREE!** This contest is for amateurs, so if you like to draw do not hesitate to enter.

Prizes for Five Best Drawings—FIVE COMPLETE ART COURSES FREE, including drawing outfits. (Value of each course, \$190.00.)

FREE! Each contestant whose drawing shows sufficient merit will receive a grading and advice as to whether he or she has, in our estimation, artistic talent worth developing.

Nowadays design and color play an important part in the sale of almost everything. Therefore the artist, who designs merchandise or illustrates advertising has become a real factor in modern industry. Machines can never displace him. Many Federal students, both men and girls who are now commercial designers or illustrators capable of earning from \$1000 to \$5000 yearly have been trained by the Federal Course. Here's a splendid opportunity to test your talent. Read the rules and send your drawing to the address below.

RULES

This contest open only to amateurs, 16 years old or more. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible.

1. Make drawing of girl 5 inches high, on paper 6½ inches square. Draw only the girl, not the lettering.

2. Use only pencil or pen.

3. No drawings will be returned.

4. Write your name, address, age and occupation on back of drawing.

5. All drawings must be received in Minneapolis by Feb. 26th, 1936. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Federal Schools Faculty.

FEDERAL SCHOOLS, INC.

3246 Federal Schools Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

7-DAY WONDER PEEL

The New Miraculous Beauty Treatment

Make your face look younger and your complexion clearer and more beautiful.

(No Seclusion from work or play)

\$7.50 postpaid

ADELE MILLAR

Dept. 35, 1800 N. Western, Hollywood, Cal.



You Can Regain Perfect Speech, if you

STAMMER

Send today for beautifully illustrated book entitled "DON'T STAMMER," which describes the Bogue Unit Method for the scientific correction of stammering and stuttering. Method successfully used at Bogue Institute for 35 years—since 1901. Endorsed by physicians. Full information concerning correction of stammering sent free. No obligation. Benjamin N. Bogue, Dept. 502, Circle Tower, Indianapolis, Ind.

POEMS

Set to Music
Published

FREE EXAMINATION

Send Poems to

McNEIL

Bachelor of Music

1582 West 27th St.

Los Angeles, Calif.

I WANT YOU Work for "Uncle Sam"

Start \$1260 to \$2100 a year
MEN—WOMEN. Common Education usually sufficient. Short hours. I will coach 25 free. Write immediately for free 32-page book, with list of positions and full particulars.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE

Dept. F-320

Rochester, N. Y.



Nassau's most Charming Hostess

Regards Listerine Tooth Paste as an aid to luxurious living.

The beautiful wife of Sir Bede Clifford enthusiastically avows her preference for this dentifrice, with its modest little price of 25¢. Only brilliant results could win the esteem of a woman of such means and discrimination.

Like three million others, Lady Clifford has found that this gentle, safe dentifrice does an amazingly thorough job of cleansing and polishing teeth.

If you haven't tried Listerine Tooth Paste, do so. You will be delighted at the improvement it makes in the appearance of your teeth.

See how thoroughly, how quickly it cleans... how white and brilliant it leaves the teeth. Observe how marvelously it sweeps away surface stains and discolorations. Note the wonderful flash and lustre it gives the enamel. Look for that delicate flavor and feeling of mouth freshness that follows its use.

Never was a dentifrice, regardless of price, so enthusiastically received and used by the most critical of men and women. Get a tube from your druggist today and give it a thorough trial. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

The Honorable Lady Clifford

Lady Clifford's cabana on the shores of Nassau's Cable Beach, where much informal entertaining of the world's notables is done.



American born, known internationally for her beauty and charm, Lady Clifford is the youthful mother of three charming daughters. Her life as the wife of Sir Bede Clifford, Governor of the Bahamas is as varied as it is interesting. She is shown here in Court dress, displaying the famous Clifford heirlooms, earrings given to an early Lord Clifford by Queen Catherine of Braganza, wife of Charles the Second. These earrings were part of Queen Catherine's dowry. The stones are large pear-shaped diamonds, set in smaller diamonds.



Ugbrooke Park, Chudleigh, Devonshire, English home of Sir Bede and Lady Clifford. This noble castle is situated on the Clifford estates, which have been in the family since 1100.



"Malice Scourge," Lady Clifford's Pirate-class sloop, a familiar sight in Nassau's emerald and turquoise waters.



Listerine Tooth Paste

The Editor's Page

An Open Letter to Charles Laughton

DEAR, MR. LAUGHTON:

Do me a favor. Don't play *Mr. Chips*.

All right—I'll give in immediately and admit that you *could* do it. You could play anything. In fact, you have. Any actor who can toss off a *Ruggles of Red Gap*, or a *Father Barrett*, and then with the greatest of ease portray *Captain Bligh*, can do anything. You have given us *Henry the Eighth*, Laughton-style. You have enacted Victor Hugo's *Javert*—with trimmings. And all the time you are Charles Laughton having the time of his life—and giving most of the cash customers theirs.

But you leave *Mr. Chips* alone. I don't want *Mr. Chips* to turn into Charles Laughton. I want him just as he is in the book—a gentle, charming, adorable gentleman, with positively not a single sadistic tendency. James Hilton's book, "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," brought something so refreshing to the lending libraries that everyone who read it felt a little glow—even those who pretended to gag at it. And *Mr. Chips*, the gentle English school-master, remains in memory of all who read the book—each according to his own conception. My *Mr. Chips* was slight and very slender, with long slim blue-veined hands, and an ascetic face with rather dreamy eyes. And whatever you can do, Mr. Laughton, and it's plenty, you can NOT make your hands long and slim; you are not slight, even though you are now more slender; and your eyes—well, they are nightmare eyes, and you can do great things with them; but you're not going to scare me out of my ideal of *Mr. Chips*—or are you?

Yes, I suppose you really are. Irving Thalberg has more to say about casting his Metro



pictures than I have. And James Hilton, who wrote the book, plays right into your hands by agreeing enthusiastically that you are a splendid choice for the rôle. In fact, Mr. Hilton once heartily recommended Wallace Beery, no less, to play the part. I hate to think of a great actor like you, Mr. Laughton, turning into the lesser of two evils; but there you are.

Since it is practically settled, then, will you permit me just a word of friendly advice? Oh, yes, I can be friendly, Mr. Laughton. I welcomed you with open arms when you first appeared before us in "Payment Deferred." I still think that was the finest thing you have ever done; for since then you have too often given in to your amusing penchant for finding a little bit of the pathological in every good part; and we have come to expect that "Laughton touch" like a cold, clammy hand around our throats. Maybe we like it and are just fighting it. But this time, what can you dig up about poor *Mr. Chips*? He led a blameless life; he never flogged or persecuted or executed anybody; he was a good man. Then how are you going to play him? You probably have your own plans. But just you try to smear *Mr. Chips* with your magnificent mud; just you try it. You'll find me leading a sadistic mob of blood-thirsty fans all leering: "Goodbye, Mr. Laughton."

Delight Evans

Jean Hersholt, playing the title rôle in "The Country Doctor," is pictured here in a scene with the Dionne Quintuplets. Don't miss a word of our exclusive story about the babies' big movie début!



Copyright 1936 NEA Service, Inc.

The Quintuplets are Movie Stars Now!

I HAVE had many exciting moments in my varied career on stage and screen, but never have I been as thrilled as when I began making "The Country Doctor" with the most famous babies in the world—the Dionne quintuplets.

Like you, I had seen the newsreels of these infants every few months, but I was wholly unprepared for my contact with them. I have no children of my own, so I have never known the sacred experience of motherhood, but I doubt if many real mothers have felt more hallowed over the miracle of motherhood than I did when I came into the presence of the Dionne babies.

You have heard how nervous people become working with Garbo for the first time. Jean Hersholt, (who plays the fictionalized character of Dr. Dafoe), and I called ourselves "seasoned troupers," but we were so nervous that all our first scenes had to be re-taken.

My first glimpse of them was just before we reached the Dafoe Hospital. They were sleeping on the sun porch, all nicely covered by Eskimo suits, and reposing in their handsome prams, (which I later saw had a silver

Dorothy Peterson, first outsider ever to hold the Dionne babies in her arms, tells you all about her experiences playing the nurse in "The Country Doctor," feature film starring the "Quins"

By Dorothy Peterson

As told to Maude Lathem

plate on the side with each baby's name on it. The carriages had leather canopies and *these tops were completely covered with snow!* I could hardly credit my eyes. But don't forget when we arrived in North Bay, 12 miles from the town of Callander, near the location of the Dafoe Hospital, the weather was 20 degrees below zero. It was slightly warmer by the time we got out there. The snow had blown through the screens on the open porch, but the babies were warm as toast.

My first real sight of them came when a few minutes later we stood outside of the play room and watched the nurses bringing them in—looking like nothing more than wooly little animals, all in different colored outfits: pink, blue, white, rose, and orchid.

I know you want to know every single thing these babies did, and what we actually think of them, so I shall try to tell you. Even before we left Hollywood, we knew from the contract which had been approved by their guardian, David A. Croll, Minister of Public Welfare in the Province of Ontario, that we should be able to work with them only an hour at most each day—often only

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Dorothy Peterson has played hundreds of "mother" rôles, but nothing has ever stirred her heart-strings like being the first outside woman to hold the quintuplets in her arms! The famous babies were paid \$50,000 for their six days' work in "The Country Doctor," or \$10,000 for each baby. Miss Peterson plays NURSE ANDERSON in "The Country Doctor," the first feature film starring the quins—a character which is a composite of both nurses at the Dafoe Hospital, and not actually either one—we must remember that all the characters in the film are fictitious. Miss Peterson and Jean Hersholt, playing the doctor's rôle, were the only actors accompanying Director Henry King and technical staff on the trip to Callander, Ontario, to film the Dionne babies in action. Now read our exclusive story in which Dorothy Peterson describes all her experiences with the "Quins." Proudly we present this SCREENLAND scoop!

thirty minutes. It was also understood, in advance, that Dr. Dafoe was to be present every minute of the time and he would determine the time to stop.

All the way through, this was another case of Mahomet going to the mountain. From the director down, we all *took* orders—never gave them. In my own mind, I had thought I would be allowed to go in and play with the babies alone and



Aeme



Copyright 1936 NEA Service, Inc.

The thrill of a lifetime: Dorothy Peterson, noted screen actress, plays her favorite rôle, that of the nurse in "The Country Doctor," first feature film starring the Dionne Quintuplets. Above, Miss Peterson and Jean Hersholt, with Yvonne, Cecile, Marie, Annette, and Emilie. Left, Dr. Dafoe at his desk in the Dafoe Hospital at Callander, Ontario, with his two Hollywood visitors, Dorothy Peterson and Jean Hersholt. Below, Miss Peterson helps with the quins' ironing, between scenes of the picture in which she appears as their nurse.



try to "win them over," as it were, like we rehearse other scenes here, but that was not so. I was never alone with them a minute in advance of the picture. I had seen them outside the window, as explained, but *when they saw me at close quarters for the very first time, the camera was actually taking the picture!* I was dressed exactly like their other nurses, (there are always two or more), and Dr. Dafoe and Director Henry King thought the babies would look at me in that uniform and think they had known me before. They were much too astute for that. They did, however, seem to accept me as someone who might be there to do them a service. You see, never having had anything but the tenderest care, they were not expecting anything but kindness, and they were ready for any new game.

Our first scene was where I began dressing them. Their own nurse, Miss LaRoux, (pronounced LaRue), had put them all on one bed, with their little undergarments—diaper, waist, little silk panties—so I had only the slip and outer dress to finish. I attempted to do this nonchalantly and naturally, taking Yvonne first, from the bed on which they lay, to a table close by. She didn't cry or protest in any manner—though, as explained, I was so nervous that my fingers were all thumbs, and it evidently puzzled her a bit, but when Jean and I began to say our lines back and forth, her mouth dropped open in a thoroughly shocked manner. You see, they are being taught French before English and they can only speak a few words, none of which were more intelligible to me than a mere "da-da."

Yvonne is the largest of the five and easily distinguished. If you have forgotten their names, Marie is the smallest, and between Marie and Yvonne, in size, are the other three, Annette, Cecile, and Emilie, who are exactly the same size and can fool even Dr. Dafoe.

These babies are weighed every week, of course, and at the end of the seven days we (Continued on page 91)

NELSON EDDY~

Waiting for "The Woman"



THERE'S no use being bewildered about the male of the moment—'cause Nelson Eddy obviously *does* believe in making love. Like me, and you, and *you!*

Only the astounding fix he finds himself in now is that nobody apparently wants the right answers. It seems they listen, but hear not. His refusal to riot romantically isn't such a brain-twister. If they'd given him a fighting chance to explain, there would be none of this nonsense spread about him.

But Hollywood has put him on the spot, and between you and me it's just on account of his revolutionary conduct. He won't kiss the local cuties and then tell. So interviewers keep chasing him with the same queries: Who-is-she? When? And why? Followed, soon after,

by: Why not? Next comes: You don't mean to say you haven't a love-life, you super-exuberant Mr. Eddy! The sotto-voice fadeout is, invariably: Of course, sweet, he's covering up. What do you suppose he's concealing?

And so it goes since the movies have spotlighted Nelson's S. A. For there is certainly something about this husky, blond 'n' handsome that haywires emotional ladies, otherwise sensible. It's not simply among far-away fans that damsels go dithery, either. He happens to be as exciting close up.

To date, the women reporters have managed to snare practically all the assignments on him. When they've met him these customary cynics have reacted in a manner that's—but definitely elementary! They forget to record his exact words.

Is he avoiding romance? If there is a particular girl, who is she? Now you can stop guessing! The Male of the Moment speaks for himself—but frankly

By Ben Maddox

I like Nelson as well as anyone does, but I guess being a fellow man saves me from turning sappy on him. If ever I do I know I'll lose his esteem. The unvarnished truth is that here's a regular guy who insists upon staying the way he was, and is. Which is—homespun! The ecstasy-provoking Mr. Eddy is actually a fugitive from all this halo-hooey.

He is, yes, a strange soul in our first-you-Yuma-her-and-eventually-you-Renovate-her community. He doesn't wink at extra girls and invite them on secret drives. Nor make subtle passes at famous actresses. Indeed, his dating is most occasional.

But Nelson hasn't taken any terrible oath to flee from particularly lovable lassies. A feminine-less future isn't his fancy. He isn't sacrificing himself to a cold, consuming career. If they haven't been able to print a proposal or gossip accurately about a proposition, so what? Personally, I admire him for sticking so unhesitatingly to his pre-Hollywood standards. And I give hallelujahs that he isn't trotting out that old chestnut to stave off the snoopers. You remember, the one about how a film star bachelor must be careful of becoming involved.

Why, he's not merely unafraid marriage will ruin him, but he never thinks of himself as "a star." Which is another of the extraordinary bits of data that's genuine gospel.

Today Nelson Eddy may be near you, for he is again touring the country, giving concerts precisely as he did before his luck suddenly switched into high. It's one more clue to his firm character. The average actor settles down between pictures to sun-tanning at Palm Springs

or "reviving" amid the metropolitan stimuli of New York City. Get this Nelson, though. He demanded a clause in his Metro contract guaranteeing him half of each year free. So he could continue his song recitals!

He'll never have to experience that painful feeling of coming down to earth because he's never been out of touch with reality. You can't cook up a colorful "change" in him, for he's still got that outside manner despite being definitely on the inside at last. I'm wondering how he's surviving his present swing around the country, for his triumph in "Rose Marie" has affected his concerting. Those who hadn't been patrons of semi-classical affairs have become aware of him. No doubt the majority classify his coming as a personal appearance.

Just before he departed from Hollywood he strode into the publicity department at M-G-M to make good a promise. He'd assured me he'd sum up his impressions of his screen chapter. This March marks his third year with us.

He wore a well-tailored, dark brown suit, a gallant fedora, and I had to steer him into an empty office. Even the publicity girls who can chat with him often discover too numerous reasons to consult him.

Nelson sprawled opposite me in a big chair. I'll not go into a soliloquy about his looks. If you've a hope that he's truly as effective as the camera hints, you comprehend what I'd write.

The night before, at Pasadena, he'd given the second of his concerts. The natives adjacent to Hollywood are supposed to be so wise to film favorites that they don't gaga. Well, what's your opinion. (Continued on page 69)



Nelson Eddy, above, NOT trying to frighten the girls, but in make-up as AMONASRO in the opera "Aida."



Nelson Eddy before he became a screen star; and left, with Jeanette MacDonald in "Rose Marie."

Annual orgy of bravos and blasts from Mr. Mook. If you disagree, send hisses to him—this is his picnic



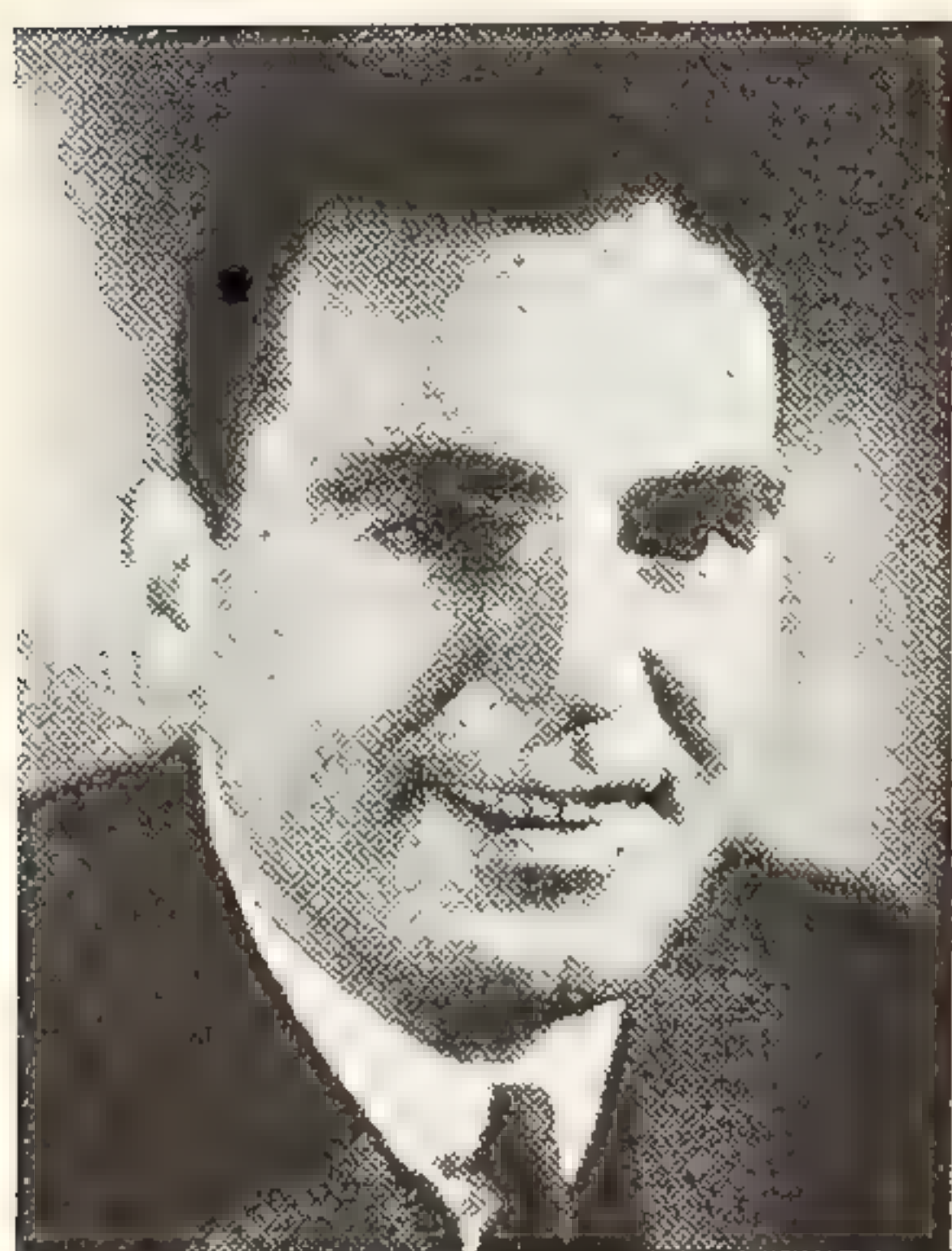
Medals



Janet Gaynor wonders what she'll receive.



Stop guessing! Sure Gable gets a Medal.



Pat O'Brien—the luck o' the Irish holds up.



Marlene Dietrich, a bit haughty. Why?



Luise Rainer finds it exciting, and good fun.



Chester Morris, it's your turn to smile!



Now give a big cheer for Preston Foster!



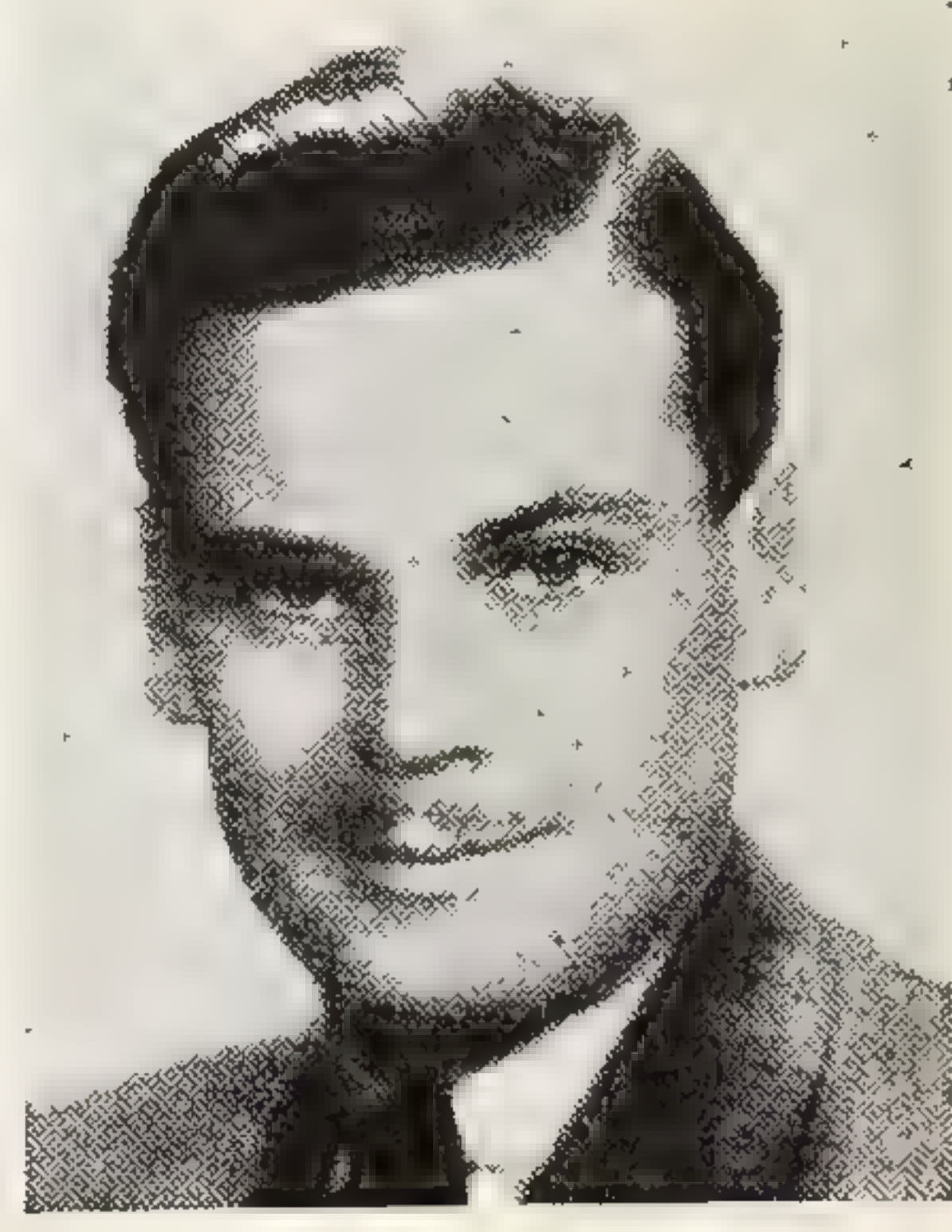
Read what Jean Muir receives — and why.



And Johnny Arledge, don't overlook him.



Jean Arthur, present for the presentation.



Norman Foster — he's always good-humored.

COMES March again with its income tax and tax collectors, and self is in the dumps over the \$1.98 I have to give the government, to say nothing of the 49c the mighty state of California is taking from me. So I take a stroll through Norman Foster's garden which consists of two geraniums but it doesn't seem to make much difference.

Then, suddenly, in my mind's eye, I see a garden which would have warmed the cockles of old Mr. Burbank's heart and right next to it is an ice-box filled with birds and next to that is a jeweler's case filled with shiny new medals. And it all reminds me that Prof. Mook hasn't cut his flowers or distributed his medals and birds for the sixth successive year for dear old SCREENLAND. And as I look at the ice-box, my spirits go soaring, my dear, positively *soaring*.

So! The first bird of the season goes to Marlene Dietrich because when she first came to Hollywood she proved she *could* be one of the nicest people imaginable and instead of continuing along those lines she has developed into one of the most arrogant, over-bearing women I have ever seen.

The first medal of the year goes to Clark Gable because he has made such a great comeback, because he took a part in "Mutiny on the Bounty" for which he was obviously not suited and played it as though it had been tailored to fit him and because, despite his success, he hasn't changed an iota from the nice person he was when I first met him.

To Ginger Rogers goes the bed of Mum's chrysanthemums because she is so unassuming, because she never speaks ill of anyone, because she has fought her way to the top in the face of almost overwhelming odds and because she has danced with Astaire and managed not to seem outclassed.

To Carole Lombard goes the bed of lilies because she has developed into such a swell comedienne and because there is no one on the screen today who can wear clothes as she can.

A medal to Warner Baxter for being such a good sport when I called him a "ham" and because from the letters of protest that poured in I know I must be wrong.

The bed of nasturtia to Irene Dunne because she is the epitome of all that is womanly, because she is a good actress, an agreeable singer, and because everyone who has ever worked with her is crazy about her.

A medal to James Cagney because although everyone in Hollywood called him "a type," as soon as he got a chance at something different in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" he proved he is one of the finest and most versatile actors on the screen and because he is undoubtedly one of the most soft-hearted.

The crimson poppies go to Jeanette MacDonald because from being merely a cold and beautiful singer in her first pictures she

and Birds

By S. R. Mook



has developed into a warm and pulsating actress.

A pair of medals to Nelson Eddy and Michael Bartlett because they are probably the year's biggest finds and because the screen can well do with more such voices.

Kay Francis gets the bed of tiger lilies because she is the most luscious brunette on the screen, because she has maintained a steady box-office draught without an outstanding part or picture, and because she takes whatever the studio gives her without complaining.

A medal to Richard Arlen because he is the oldest friend I have in Hollywood, because he, like Gable, hasn't changed a particle since I first knew him, because he *could* be a fine light comedian, because he always gives an honest, sincere performance and because he has one of the finest wives any man was ever blessed with.

Janet Gaynor gets the bed of anemones because they are as reserved as she and because she has finally come to the realization that the kind of parts that made her famous are best suited to her and because she has abandoned the idea of playing sophisticated rôles—on the screen.

John Boles gets a medal because he has one of the most charming wives in Hollywood and because he, himself, not only has one of the finest voices in town, but because he is one of the friendliest people.

I knew I couldn't go too long without saying something mean. I've been told I lose my color when I do. So! A bird to Jean Muir because she has calmly designated herself one of the five best actresses in pictures and because she doesn't even rate with the first fifty, to my way of thinking.

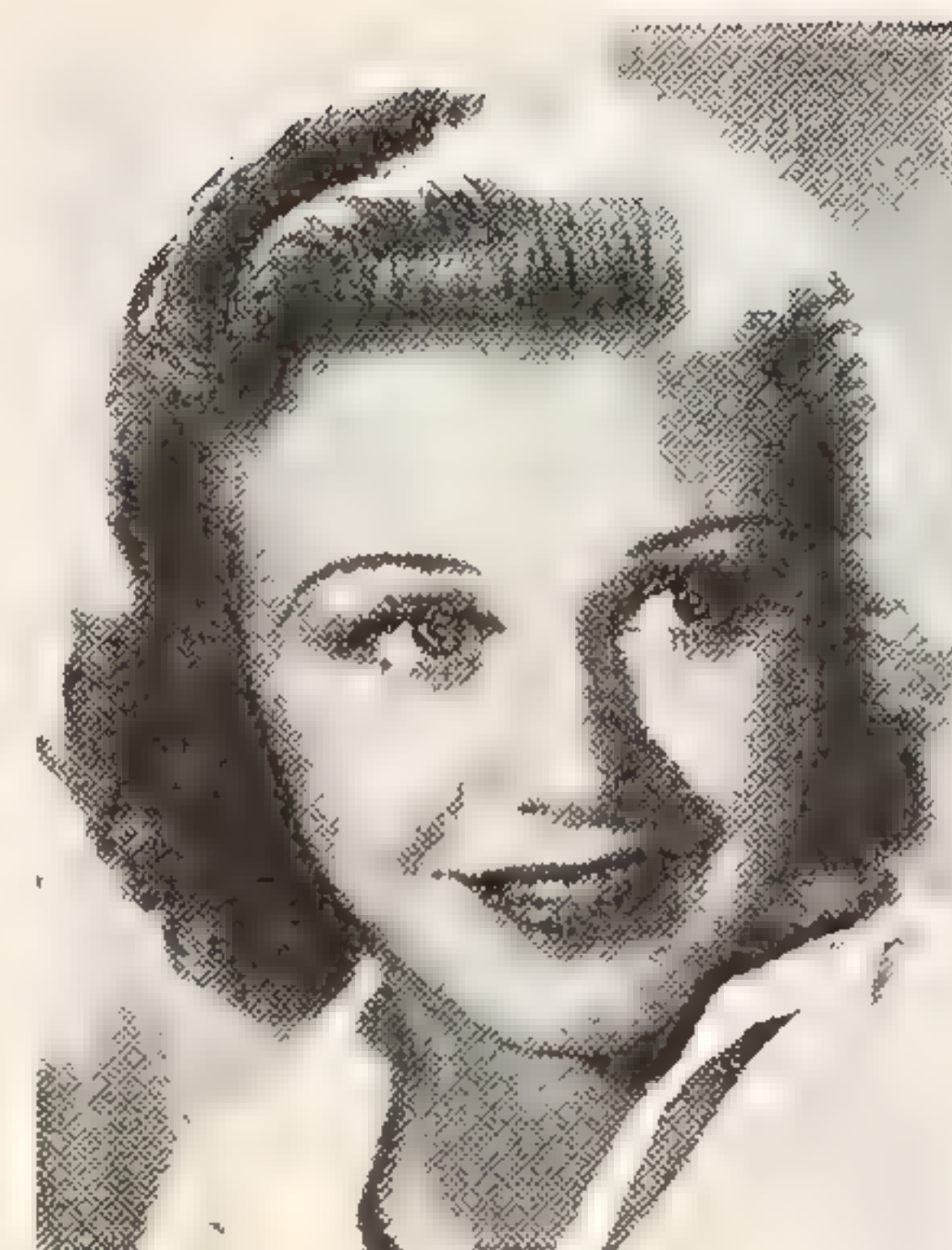
A fat bird to Francis Lederer because in the short time he has been out here he has managed to make himself more thoroughly disliked by people who have worked with him than anyone I can think of. The stories of Mr. Lederer's temperament and rudeness are too numerous to recount here but everyone can't be wrong and Mr. Lederer right *all* the time.

Spencer Tracy and Paul Muni have earned a medal apiece because, to my mind, they are still the two outstanding actors in the country, both on the stage and screen.

To Myrna Loy goes the whole bed of orchids because she is my prime favorite on the screen and because she has more glamor than any star since Constance Bennett first crossed our enraptured vision.

A medal to Robert Montgomery because I don't think there is anyone in pictures who can play light, insouciant parts as well as he.

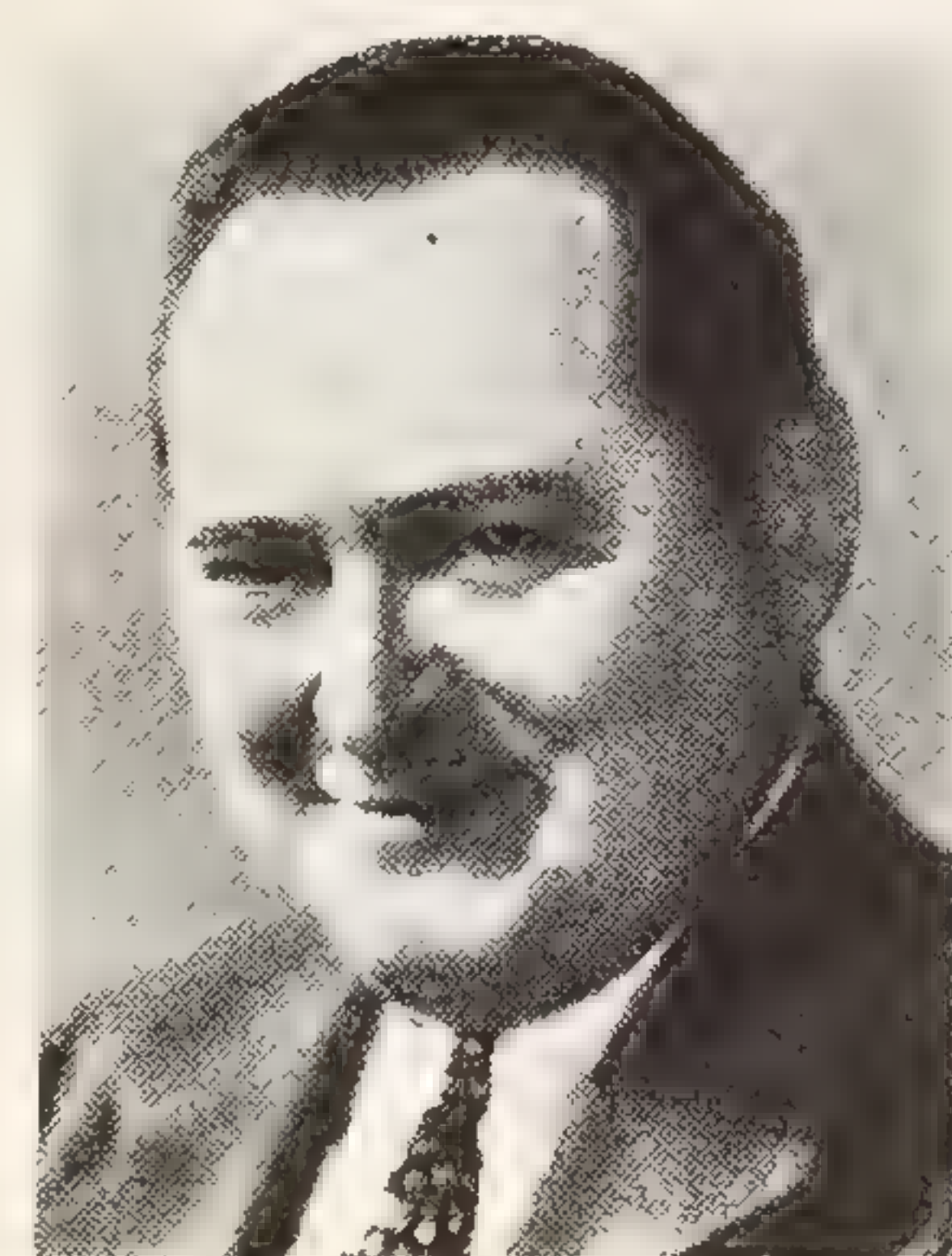
Joan Crawford gets the patch of gardenias because that is her favorite flower, because she is unceasing in her efforts to improve herself, and because despite her (*Continued on page 92*)



Ginger Rogers won't pose even for posies.



Eddie Horton—this Bird gets a Medal.



Edward Arnold richly deserves his honors.



Rochelle Hudson is on the list. Hooray!



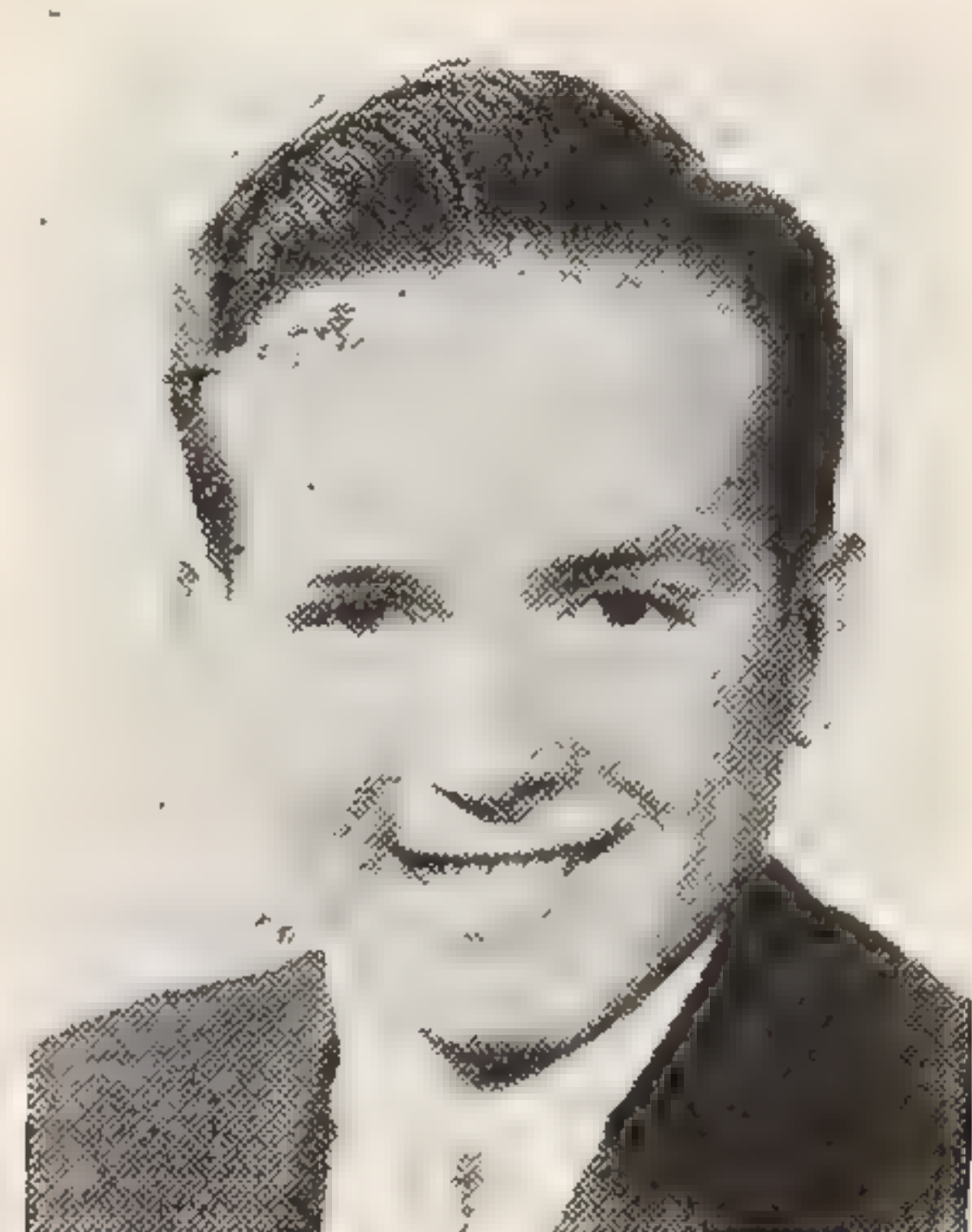
Turn on the cheers, here's Kay Francis.



Frank Albertson. He belongs at our party.



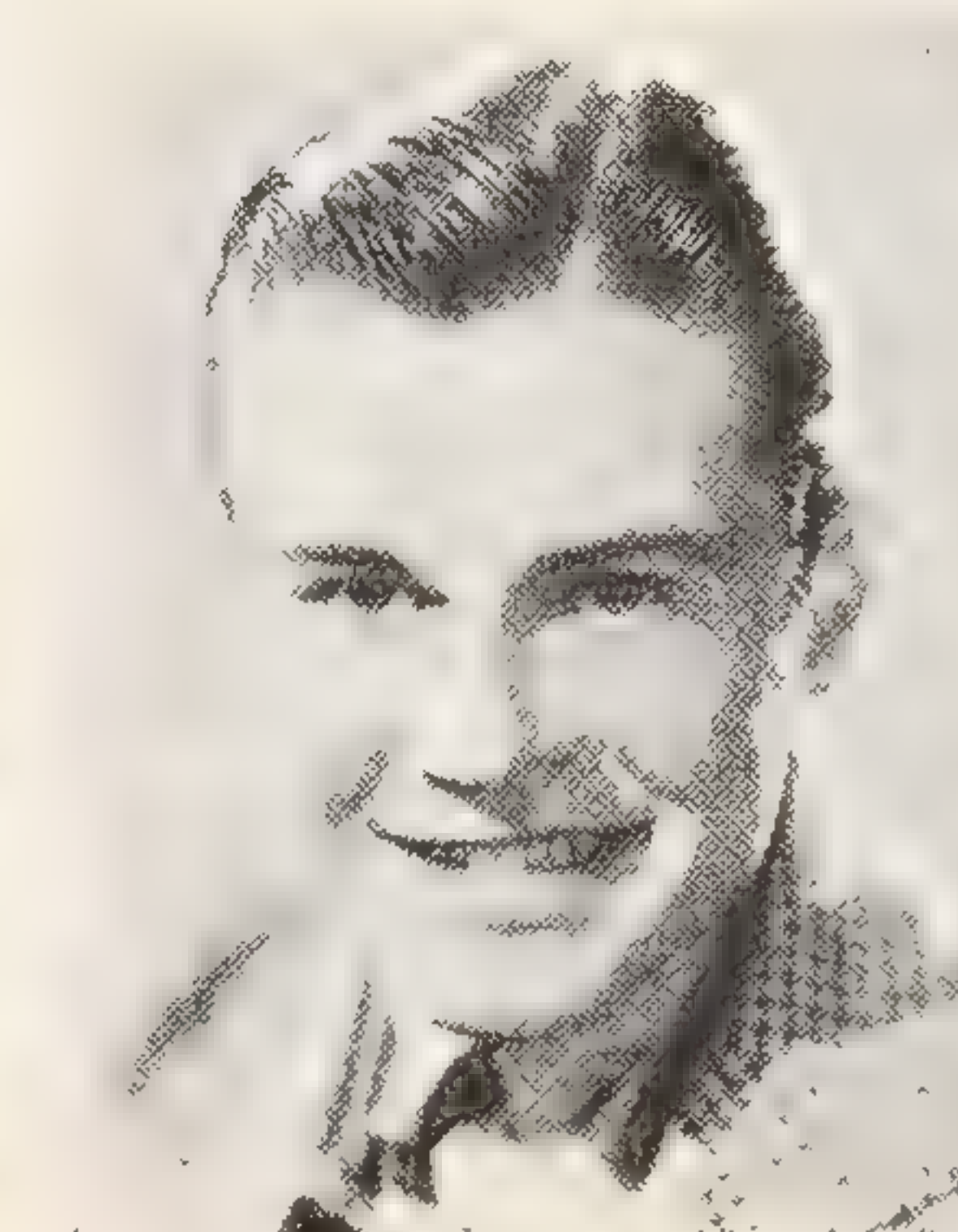
Come what may, Ida Lupino just smiles.



Eric Linden, all set to receive a Medal.



Joan Bennett. Say it with flowers to her.



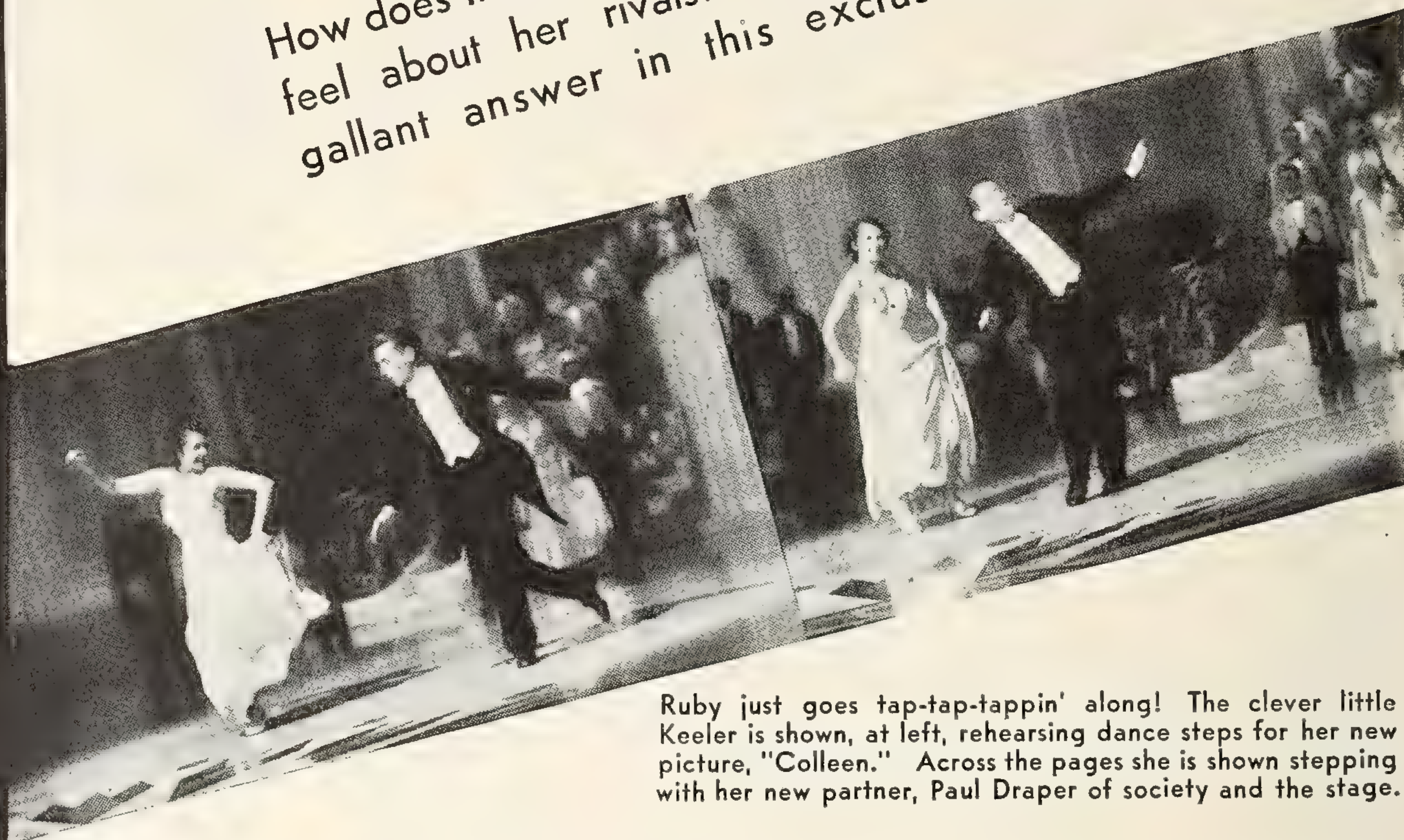
Tom Brown seems very happy about it all.



One guess! What does Ruth Chatterton get?

RUBY Tapped the Trail

How does the first, original tap-dancer in pictures feel about her rivals? Read Ruby Keeler's gallant answer in this exclusive feature



Ruby just goes tap-tap-tappin' along! The clever little Keeler is shown, at left, rehearsing dance steps for her new picture, "Colleen." Across the pages she is shown stepping with her new partner, Paul Draper of society and the stage.

SINCE Ruby Keeler broke the ice and blazed the tap-trail in "42nd Street" three years ago—no mean feat; try it yourself sometime—other dancers have been cashing in on Ruby's line. Ginger Rogers. Eleanor Powell. Eleanor Whitney. Others, too. How did the first, original tap-dancer of them all feel about this invasion? Was she hurt, resentful? I wanted to know.

I found her in a little dressing-room off the "Colleen" set, where she retired between scenes because her velvet skirt had to be adjusted when she sat down so it would not wrinkle. She had on a perfectly respectable slip underneath, but the little Keeler does not like to have her slip show in public, even the small public of a picture set.

When she was asked about the other tap-dancers, she sighed clear down to the cellar and looked at me helplessly, as if to say, "So it's come to that, has it?" What she really said was "Oh dear, I *do* hope they are not trying to start a rivalry between us! It would be so difficult and I couldn't live up to it. I don't feel that way.

"Eleanor Powell is so far superior to me as a dancer that it's even silly to mention my name in the same breath, and I have a great admiration for Ginger Rogers.

"In this picture we are now working on, we are so lucky to have Paul Draper, who was so marvellous in 'Thumbs Up' and other New York shows. He is a grand dancer. Paul and I are not trying to out-do or copy anyone. We are just doing the best we can. If it turns out to be good, it's all due to him. He is figuring out the routines, with Bobby Connolly, and teaching me the steps. I just hope I won't hurt him by being his partner!"

She said it very earnestly with a look of real concern on her sensitive face, nothing mock-modest or put-on about it. Such modesty, and genuine modesty, is the rarest thing to find in this town.

"You see," Ruby went on with that grave little-girl air, so charming, "I have never worked with anyone before, any partner, and neither has Paul. An awful lot depends on it. When I was first dancing in pictures, in '42nd Street,' the big thing then was the chorus—the geometrical formations, the girls sliding into pools, the whole background. I never was allowed to do more than eight bars at a time—that's just a few steps—and I didn't have to study at all, for that. The idea was that the camera couldn't hold on any one person for a longer time or the audience would tire of them. So the principals became almost the background, the chorus was the

By
Ruth Rankin



important thing—just now and then they would cut to me doing a few steps. So I didn't develop anything new; there was no need for it.

"The thing used to be visual—just to see a group of tap-dancers or one alone, seemed enough, it was such a novelty. Now the primary thing is nuances, subtlety of sound, literally crescendos and diminuendos, forte fortissimos, all sorts of involved measures. The open space between sound, the spots without music, all those new things. It is now a matter of telling a story with taps, and the sound is far more important than the sight. It is a great change from the early days of tap-dancing—and of course, infinitely more difficult. We have a conversation routine in 'Colleen,' for instance, questions and answers without music, which depends as much on inflection as the human voice."

It is almost the old story of the teacher having to study to keep up with the pupils, I thought. Ruby started something, something interesting. And tap-dancers have flocked to Hollywood by the carload ever since, until the originator of all this whole thing has to work harder than ever before in her life, to maintain her *own* place in the sun!

"It is stimulating and I like it. Otherwise I might have become lazy about practice. It is simply a matter of a different kind of demand for the screen. Audiences have switched in their taste—now they are more interested in the individual than in great formations."

"Have you ever thought of replacing dancing with dramatics? I mean, are you perfectly content to dance, with no great dramatic yearning?" Ruby looked a little frightened at the question.

"Well, everyone has his own style, and I guess I am the same way about being dramatic as the fellow and the fiddle—didn't know whether he could play it until he tried! Usually those with a yen for dramatics have some particular play or rôle they are simply dying to do. I haven't any. You know I would honestly rather let other people figure out what I am to do, and just do it!"

Well, boys and girls, that is the most straight-forward, honest admission I have ever heard in half a lifetime spent in this volatile village. It did my old heart good to find one lone gal who isn't languishing to be *Trilby*, or *Mrs. Warren*, or something in "Anthony Adverse," and I do hope you will get as much kick out of it. It was such a rare treat to the ears, it didn't seem possible I had heard right. *A satisfied actress—in Hollywood!* An

actress who doesn't want to tell the producers what she should play, or how. The age of wonders has not yet passed, my hearties! Take hope. A girl like that should go far, farther than she ever has. The real truth about it, underlying, is that she is so smart not to wear herself out with longing and worry for fear some one else will get a rôle *she* wants. She knows she will have to play what she gets, anyway, just as all the others do. So why fret?

Ruby is all a-flutter with feminine excitement at having a house, a house of her very own, at last—after years of apartments. A house to manage for her husband and baby. After all, that is really about as great a thrill as ever comes to any woman in a lifetime.

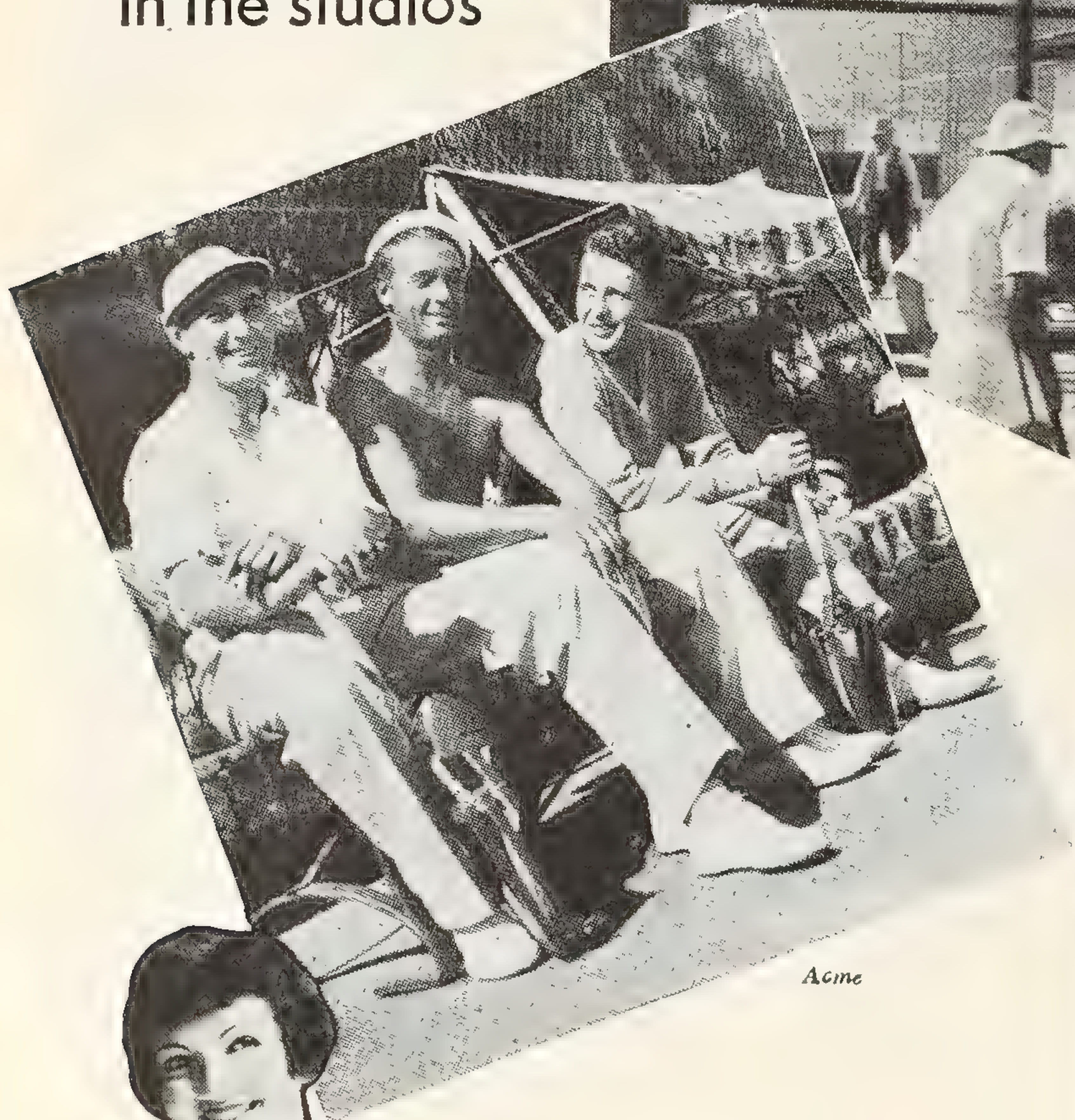
Al and Ruby expected the house to be completed sooner than it has been, and went into an apartment, supposedly for a short time, on their return from New York. But it has been several months since then—and probably if anything threatened their marriage, as the rumors have had it, it was the ordeal of combining career and matrimony in close quarters. (*Continued on page 87*)



Here's the stellar trio of "Colleen": Ruby Keeler, Paul Draper, and Dick Powell. Draper may prove a rival of Fred Astaire. Our pal Powell now rates as one of the top box-office stars of the screen.

Read the real low-down on Hollywood's playground where your picture pets work as hard at relaxing as they do in the studios

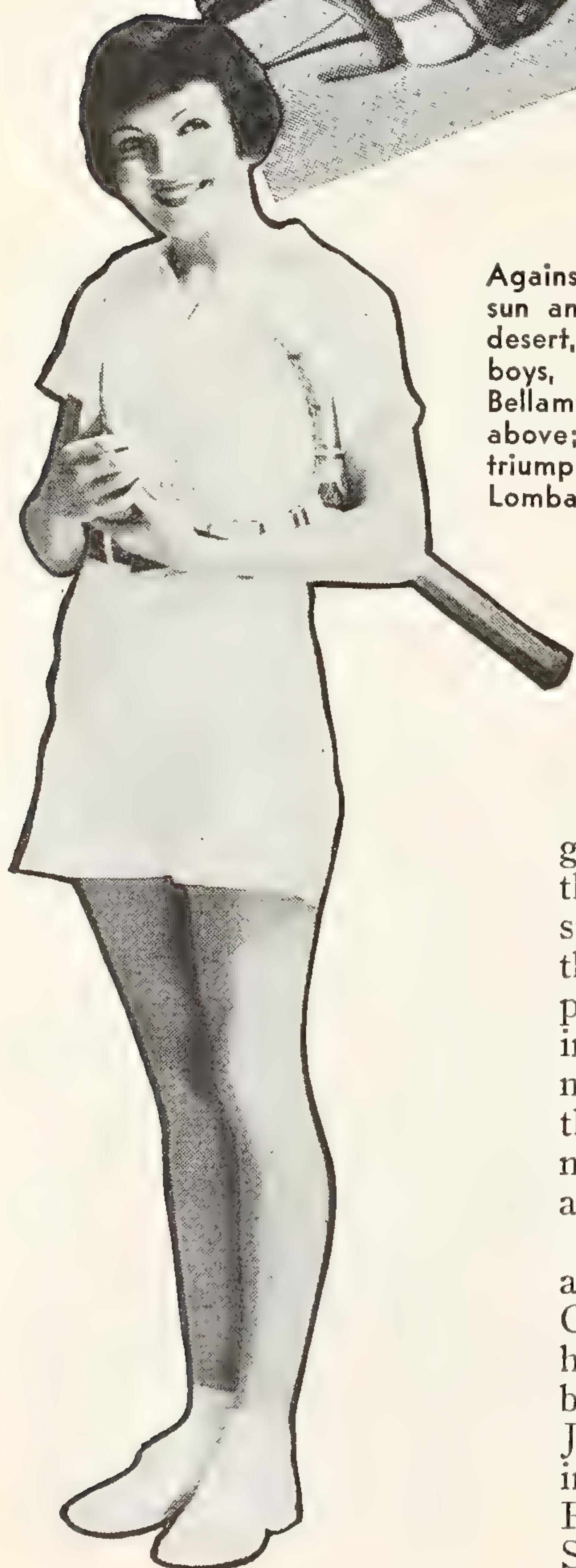
Playing at



Acme



Against a brilliant background of sun and blue sky, mountains and desert, you'll find the Racquet Club boys, Charlie Farrell and Ralph Bellamy, with John Mack Brown, above; Claudette Colbert, left, a triumph for tennis; and Carole Lombard, right, the star bowler.

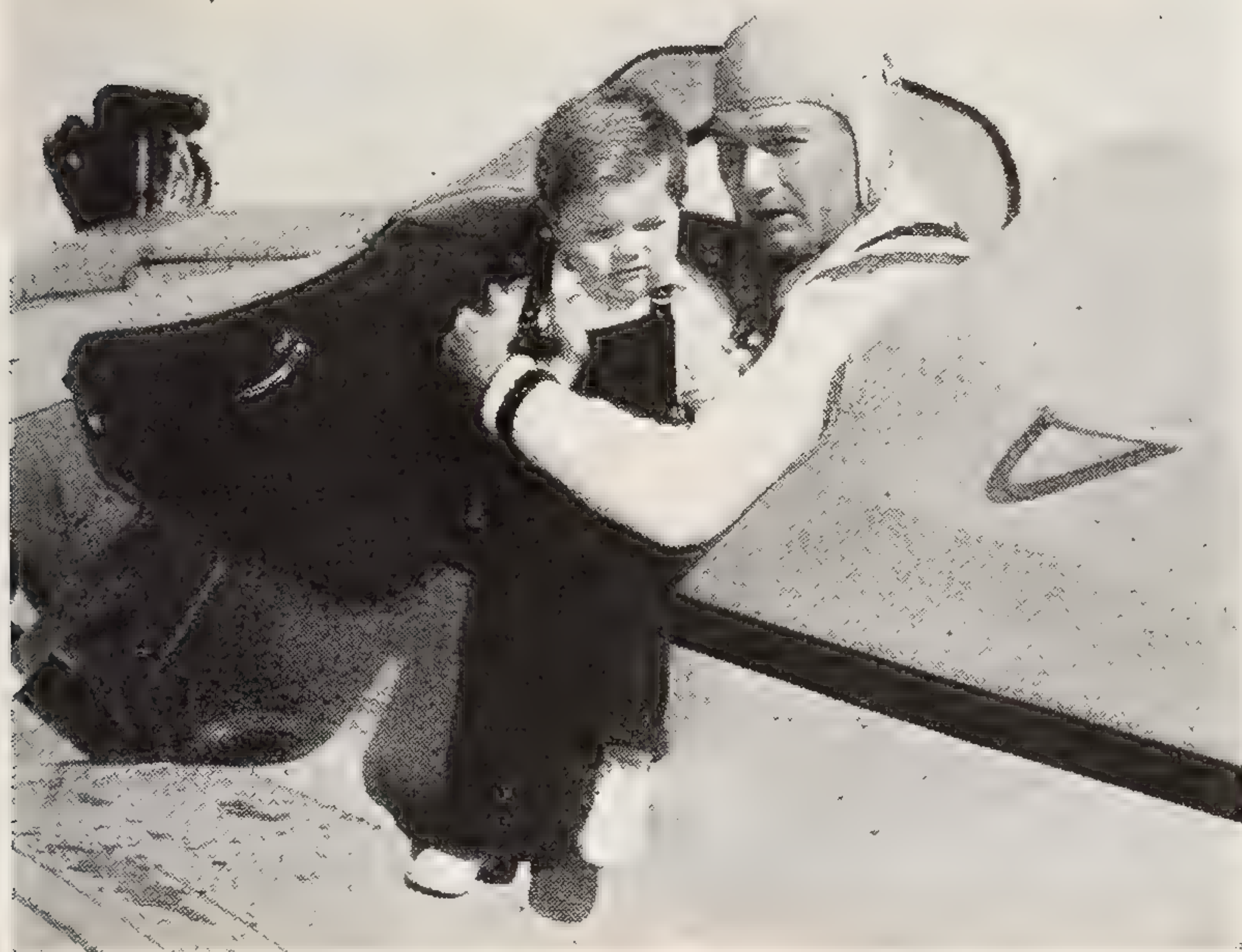


LIFE, these days, seems to be so arranged that there is plenty of time for everything except resting. The good old cuddly-wuddly rest with the eyes half-closed dreamily watching for hours a group of fleecy white clouds over there meet a group of fleecy white clouds over here has gone completely out of vogue, the man on the street will tell you—he told me—and there seems to be nothing we can do about it. Just imagine anyone these days spending an entire afternoon watching cloud meet cloud, or Mrs. Ant bringing home the bacon, or Mrs. Spider whipping up a little something in gossamer on the old pear tree—mercy no, before those two clouds could even make the thirty-yard line in God's blue heaven, Miss Movie Star and you, and me too, and don't forget the man on the street, would have lost fifty cents at bridge, bought a hat, bawled out the telephone operator, fired the servants, attended three cocktail parties and gotten neatly squiffed. Yes, your Auntie Maggie believes that those cuddly-wuddly days are gone forever.

But Hollywood still talks about resting even though it does astonishingly little about it. Hardly a day passes but what Gloria Swanson, or Grace Moore, or Carole Lombard, or Norma Shearer, or some of their gang start yapping, "I must have rest. My nerves are on edge. I must get away from it all." ("It all" can be studios, parties, fan writers, dressmakers, radios, Jean Harlow, friends, family, Jack Warner, process servers, telephones or practically anything.) Now resting, in the vernacular of those who toil while the cameras click means only one thing—Palm Springs, America's foremost desert resort. (Advt. but not paid for.) Palm Springs is a nice little hunk of desert about three hours' ride from Hollywood, so

Palm Springs

By
Margaret
Angus



Wide World

Gary Cooper, right, likes to ride, Dick Arlen, left, likes to fly with his small son. Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, above, prefer bicycling. Paul Lukas and Eric Blore may be seen squinting at the sun by the famous swimming-pool of the swank Racquet Club, top of page.



Acme

hemmed in by mountains that the rain can't get in—well that's the theory anyway though I know better—and it is here that the movie stars hie themselves of a Saturday and Sunday from November to April to relax and rest in the sunshine before taking on the worldly cares of a Monday morning. From the minute they get there to the minute they leave they rest like mad. They rest all over the place. In fact they rest so strenuously that they usually have to come home and go to bed for two weeks. And of course I don't have to tell you that they find "it all" sitting right there in the middle of the desert waiting for them. Oh, I could continue forever—well until five o'clock, anyway—about the delightful inconsistencies of movie stars and Palm Springs; but I had so much rather tell you about the little rest I had there one Sunday several weeks ago—it brought on a complete collapse but the doctor says I will live; you never get a break, do you?

"There's not much doing today," the clerk at the Desert Inn told me, (and I immediately had visions of tucking myself away in a hammock until sunset). "They're christening a new plane over at the airport this morning, and there's a dog show on at the Kennel Club, and a tennis match with Bill Tilden and Les Stofen at the Racquet Club, and a swimming meet with Johnny Weissmuller and the Olympic champions at the El Mirador, and a match between Frank Shields and Gene Mako on the Desert Inn court, and Carole Lombard's cocktail party at the Racquet Club, and a movie star bowling match at the Bowling Alley, and Bebe Daniels' fashion show at the Dunes, and—well, I guess that's about all. You should have been here last week-end. It really was gay." And me a fan writer. No hammock for the likes of me with all this "copy" going on. (Continued on page 88)



Bob Taylor's fan mail smothered studio clerks, so his bosses wrote a new contract with increases that enable him to hire several secretaries if he wishes. Here's Bob at home; with some feathered friends, below; and right, with Garbo and Speed, his saddle ponies.

Movie MAN at Home

Let's call on Robert Taylor, the dashing new screen heart-throb, at his house 'way up in the hills

By
Maude Cheatham

PERHAPS it's prophetic, but Robert Taylor lives in a white house on top of a high hill. This very handsome, virile new heart-throb may draw his inspiration from the stars; he's certainly near enough to be their playmate.

It takes a steady hand on the steering wheel to make the steep grade and negotiate the sharp turns that circle the breath-taking precipice which finally lands you in his rear garden. But the magnificent view of the San Fernando Valley, stretching before you, with five different mountain ranges rising in the



distance, more than compensates for a few panicky thrills involved in getting there.

"That's one reason I took this place," said Bob, as we stood spell-bound, looking at the picture below us. "I love the wide-open spaces, beautiful scenery, and being far from the crowded thoroughfares. You see, I'm still a small town boy! I haven't yet made up my mind which is the most inspiring moment, the early morning, when everything is sparkling in the sunshine; or the evening, when thousands of electric lights make the valley resemble an inverted sky."

A frisky cocker spaniel came pouncing at us—his name is Rumba; and a sleek tiger cat, followed by five kittens, wandered lazily from under a row of bushes. Below us, behind the garage, was a barn and corral, where his two riding horses, Garbo and Speed, were tossing their heads and pawing the ground, seeking a little attention.

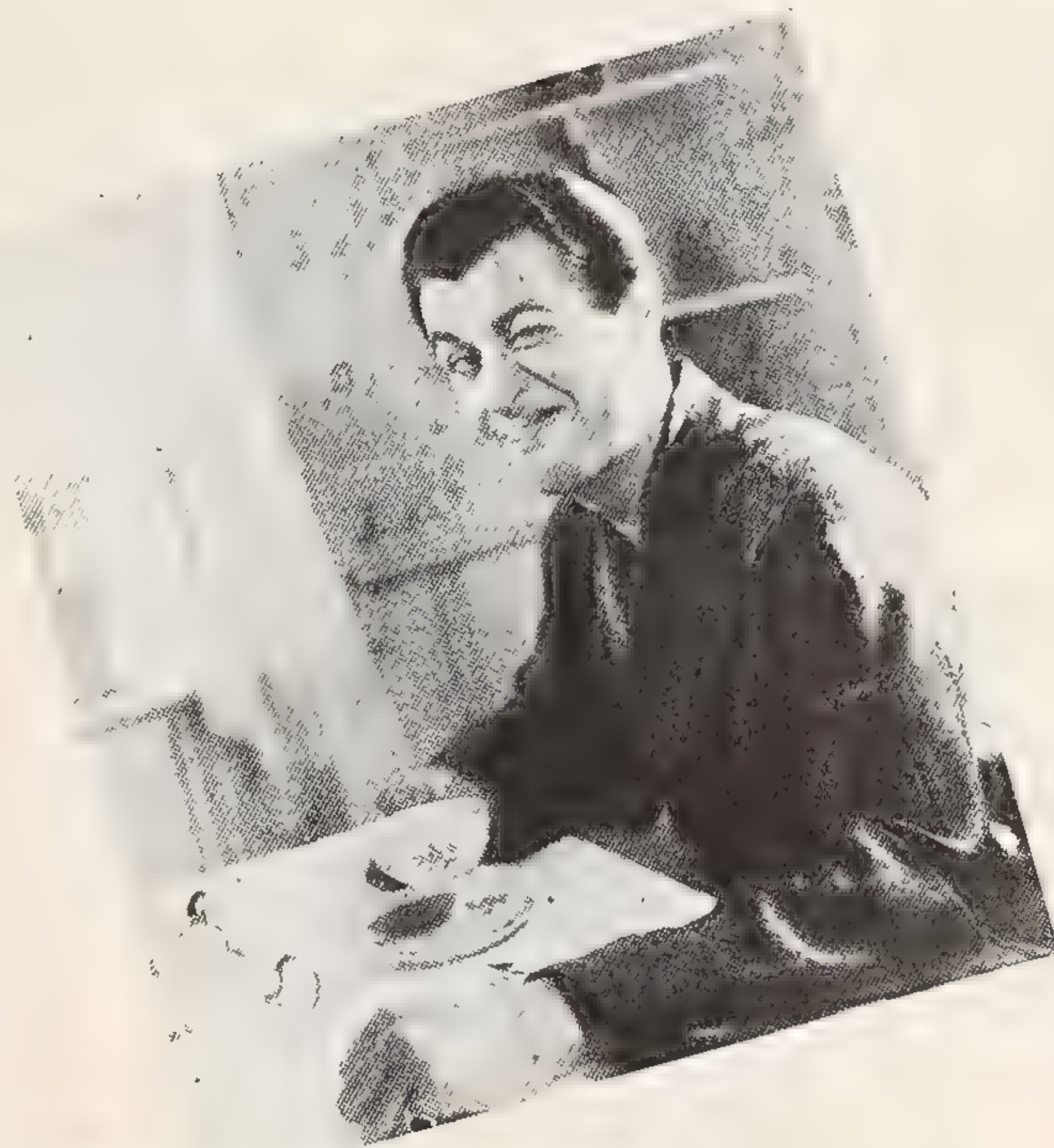
"I hope this pastoral scene warms your heart as it does mine," Bob said. Then, he added, with a grin, "Now, you see why I must have a house. It isn't that I'm particularly domestic but I could hardly have this menagerie in an apartment—and I wouldn't be happy without it. Too, I love riding horseback all over these hills, preferably by moonlight; and I like fussing around a garden. All flowers are beautiful if they have bright colors. Just look at those asters and dahlias, and the poinsettias—I'm very proud of all of them."

Finally, tearing ourselves away from the view and the various pets, we passed through the little patio, with its much-used barbecue pit, and entered the small English house.

It is a paradise of simple, bachelor comfort. Harold, a big, husky colored man, is master of the situation. He is housekeeper, cook, valet, and is as devoted to the animals as Bob. Besides, he's an experienced masseur, which comes in handy after a strenuous day at the studio.

For one reason or another, Bob says he has few meals at home except breakfast. This consists of fruit, cereal, bacon and eggs—the eggs must be very well done and turned over—and plenty of coffee. He insists he was weaned on coffee because he's so fond of it, and he drinks cups and cups of it every day. He never diets; in fact would be willing to add a few pounds. He likes steak and chops, but passes up chicken and turkey if there is no white meat available. Home-made pies are the only dessert he cares for—and he *hates* spinach!

Bob's house is friendly and informal. The large living room overhangs the valley, and behind it is the dining room in deep blue and white; then comes the yellow breakfast room overlooking the garden. The kitchen, in yellow and white, and the servant's room, complete this wing. A long, narrow sunroom connecting the main hall with the two bedrooms, has a hidden bar
(Continued on page 74)



"I love the wide-open spaces," Robert says, and proves his words with deeds, living on a ranch in San Fernando. Above, Bob swings up the path to the house after a brisk walk. Left, coffee is his favorite dish. Harold, lower left with Bob, is cook, valet and man of all work at the Taylor house. Below, an aerial view of Bob's hill-top retreat.



The Great POWELL

If you want to know why Thin Man Bill is a hero even to his movie wives, read this outrageously amusing interview

By Elizabeth Wilson



Bill's favorite movie wife, Myrna Loy, shown with him, below, in "The Great Ziegfeld," their latest co-starring picture.



JUST as there is always some one person whom you dance with better than you do with anyone else, someone whose steps are in perfect rhythm with your steps, just so in acting an actor occasionally finds an actress who plays scenes in perfect harmony with himself. And oh boy, oh boy, oh boy, it's heavenly! As far as Myrna Loy is concerned, every waltz is taken by me." I sat back in one of Mr. Powell's most comfortable chairs, ate another sandwich, and relaxed. After all, there is no point in my taking up acting now. Myrna Loy is quite evidently Bill's Best Girl of the screen, and judging from the size of the photograph of Harlow in Bill's upstairs sitting-room Jean is still tops *off* the screen. It's all quite discouraging for a girl who has secretly adored Mr. Powell ever since as *Philo Vance* he solved "The Canary Murder Case" with the greatest of charm and humor; but with competition like Loy and Harlow it's just no use. I don't think I'll even bother to reduce.

"Yes," Bill continued on his pet subject, Myrna Loy. "Any actor who has a chance to play opposite Myrna is a lucky guy. The 'Thin Man' would never have been the success it was without Myrna. She has the give and take of acting that brings out the best. When we do a scene together we forget about technique and lights and camera angles and microphones; we aren't acting at all—we are just two people in perfect harmony with nothing better to do than discuss life and love and things over a pot of coffee. Many times, particularly in the old silent days, I have played with an actress who seemed to be separated from me by a plate glass window; there was no contact at all; as far as I was concerned she might just as well have done her scene in Halifax while I did mine in South Africa and the two pasted together on a split screen. Ah me, those were my worst performances. Myrna, unlike a lot of actresses who think only of themselves, has the happy faculty of being able to listen while the other fellow says his lines. Did you know (Continued on page 96)



Madeleine with Maisie, her Sealyham. The blonde star of "The Thirty Nine Steps" has signed a new Hollywood pact.

English Rose

Candid close-up of Madeleine Carroll, lovely transatlantic star, returns to Hollywood

By Hettie Grimstead

London

IN LONDON we call her the English Rose, for Madeleine Carroll's is such an essentially Saxon type of beauty. Honey-gold hair waving softly off her forehead, wide sea-blue eyes, clearly cut features, a slimly curving figure and a gently pleasant smile. She is always serene—nobody has even seen her lose that quiet poise—and she is as charming to the elevator boy as to the chief of the studio executive.

Hollywood interviewers find her a curious problem. She welcomes them delightfully—there is nothing in the least "temperamental" about Madeleine—offers them the most comfortable chair and pours tea in the lustre china of her favorite blue that she brought with her from England. All their questions she answers with cheerful courtesy and they eventually depart convinced that

Madeleine Carroll is an attractively natural girl with perfect manners but not knowing any more of her character, her real ideas, or her outlook on life than before they met her.

For just as the rose stands always sweetly fragrant but only unfolds its petals in the sunshine, so Madeleine only blossoms out when she is with her friends. Beneath that smiling gracious exterior she hides an exceedingly fine and sensitive nature. She is never her real self with strangers, for feeling deeply, she is subconsciously afraid of being misunderstood and her nervousness takes the form of inner reserve. She (*Continued on page 80*)



Telling the strange
secret of the screen's
most dynamic star



Why Katharine Hepburn Didn't Dare

THE very fact that "Alice Adams" scored a box-office success and that "Sylvia Scarlett" looks like a hit, makes it imperative that someone tell Katharine Hepburn's secret.

I am sure that had "Alice" been as apathetically received as its predecessor, "Break of Hearts," Katharine herself would be ready to tell. But with her new pictures promising her an indefinite tenure of stardom's upper realms, she didn't dare. It is one of the few dares Katharine has ever turned down. She *did* once make some half-formed gestures toward revelation. Word went out that she would see interviewers, become "human" again, tell on herself. But for reasons you shall soon understand she changed her mind. Drew back into a shell.

When you know Katharine, you can't lightly go behind her back saying things she might not wish to have said. Things uttered under circumstances which tacitly at least make them confidential. She's the sort of person who wins your loyalty. But what if the chance arises to help her out of a bad predicament? To solve for her, without her knowledge or permission, a problem she is not in position to solve for herself?

In this spirit, I pen the revelations which follow; with all loyalty and friendship shoulder the responsibility which it involves, and tell you how and why Katharine acts as she does in private life affairs. Tell how she fell into a trap from which she has been unable to escape. One from which only her fans can free her.

Even as long ago as when "Morning Glory" was filmed, I learned that Katharine was considering escape from her predicament, the escape she so nearly accomplished just the other day. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and I were chatting about some of his magazine articles on movie subjects, while the "Morning Glory" troupe was at luncheon at its special table in the R-K-O café. It was this which caused Katharine to speak, or as it seemed, to think aloud—although at first her remarks had no apparent bearing on Doug's literary efforts.

"In acting on the stage, I suppose you can consider yourself the servant of your art alone," she said slowly. "Or, perhaps, of your taste for champagne and caviar. But one senses something beyond that in screen work. This unguessably vast film audience, it seems to demand more, doesn't it? It forces upon you a feeling of re-

The many-mooded Hepburn, shown at left from the time she entered pictures to the present: recall the weird coiffures and hand-clasps? Then note Kate with her "publicity" monkey! It was "Little Women" that made Hepburn world-popular—see the scene with Douglass Montgomery. Finally, the vivid, vital actress and woman of today.

By
Jay Brien Chapman

Turn to Page 70 for Spotlight Cover Contest offering reprints of our Katharine Hepburn cover

sponsibility. You wish to be wholly sincere in your dealings with it, not only in what you offer on the screen but in the way you represent your real self. Now isn't that remarkable? Why it demands this part of you that is beyond your work and apart from it, I can't imagine. But it does, doesn't it?"

As I remember the incident, she glanced as though for corroboration at her director, the late Lowell Sherman. Sherman, a sophisticated, and in many things a cynical man, nodded soberly. Katharine then glanced back at us, and as she resumed speaking, the connection between her remarks and Doug's writing became apparent.

"But how to supply this demand? Write about yourself? Let others do it? Must one learn not only acting but the art of reporting oneself to press and public? I shrink from it, *because it is so easy to be misunderstood.*"

How clearly her words reveal certain things, despite the reserve, the proud refusal, so characteristic of Katharine Hepburn, to cry to her friends for aid! We learn that she *has* realized the responsibility of a motion picture star to the film patrons. And we recognize instantly that the fierce resentment so often charged against her, a thing some writers have branded hatred of the public, is a myth. She *wants* public sympathy and understanding.

Yet even this revealing view of the real Katharine Hepburn—(sadly overworked, that word *real*!)—has been through a veil. Certain mysteries remain. What powerful shackles bind her not to clear up her misunderstanding (Continued on page 70)



THE STAR OF "DAVID COPPERFIELD!"... THE HERO OF "WHAT PRICE GLORY!"

THE DIRECTOR OF "CHINA SEAS!"

*Together they give their greatest in Damon Runyon's
story of rollicking and exciting adventure!*

VICTOR McLAGLEN
Freddie BARTHOLOMEW
IN

PROFESSIONAL SOLDIER

Timely as a radio news flash! Tender as a big brother's
love! Thrilling as a machine-gun's rat-tat-tat! Uproari-
ous and romantic as only a Damon Runyon yarn can be!
with

GLORIA STUART • CONSTANCE COLLIER
MICHAEL WHALEN • C. HENRY GORDON

A DARRYL F. ZANUCK
TWENTIETH CENTURY PRODUCTION

Presented by Joseph M. Schenck

Associate Producer Raymond Griffith • Directed by Tay Garnett





Captain "Kid"

Symbol of all the endearing kids in the world—yours, and mine, and the next-door neighbor's—Shirley Temple has become the reigning queen of the screen, topping older, established stars as the biggest money-maker of the day. Now, in "Captain January," Shirley goes nautical with Guy Kibbee. More records broken! Nicest of all, she stays unspoiled, with each new picture simply a new adventure in fun.



Glorifying Myrna ~ Some More!

Painting the lily, that's what it is—imagining Myrna Loy can be made more exquisite by appearing in the spectacular film based on the life of Ziegfeld, "the great glorifier," in which Miss Loy portrays the rôle of Billie Burke. The picture on this page is magic enough for us!





Ted Allen

Rarefying Rainer ~ Ridiculous!

Luise Rainer was sufficiently enchanting to our vision in her first American movie, "Escapade," to remove the necessity for giving her any added glorification. Just the same, playing Anna Held in "The Great Ziegfeld" with William Powell and Myrna Loy, Luise does seem even more charming than before.



Hurrell

Maid of Mystery

Merle Oberon is unpredictable! You never know when she will be an exotic beauty, or a gay, laughing girl. She can play rôles of haunting tragedy, or sparkling humor. This magic, mysterious quality is why we keep saying, "Watch Merle!"



Elmer Fryer

One day completing his part of the frustrated philosopher opposite Bette Davis in "The Petrified Forest," and the next paged to play the dashing Romeo to Norma Shearer's Juliet—and more than equal to both difficult assignments: gifted Leslie Howard.

Man of Moods



Dolores Costello, charming as ever, returns to the screen as Freddie Bartholomew's mother in "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Perfect rôle for one of the loveliest real-life mothers of Hollywood

As Mrs. John Barrymore, Dolores left the screen to devote herself to her beautiful babies. Now she has determined to resume her film career, and finds the ideal part waiting for her, that of *Dearest*, tenderest mama in all famous fiction, in the elaborate new production of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," first scene from which is shown below. In the other pictures on this page, note how Dolores has the same hauntingly sweet charm of yesteryear, with an added grace.

Preston Duncan

Beauty's



Malcolm Bulloch





Hurrell



William Grimes

Return!

Greetings, Norma Shearer! May your JULIET be as great a tribute to your beauty and your artistry as your exquisite portrait of ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

Miss Shearer, the star with probably more prestige than any other in pictures, is preparing THE picture of her brilliant career, "Romeo and Juliet." Leslie Howard plays *Romeo*. George Cukor directs. Fine writers and artists planned the screen version and the settings. Norma is shown at right and at top of the page as she looks in real life today. Center, she inspects Cedric Gibbons' model of the set of *Juliet's* garden—one of the many marvelous sets for the film. Great things are hoped for from "Romeo and Juliet."



The LOVES of Anthony Adverse

Fredric March creates the famous
fiction hero for the films. How
do you like the casting of the
principal feminine rôles?



M. Marigold



Olivia de Havilland
plays Angela, above.



Gale Sondergaard, above,
enacts Faith Bonnyfeather.

Steffi Duna, shown with Fredric March
at right, portrays the exotic Neleta.





Fred Astaire's modest movie bow was with Joan Crawford, above, in "Dancing Lady." Then he scored a real success in "Flying Down to Rio"—above center, with Dolores Del Rio.

It was when RKO teamed Fred with Ginger Rogers that he danced into terrific fame. "Gay Divorcée," above, was followed by "Roberta" and the very popular "Top Hat."

The amazing cinema career of the famous Fred, told in pictures

Now in "Follow the Fleet" Fred is all set to repeat his previous triumphs. Below, with Ginger Rogers, in one of their inimitable clowning scenes. Right below, with Randy Scott, who also appeared in "Roberta."



Evolution of ASTAIRE



Out of Character

It keeps you guessing when your film favorites switch types as they do in this gallery of many surprises



Douglas Fairbanks Jr., peers through a lorgnette, and looks very different in his make-up as "The Amateur Gentleman," his new film; while directly above, Elissa Landi, his co-star, appears as you've never seen her before under her gay bonnet. Left, what a surprise to see Miriam Hopkins, the glamor girl, going definitely school-marm, as *Martha Dobie* in "These Three."



Edward G. Robinson, above, looks so meek you'd never guess he could, even if he wanted to, play those "Little Caesar" chaps. Take a look, left, at Claudette Colbert, so smartly humorous in her current films, showing how to be really upstage. And, right, Peggy Conklin's idea of being different is apparently to look like Arline Judge. We'll admit it's a way to look pretty.





"Strike Me Pink" if that's not Eddie Cantor and Ethel Merman in the very touching view of venerable devotion at the left. Now dry your misty eyes and have a good guffaw.



Nothing very operatic about the opera-voiced Jan Kiepura in this scene at the right, from "Give Us This Night." Below, Jackie Cooper, very grown-up in a pose with Joseph Calleia and Rin-Tin-Tin, Jr.

How's this for switching types? George O'Brien, right, is not just caught at it—he's deliberately posing without his horse. Jack Holt, just below, in a perfect impersonation of the polished, debonair hero, so different from the western and slightly sinister rôles he's played. Grace Bradley, bottom, makes up as *Delilah* in a test for the rôle in DeMille's "Samson and Delilah."





Hurrell

Jean ~ and John

Now there's an idea! Why not team the tempestuous Harlow and the quietly charming Mr. Boles? Meanwhile, they're both busy on their own

JEAN HARLOW has: 1, changed her hair from platinum to brownette; 2, scored an acting success in "Riffruff" with Spencer Tracy; and 3, is now battling Clark Gable and Myrna Loy for first honors in "Wife versus Secretary."

JOHN BOLES has: 1, won new popularity playing father to Shirley Temple; 2, had his first chance in too long to air his fine voice in "Rose of the Rancho" with Swarthout; and 3, is now appearing opposite Barbara Stanwyck in "A Message to Garcia."





New Hero at Home



Here's Errol Flynn in the homey house that "Captain Blood" built



The minute a new screen player makes a hit, he builds or rents himself his idea of a home. The young star of "Captain Blood" chose for himself and his wife, Lily Damita, a house on a hill—for the view. Around this page you'll see the exterior of his home, the big living-room with its old-world fireplace, the unpretentious dining-room, and "a room with a view."



Scotty Welbourne





Prodigal picture-makers give us colorful combinations. Left, Rosalind Russell and George Raft, together for the first time in "It had To Happen." Al Jolson teams with Sybil Jason, right, in "The Singing Kid."



Teaming Up the Talent



Cecilia Parker's blonde beauty plays opposite Dick Arlen's dark handsomeness in "Three Live Ghosts," new version. Below, June Lang and Buddy Ebsen, love duo in Shirley Temple's "Captain January."



Margaret Sullavan's new movie beau is James Stewart, in "Next Time We Love." Stewart hails from the stage, and is said to be a bet.



Gertrude Michael looks with interest on her latest screen sweetheart, George Murphy, in "Woman Trap." Below, Arline Judge holds hands-across-the-table with Paul Kelly for "The Black Gang."





Emmett Schoenbaum

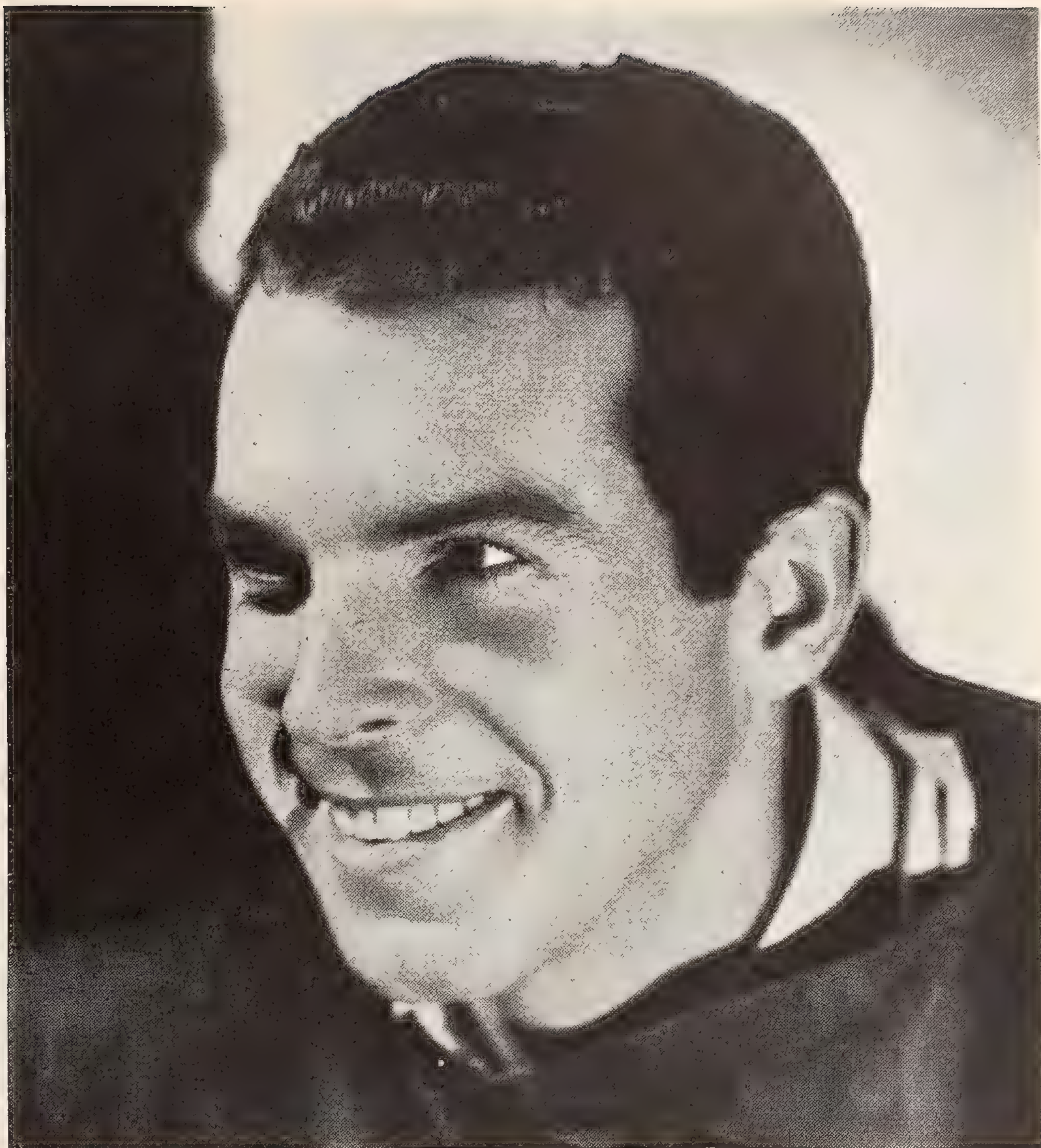
The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Sylvia Sidney and Henry Fonda in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"

Secret Chapter in Fred's Success Story

It's too good to keep any longer, so we persuaded MacMurray to tell you

— By Walter Ramsey



Is he "the best movie mug since Gable?" Anyway, MacMurray is going places—most recently with Sylvia Sidney in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," left, below.



THIS story actually happened during the making of his first hit picture, and it's too good to keep any longer.

"Okay," called Director Wesley Ruggles, "that's all for the first day's shooting."

The cast and the company of "The Gilded Lily" began to desert the big, No. 5 sound stage at Paramount Studio. They were tired. The opening day of any picture is always the most strained, the most nerve-tearing. Claudette Colbert's colored maid picked up the last of the make-up and wardrobe strewn about the portable dressing-room and followed after her glamorous but slightly weary mistress. Ruggles and his crew of assist-

ants and cameramen moved in a body toward the projection room to view the tests made the previous day. One by one, the electricians and prop boys gathered their equipment and sauntered away.

There was one man, however, who remained. To the casual observer, it might have seemed that he was stalling, deliberately taking his time. Now and then he would look up to see how quickly the stage was emptying. The lights were almost all out now; only a single electric bulb remained to light the stragglers to the door.

"Lose something?" inquired the only remaining prop boy.

"Oh, no, thank you, Bill," grinned Fred MacMurray, Claudette's new leading man. The prop had heard he was some actor from Broadway. New to pictures, or something. Nice mug; or at least he had seemed to be, the first day. Of course you couldn't tell about actors. Pretty screwy bunch. But this MacMurray looked and acted like a regular. The prop said: "Good-night."

"Good-night" answered MacMurray as he watched the huge, padded door of the sound stage close behind the prop boy.

Then Mr. MacMurray did a very amazing thing. Swinging himself on a two-by-four, he climbed to the very top of sound stage No. 5 and wended his way precariously across the boards that usually knew the tread of studio electricians. Let's see. It should be right about here; yep, here was the spot! He struck a match and peered intently at a certain sound-proof board adjoining the ceiling. Carved in its center, with the same boldness that kids cut hearts and arrows deeply into the trunks of trees were the initials: F. MAC. M. (Cont. on page 76)



The Magnificent Obsession—Universal



Reviews of the best Pictures

by

Delight Evans



LLOYD C. DOUGLAS' popular novel comes to the screen as an excellent vehicle for Irene Dunne's sympathetic charm and John M. Stahl's painstaking direction. These make "The Magnificent Obsession" worth your while—but the picture becomes News for its presentation of Robert Taylor as an important actor as well as a handsome and ingratiating personality. Young Mr. Taylor has a rôle to tax the talents of a far more mature actor; yet he plays it with ease and assurance, as well as his own special brand of boyish appeal. Here's a very "plotty" picture which makes heavy demands on its principal players, but Miss Dunne, Mr. Taylor, and the supporting cast are more than equal to its exactions. If you read the book, you won't be disappointed in the careful adaptation of the romance of the doctor's widow and the reformed wastrel, with its "big theme" of the power of secret charity. If the story is new to you, be prepared for some grim moments and others of rather mawkish sentiment. Charles Butterworth contributes the very welcome comedy relief. Ralph Morgan impresses as always.



Ceiling Zero—Warners



A Tale of Two Cities—M-G-M



LITERALLY jammed with harrowing thrills and suspense is this picture glorifying the pioneer bird-men who carried the mails across the continent in the early days of aviation, with Jimmy Cagney and Pat O'Brien in rôles differing from their usual wrangling routine—and about time, too. Almost the entire action of this fast-moving melodrama takes place at an airport where O'Brien is the chief in charge of the pilots. Jimmy, a flyer with a dare-devil, giddy past and present, drops in for a job and is promptly knocked for a loop by an air hostess, Pretty-New-Face June Travis. With Jimmy beglamored, Stuart Erwin takes his flight and is caught in the fog. To atone, Cagney does the finest act of his gay life—which I'm NOT going to tell you; but it's the month's big atonement, and saves the Cagney part from the curse of caddishness. Even so, seems to me that Pat O'Brien with his fine, restrained performance steals the picture. Particularly fine portrayals are given by Isabel Jewell and James Bush. You'll enjoy this, if only because it's new and different material for Pat and Mike—I mean Jimmy; and also for its presentation of the charming Travis newcomer.

FOR sheer scope and spectacle, here is the outstanding motion picture of the month. Charles Dickens' monumental story has received its perfect tribute in celluloid, and the result is required seeing. Seldom has any classic received such reverent treatment at the hands of Hollywood; in fact, if anything the picturization of "A Tale of Two Cities" is a trifle too painstaking. There's a heaviness that hangs over the audience even as the shadow of *Mme. Guillotine* hangs over the characters. But perhaps that's carping. Surely the story has been flawlessly cast, with Ronald Colman at last coming into his own as a dramatic actor as *Sydney Carton*, one of the truly heroic figures of all fiction. Mr. Colman has been an elegant *Bulldog Drummond* just a little too long for comfort; and he tackles his new assignment with fire and fervor—a superb performance. The bloodthirsty and bitter chapter in French history known as the Revolution is recorded in scenes of terrific power. The cast is perfect, with Elizabeth Allan a lovely *Lucie Marette*; and Henry B. Walthall, Edna May Oliver, Reginald Owen, Blanche Yurka, Isabel Jewell excellent, particularly Mr. Walthall and Miss Jewell.



The Ghost Goes West—United Artists



Such is the quiet charm of Robert Donat that practically everyone who has ever seen him looks forward to seeing him again—as soon as possible. And then Mr. Donat keeps us waiting; and by the time he gets around to tossing off another little number, we're panting to be surprised and teased all over again by his mockingly melodious voice and Mona Lisa smile. He's the male Garbo; the movie Mystery Man—but wait, this is supposed to be a review, not a rave. All right—"The Ghost Goes West" promises far more than it ever performs. A bright, new idea; a screenplay by Robert E. Sherwood; direction by the famous Rene Clair—and what have we? A melange of imaginative and amusing scenes, delicious dialogue, and grand performances by Mr. Donat—of course; by Jean Parker, who has never seemed so fresh and flowerlike before—Mr. Donat's influence again?—by Eugene Pallette, funnier than usual; and also—other performances of which the less said, the kinder; dated and dirty digs at Americans and Americanisms; and some Clair touches to make you moan for Lubitsch. But there's Donat.



The Story of Louis Pasteur—Warners



THE most dignified drama of the new season, and the most impressive biographical screenplay so far produced, Paul Muni's new vehicle gives him his greatest opportunity in the rôle of *Pasteur*, eminent scientist whose life-long fight against disease forms the theme. To the credit of its producers be it said that here is a sensational picture without sensationalism. Always on a high plane, "The Story of Louis Pasteur" is also of continuously absorbing interest, as it records the single-handed struggle of the French scientist against the careless medical methods of the day—the day of Napoleon the Third and the birth of the French Republic. We watch *Pasteur's* selfless struggles for sanitation; his tireless experiments in search of cures. Don't let this outline frighten you away from the theatre—the picture will enthrall you, and Muni's performance will remain in your memory for its burning sincerity and realism. Josephine Hutchinson is splendid as the self-sacrificing wife. Fritz Leiber as a doubting physician is excellent. Anita Louise and Donald Woods supply the love interest in charming fashion.



Captain Blood—Warners



HERE'S the answer to your question: "What's a picture to see that's exciting enough to entertain adults—and clean enough to keep the kids contented?" This big swashbuckling number has about everything you want in the way of rousing entertainment, plus the dashing new potential idol, Errol Flynn. As *Peter Blood*, the Sabatini hero, he is always a colorful character: sold into slavery, then escaping with a motley crew, capturing a pirate ship, and becoming not only a pirate chief but the handsomest scourge of the seas you ever saw. Yes, it's that kind of costume melodrama—but you'll find yourself goggle-eyed with excitement despite any prejudice you may have against "that sort of thing." There are beautiful scenes of ships under full sail, better than in "Mutiny on the Bounty;" there is the most thrilling duel you've ever watched; and the climax shows you a genuinely gory sea fight when *Captain Blood* sails into a besieged harbor and blows the stuffings out of two ships. Flynn's portrayal of the title rôle, both for physique and intelligent acting, marks him as tops among the young leading men of the screen. Olivia de Havilland is a lovely heroine. A grand cast.



Sylvia Scarlett—RKO-Radio



HERE'S the dynamic Hepburn's most controversial picture. See it and start arguments! The star's impersonation of the girl heroine masquerading as a boy is a fascinating study in the more flamboyant phases of acting technique. Whether it is ever for a moment believable is a matter of opinion—mine is "No," but you may say, "O-Katie." Hepburn and director George Cukor work together again for the first time since "Little Women," but this rather brittle romantic comedy bears little relation to that tender classic. Does it tell you much that this strikes me as very probably Hepburn's own favorite of all her pictures? She has the time of her life playing the masquerading heroine, travelling the English countryside as a member of a band of roving players, until she meets and falls in love with an artist, Brian Aherne. Her efforts to win him provide the most appealing scenes of the picture. It is Cary Grant, surprisingly enough, who scores most strongly in the picturesque rôle of a cockney trickster; he steals every scene in which he appears. Looks like a bright future for Mr. Grant, erstwhile glamor boy, as an Actor. Princess Natalie Paley impresses.

Forever Yours

The intensely human drama that pulses under the gay bravado of Hollywood glamor, portrayed in a new, excitingly real novel

By Margaret E. Sangster

PART III

LIFE is strange. As they sat in the darkness Tom could scarcely believe his ears. The voice that was issuing from Karen's pictured mouth was her voice, certainly—and yet it wasn't. The hesitant, slurring twist that she gave to her words had deepened, taken on an odd enchantment. The way she had of transforming an "i" to a double "e" had gentled down to a strangely italicized pronouncement. Her sentences—so vague and uncertain, usually—were no longer either vague or uncertain. In short, Karen's voice was magnificent and moving when heard mechanically. Tom held her quiet hand through the whole of the run-off, and although she sat tense and still and breathless, he made little sounds of approval. In fact he very nearly cried with mingled astonishment and delight and awe. For though Tom had been the first to recognize Karen's potentialities—the first to give her the limelight—he had never felt, before, that she possessed greatness. And he did now.

Greatness. Yes, Tom had underestimated Karen and her power to portray emotion! He had underestimated other things, too. His own half-formed feelings were swiftly crystallized under the magic of that slow, heart-quickenning voice. Karen's faintest mummur gave him a hint of unexpected delight and beauty. Not in Karen, in *himself*. Tom left the room still clinging to Karen's hand. He left it a slightly dazed and—this was a unique experience—a wordless man. Gone was the desire to wisecrack, and the ability to do so. He didn't attempt to speak until the spell of the tests had fallen away. Then he said—

"What're you doing tonight, big girl?"

Karen allowed her hand to rest in Tom's despite the people who were swarming forward to offer congratulations. She said, "Nothing, if you have want of me."

If you have want of me? Tom knew, at that second, that the want of her was a living thing in his heart. He had expected to comfort her in failure—to offer the shield of his assured position in defense of a disaster that hadn't arrived—and he could not help feeling the slightest shading of disappointment. But he put the disappointment aside with a shrug

and a grin. Many a family has been founded on twin successes. He said—

"I didn't want to tell you, Karen, until I knew how you were coming out, but you're not the only one that's on the grid today. My own tests have been made and I'm going now to hear 'em. After they're washed up I'll drop over at your shack. I have things—" unconsciously he was quoting a remark that he had made to a gawky extra girl, "to say to you!"

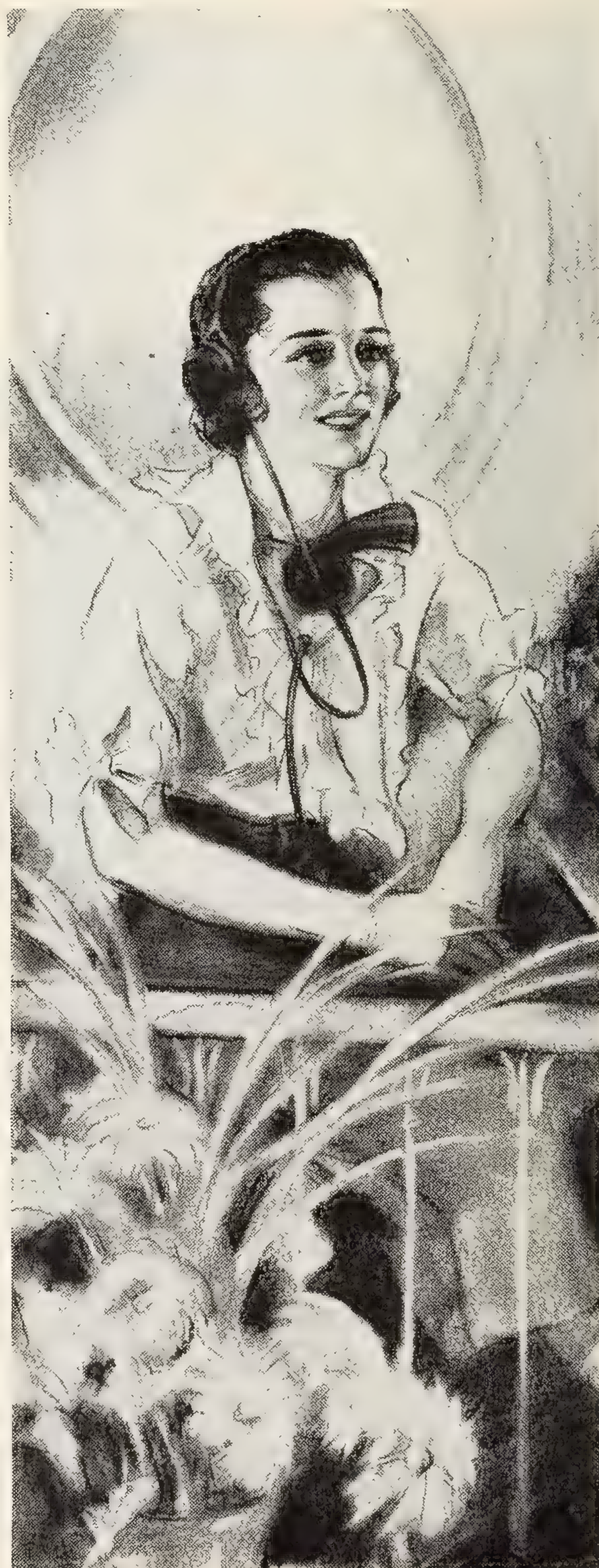
A flame rose in Karen's eyes. The scenario writer who had called her as chilly and aloof as her native fjords should have caught a glimpse of her face.

"You mean?" she breathed.

"I mean lots," said Tom. "No, I won't tell you now, and you can't come with me. The bunch here must have a look-in—they're going to spend a million dollars on you, this year, and make five million—or I'm a nanny-goat!"

He stalked off past the waiting group. He left the room and swung out of the building and climbed into his car. He whirled across town to his own studio in a curious daze. He entered his projection room walking on air—and didn't know that he'd gone down the corridor leading to it without so much as seeing the people who nodded in his direction. When the lights went down he was

ILLUSTRATED
BY
GEORGIA
WARREN



The girl's face flushed as Tom entered. "I thought you wanted to make a call," she apologized. "I do," he replied wearily. "Call Miss Kent; tell her I won't be seeing her tonight."

humming the refrain of a popular song—a love song.

* * *

It was a bare fifteen minutes later that Tom called “cut” to the man who was running off his sound test. He said, “I won’t be wanting you any more—” he didn’t add “today,” and started from the projection room. He didn’t speak to Monte Feinberg, who came barging through the hall—he didn’t speak to any of the studio satellites who clustered about with anxiety stamped upon their faces. He walked past them like a man asleep, and entered his private office and closed the door and locked it. When there was a knock upon the panel he didn’t answer—although his manager called, frantically, “Lemme in, Tom. Maybe it isn’t as bad as you think.” He was so still that after a few minutes Monte turned from the door and Tom heard his footsteps diminishing in the corridor.

How long he sat there, in silence, with his head bowed on his hands, Tom didn’t know. The sunlight had been lying in patches on the floor when he entered his office. He saw it quiver, grow pale, fade into the amethyst shadow of dusk. He thought, disconnectedly:

“I felt that I was foolproof. And I was a fool, instead. But what in hell went wrong?”

What went wrong? Who can tell what goes wrong



THE STORY SO FAR

Tom Kildare, ranking screen comedy star, selects Marie Kastelaine, former nurse maid, without acting experience, as his new leading lady. She is given the name of Karen Kent, and her limited English, spoken with a marked French accent, is no handicap, for talkies have not yet been perfected. Karen’s success is sensational, but she believes it is all due to Tom. Reluctantly, on his advice, she accepts a big offer from another studio. Then suddenly talkies arrive. Tom fears for Karen’s future, though very confident of his own, and he makes tests of himself in scenes with dialogue, at about the same time that Karen makes her voice tests—for which he has coached her. As the chapter opens, Karen’s voice test is to be screened.

when you’re dealing with the idiosyncrasies of machinery? Tom’s voice, relic of the old music hall days, had been firm, sure, carrying, gay as the Christmas holidays. But the mechanics of motion picturedom had transformed it utterly—had made it a dull, rasping thing. To his prejudiced ears it didn’t sound in the least like his familiar rollicking tone. It was a bust voice, even for comedy. It wasn’t the sort of a voice that you could use in tragedy, either. It wouldn’t be good anywhere. The register—was that what they called it?—seemed out of gear.

“I’m through with pictures,” Tom told himself blankly, “through! There’s no future for me. My future belongs back in the days that were.” The phrase “days that were” hammered and buzzed in his brain. It was as if his brain were trying to fit it to a tune. To the tune he had been humming when he had been so happy at Karen’s success!

It was the memory of Karen’s success that lifted Tom’s head from his hands, that set him staring across the twilight-shaded room into emptiness. For in a space measured by minutes, Karen’s success—over which he had been so jubilant—had become a destroying monster, a Frankenstein which he had labored to create. How far would she go, he mused grimly, now that she had struck her stride? Why, her art—aided by the gift of speech—knew no boundaries! She could travel limitlessly as long as she traveled alone. But could she travel as limitlessly if she were shackled to a—might as well utter the damning phrase—a *has-been*? There was but one possible answer.

Tom, sitting there, thought of what he had planned to say to Karen. He had planned to say, “I love you!” Something he’d never said, sincerely, to anybody else. But now the words wouldn’t be said. The words were cut short, even as his career had been. He’d have to go slinking past Karen—admitting defeat, hour by hour.

“But she’d marry me, if I asked her,” Tom muttered, “through though I am. She’d marry me out of gratitude if I were a hopeless cripple!” It was an anchor to sanity, that thought—but merely for a split second.

It was dark when Tom left his private office. Alone he had met and passed his Gethsemane. If he shed tears in the stress of mental agony, there had been no audience. At least he’d done his whining in private. He walked down the hall, with his head up, semi-conscious of the echo of each step. The staff had gone—rats, he snarled, mentally, deserting a sinking ship. It gave him a martyr feeling to make the simile until he realized that he had practically dismissed them.

He came out, still walking steadily, to the reception room. There was a light here, and the girl who guarded (Continued on page 83)

Riding the Manhattan Merry-Go-Round with some of our favorite stars

Hollywood in New York

By
Tom
Kennedy



Helen Vinson, the international bride, tarried in town before sailing to join hubby Fred Perry and make a new film in London. Left, Helen in "The King of the Damned," her latest English film with Conrad Veidt.

O HENRY called it "Bagdad on the Subway." And right now New York might be just a subway ride from California, so numerous are the Hollywoodians seen here, there and everywhere in Manhattan these mid-winter days.

It seemed a bit strange that the star who appeared most definitely "at home" during the holiday season was the only one of the many in town whose next stop was not a return to Hollywood, but a journey overseas, to London; and whose natal city is located in Southern Texas; which, even as the planes fly, is a long ride from New York.

But then, Helen Vinson was celebrating the first Christmas she's had with her parents in four long years; and over there in London she was to rejoin her groom, Fred Perry, who had to be off to the tennis wars in Australia only a few weeks after their marriage last fall. And, furthermore, Helen's next, and her first co-starring picture was to be filmed at a studio just outside London town.

All of which adds up to make a pretty nice situation for kindling that glow of cozy content which is generally supposed to be a sure sign you're really "at home."

With a minimum of fuss, and a maximum of graciousness, Helen Vinson made, and kept with notable promptness, an appointment with your correspondent. The meeting place, a cocktail salon, (it would be libel and nothing less to call it a *room*), in one of Fifth Avenue's very nice hotels. Incidentally if you want to feel like you're in the movies, ask me about this place some time.



You can go up there, put your feet under one of their double-damask covered tables, and feel precisely like you're anything from a "sit in" to a star in one of those lavish sets they use to give the films what the trade calls "production value."

In that symphony of gold-plated elegance, the one untheatrical note, so far as these eyes could de-



fect, was the one authentic representative of the movies in the whole gorgeous place—Miss Helen Vinson, the tallish, very smart girl in the mink coat, who came through the doorway from Fifth Avenue preceded by an aristocratic Scottie, tugging at the leash with a manner of restraint that instantly identified him as a dog of quality.

As you know, Miss Vinson was the first captive of that Gaumont-British raiding party that descended on Hollywood about a year ago with some very lovely contracts to dazzle the movie stars of America. Last Spring she boarded ship for England, and along with her rode Fate. Fred Perry, whose slashing racquet deals out aces that his opponents on the courts can't trump, also was aboard.

Two pictures she made over there, "Transatlantic Tunnel," which didn't give Helen much of a rôle, and "The King of the Damned." Then came a return to these shores, marriage to Mr. Perry, and a sojourn on the coast that was not productive of any balm for the Vinson fans, for she did not accept any of the parts offered her out where Movies were born, and stars gather new brilliance.

Could it be, what with being the bride of an Englishman and turning down Hollywood offers to do another picture in London, that this lovely American whose beauty and acting skill added so much to "The Wedding Night" and other Hollywood films, could it be Helen Vinson was going to leave us for permanent residence in England?

"That isn't my plan," she assured us. "As to my being

Carl Brisson takes everything with a smile. He was a New Yorker recently. Below, our Una arrives from Hollywood.



married to an Englishman—why, Fred's as much a vagabond as I am. He's on the go all the time. We met on the boat going over. Two weeks after he arrived there he was off to France to play the tournaments there, and he was mainly on the go right up till he came over to play at Forest Hills last Fall."

It is a matter of considerable regret to Helen Vinson that she can't travel around with Fred Perry. These court stars get around to some very interesting places and meet mighty interesting people in the course of a playing season.

"I could have a lot more fun on these trips with Fred than he could by following me around on my acting assign-

Una Merkel took a vacation from the studios for the first time in three years, and headed for New York, of course. Did Una have a good time? Read what she said about that herself.



ments, wherever they may be," she said.

The next picture, I learned from her, is to be "His Majesty's Pyjamas," in which Helen Vinson will co-star with Clive Brook. When you go into the details of this picture you conclude about the only thing British about the production will be the location of the studio where it's to be made. The story is an adaptation of a novel by Gene Markey, one of Hollywood's foremost scenarists, who also wrote the scenario. The director is Al Werker, director of "The House of Rothschild" and other Hollywood hits. Clive Brook is British, but if memory serves, it was in America that Brook became a movie star.

"I am to arrive in London," she said, "January third. The next day Fred is to land, he's on his way there from Australia now. The next day the picture is scheduled to start. So with hunting and setting up an apartment, I expect things will be a little hectic for me as a starter for the new year."

This international marriage will not take Fred Perry off the courts or Helen Vinson out of pictures—for two years at least. "We've arranged that we shall go on, Fred with his tennis tournaments, he is to play in South America next year, and I with my screen work."

So you see the conversation was productive of a story that is at once good news—for us movie enthusiasts who want Helen Vinson in pictures—and bad news for the tennis hopefuls of every country but England.

And talking of British sporting events, recalls a bit of history. In 1913, according to the British records, the amateur welterweight boxing championship was won by a kid named Carl Peterson, born in Copenhagen and a great Dane with his dukes. To this day Peterson carries about with him the medal that signifies his victory. Only the handsome, strapping figure of a man who shows you the medal, a bit proudly too, is known far and wide, as Carl Brisson, who was lured to Hollywood from London, where he was the No. 1 matinée idol.

For the first time since he passed through town eighteen months ago to star in Hollywood pictures, Carl Brisson was a New York visitor recently. And as far as this unofficial greeter is concerned, (Continued on page 78)



SCREENLAND Glamor School

Gladys Swarthout, smartest
of the song-birds, sounds
a new note in glamor—
glowingly romantic

Hand-knitted suits can have grace and glamor, as Miss Swarthout shows us, above, with her two-piece gray suit with accessories of dark brown. Right: every inch of her black crepe daytime frock is knife-pleated! That gay hat is boldly trimmed with brilliant red poppies—note that our Katharine Hepburn cover, this month, also features the poppy note. Two more mad little hats! Schiaparelli's ultra-modern version of the beret, left, of black felt—that fur-like border isn't fur at all, but clipped yarn. Below: tassels still tease the smart imagination, as on Miss Swarthout's black felt with its intricate crown.



Edited by
Gladys Swarthout

Exclusive SCREENLAND Glamor
School photographs by Eugene
Robert Richee. Costumes cour-
tesy I. Magnin and Co.





A prima donna who could still be a screen star if she never sang a note, Gladys Swarthout, close-up above, has not only beauty, but authentic chic. She created this now-famous coiffure: center part, brushed smoothly back, with two delightfully 'amusing' 'ears' of soft curls. See her act and hear her sing in "Rose of the Rancho" and "Give Us This Night"—but note also her personal and highly individual flair for clothes. Right: light blue chiffon for evening, with shirring and front fullness.



Red and gold hostess gown, left, has wide gold bands at waist and elbows. White fox fashions Miss Swarthout's luscious cape, above. Red is frankly favored in Gladys' personal wardrobe—the picture gown of slipper satin, right, is brilliant red.





Be Trim Be Tailored

Carole Lombard steps into Spring in beige and brown. Her beige tailleur is topped with a sumptuous sable scarf; her hat, gloves, shoes are dark brown. Countess de Maigret, lovely newcomer, below, piquantly combines polka-dot scarf with striped suit. Above, from left to right: Mary Taylor and her jolly new jacket. Claudette Colbert's favorite lounging pajamas of tailored white satin. Mary Carlisle presents the new note: short white gloves—and her new straw hat is good, too. Our Spring Fashion Forecast heralds an exciting new style season for Hollywood and everywhere!





Be Flowery Be Feminine

Flowerlike faces are high fashion! New notes: Marlene Dietrich's visor with veil which tops her travel coat of beige wool trimmed with loops of natural-colored pigskin, and wide belt, gloves, bag of the pigskin. The girls above enhance their feminine appeal with flowers. Left to right: Virginia Bruce's Spring bonnet with blue velvet flowers. Francine Larrimore's delicate flower necklace. Anita Louise wears fragile white flowers at throat and in her shimmering curls. Below, Virginia Bruce in a flattering hat with a feather. Anita Louise and more flowers.





Yes, it's the same girl! June Lang as she looked a year ago was judged one of Hollywood's prettiest young actresses. But now there's a new June, and here she is—a thoroughly modern ingénue as she'll appear in Shirley Temple's new picture, "Captain January."



Your Face as You Like It!

YOUR face is what you make it! If you must have this proved to you—let June Lang do it. June, who is hailed as one of Hollywood's prettiest young actresses, might have been perfectly satisfied with the face she showed her adoring public a year ago. But not our June!

She wanted to be even more than devastatingly pretty. So she completely revamped her make-up and style of doing her hair to bring out all the individual character of a truly modern face—a face to be poignantly remembered.

I'm sure that June, wise young modern that she is, will agree with me that the basis of unforgettable beauty is a clear, fresh skin. Important as make-up is to create illusions of beauty, to accentuate features and coloring, the complexion upon which one puts it is more important still.

The crucial years for lifelong beauty of skin and contour are the "twenties." If you're young and have the kind of complexion that is more attractive the closer up one sees it—then you have a very serious responsibility to your future. Your chief immediate job is to keep your skin immaculately clean. Then you must protect it against chapping.

Complexions that are beautifully soft and fine-textured in early youth are usually on the dry side after you have turned twenty. Just about then, the natural oils begin to diminish, and you yourself must make up the lack. Good circulation is the most important natural aid to beauty, as it keeps the oil glands working right and nourishes the

Different styles of make-up and coiffure help Hollywood beauties change their faces

By Elin Neil

skin tissues besides giving you natural color. Plenty of exercise, lots of restful sleep, freedom from worry and general good health are reflected in lovely skin. But how many of us can get all of these we need after twenty, life being what it is? One natural complexion aid we can all use is plenty of water.

Make it a habit to drink eight to twelve glasses a day. And don't stop drinking milk just because you are grown up now and there is no one to make you take it. Milk is definitely beneficial to the skin.

Of course there are artificial circulation stimulants—ointments, lotions, creams or masks. You with sensitive, fine-textured skin must be careful of these, though. The same stimulants which are excellent for coarser skins may be far too strong for you. They may cause broken veins, those little red lines under your skin which are so difficult to efface. Ice used on an unprotected delicate skin holds the same danger. The safest way to use ice is to wrap it in a towel and run it quickly over your face, never leaving it on the same spot for long. Ice is a fine astringent as well as a circulation stimulant. Cold water is almost as good, if used often enough, and is safe for anyone.

Practically every skin, even if it is dry, needs washing with soap and water to keep it thoroughly clean. But don't use "just any soap" on your precious complexion. There are soft, mild beauty soaps specially prepared to benefit the skin. The oil that they take off the surface should be removed, as it is dirty (*Continued on page 86*)

Alphabet Scoop!

Try this new game

By James Marion



Richard Barthelmess.



Madge Bellamy.



Nancy Carroll.

IT'S some fun, this new silly research game. Call it ALPHABET SCOOP, because it has to do with letters and odd facts concerning the names of the film stars. The idea is to sit down during a vacant afternoon or evening, when time is heavy on your hands and you have no way to lighten it, and unearth all the unusual data possible about alphabetical twists in the names of motion picture stars.

For instance, do you know that the shortest name in motion pictures is that of Tom Mix, six letters; and the longest belongs to Richard Barthelmess, eighteen letters? And do you know that Sally Eilers' last name begins with the letter *E*, but is sounded as if spelled I-lers, while the first name of Ivan Lebedeff starts with an *I*, but is sounded E-von?

B is the most popular letter of the alphabet, in Hollywood. No fewer than thirty-four stars and feature players are listed alphabetically among the *B*s. The "high *C*s" are a close second; twenty-eight names start with this letter. *M* is third with twenty-three, but only by a trick—the Four Marx Brothers count just that many on the total. But for the Marx family group, the letter *L* would be third with its total of twenty-two. How many of these stars and players can you name? Try it, but remember, only the important notables.

Although there are few players in the *G* group, they give a remarkable account of themselves. There are Greta Garbo, Janet Gaynor, Clark Gable, Mitzi Green and Hoot Gibson among the *G*s, and they certainly are topnotchers of their individual types. A promising member of the *G* section is Wynne Gibson, who pronounces it *Win*, and intends to do just that.

The most common name in pictures is *Lee*—and is it an unlucky name! Look at them: Davey Lee, Lila Lee, Dorothy Lee, Frances Lee, Gwen Lee and Dixie Lee. Without exception, their screen careers have been interrupted disastrous-lee. Davey's parents made salary demands that the studios considered preposterous, and his movie life ended abrupt-lee. Lila suffered a career-let-

down. Dorothy, twice divorced before she was twenty-one, found herself jobless when her contract was not renewed. She had to start all over again. Frances displayed rare talent in silent comedies, but before her opportunity came in feature productions, talking pictures arrived and Frances was forgotten. Dixie had a promising screen start at Fox, then she left to become Mrs. Bing Crosby. Now she's making a come-back—here's luck! Gwen, heralded as a great screen find, grew too tall and lost her opportunity. So, you see, the Lees ended unhappi-lee. *Lee* Tracy, too, has his troubles.

X marks nobody's spot in Hollywood; no screen star's name commences with the letter.

Bees are temperamental little businesses; perhaps that is why the alphabetical *B*s embrace so many temperamental stars. Noted for their outbursts are George Bancroft, who walked out of his studio and refused to return until salary and story adjustments were made; Madge Bellamy, who made money demands, and bounced herself out of motion pictures by so doing, although she has lately bounced back; Olive Borden, whom the studios accused of temperament, and who never progressed far following the accusations; Betty Bronson, who faded right off the screen; Clara Bow, a regular turmoil of spirit and temper; Evelyn Brent, the stormy petrel, now gallantly attempting a comeback; Charles Bickford, the tough guy who told studio executives where to head in; John Barrymore, possibly the inventor of temperament; and Tallulah Bankhead.

Tragedy also has pursued the letter *B*. Betty Bronson was an overnight star and a sensation, but fell from grace before she accumulated much money. She is happily married now. Olive Borden lost almost every cent she possessed following her break with the studios. Madge Bellamy, after several years off the screen, was forced to auction her home and furnishings, on which she realized only a fraction of their original costs. Joan Bennett spent several months in the hospital when she was thrown from a (Continued on page 99)



Evelyn Brent.



Ivan Lebedeff.



Dorothy Lee.



Bob Wallace

Romance seen at the races! Here we see Carole Lombard and Bob Riskin at Santa Anita to watch the ponies run.

DICK POWELL comes right out and says what he thinks about marriage in Hollywood. "Nobody in pictures is happily married. How can they be? I'm not soured on marriage, just darn careful!"

Dick was married once way back in his past—and a lot of persons seem to think he will be again, to Joan Blondell. He won't say he will and he won't say he won't. Just says you know how things sneak up on you. He's still being careful, but will Dick's confidence return along in August, say, when Joan's divorce becomes final?

Here's Hollywood

We're off to the races, the studios, everywhere, to hear the latest gossip

By Weston East

THE one woman in Hollywood who really is in Clark Gable's confidence is—guess—May Robson. They have been like mother and son off the screen for several years. Now they are to be a screen family in "Wife versus Secretary," and it seems perfectly natural to them.

THE secret is out! Luise Rainer has failed the gossips, so far as having her name romantically linked with any of the local blades. Now it develops that a young European diplomat is the cause of it all. He will arrive in Hollywood soon, and then we shall see what we shall see. Because the usual career-trouble is why Luise didn't marry him before she arrived in Hollywood. He wants her to give up the screen, entirely. And all he has against him is Luise, the studio, and all her newly-acquired fans!

ANN HARDING has a grand idea, which may or may not bring her a financial return. Anyway, that isn't the idea. She wants to produce a series of two-real pictures for youngsters, based on the classic fairy-tales. She believes the screen is sadly lacking in entertainment for children, and having a daughter of her own, the lack has been more impressed upon her. She intends to turn the profits over to some worthy charity. Production will begin as soon as she finishes her current picture.

THE Price of Fame! Shirley Temple's fans nearly all write asking for dolls instead of autographs, these days. Maybe it's a break for Shirley, at that. It takes her about half an hour to sign a picture, she does it so painstakingly. Nothing rushes her, even gaping crowds. I happened to be sitting three seats away when she attended the preview of "Littlest Rebel," and when the lights went up afterward Shirley went to work on an autograph—it took so long, it was nearly time for the feature to begin before she placed on the finishing touches!

IN A remote corner of a restaurant the other day, this reporter spied your favorite glamor-blonde, who looked quite startled when her hiding place was discovered. Now, this very fact on the face of it arouses a certain suspicion. So inquiries were made. She broke down—told all.

"You see," she explained, "I love liver and onions. I could *live* on liver and onions. But the onion part isn't ladylike!"

"But you don't have to hide," we assured her. "There's no law against it."

"Well, the reason I can indulge myself is because the boy-friend is on the outs for a few days, and I'm having onions every time I want them, but I don't want him to catch me at it!"



Bob Wallace

Billy Seymour, Glenda Farrell, Addison Randall and Alice Faye caught in the act of trying to pick winners at the track.



Bob Wallace

Edward G. Robinson, his wife, and daughter Jeanne, ponder over the program at a table on the terrace at Santa Anita.

A TERRIFIC fuss was made over the arrival of the great English novelist, H. G. Wells. Swarms of people went to the airport to greet him, all the news services and photographers were present. It was quite an affair. The low-down on the matter is that Mr. Wells *actually* arrived in town, quietly, one week before his supposed arrival, cleaned up various and sundry businesses, and no one knew he was here but Charlie Chaplin!

THE fans are getting awfully smart, we mean the autograph-hounds that besiege the local restaurants. They have found out about Thursday—you know, cook's night out. They simply collect, waist deep, around the Beverly Derby, and the other night we saw them catch Freddie Bartholomew, who was taking Constance Collier (!) to dinner, Edward G. Robinson, Clark Gable, Kay Francis and Delmar Daves. It was a big night. But one of the most distinguished gentlemen present was not recognized, except by the stellar diners, who visited his table at intervals. He was Alexander Woollcott, having a very gay time with Laura Hope Crews.

DESERT-RATS *de luxe*, two prospectors named Joel McCrea and Lew Ayres. Joel discovered eight claims left among the papers of his maternal grandfather, Albert Whipple, California pioneer, who came west in the gold rush of '49. Lew is furnishing the knowledge of geology, assaying, and what-not. Joel furnishes the mules. They start after "These Three" is finished, and no foolin' about it. But the unique part will be found in their knapsacks—probably the only prospector's "grub" ever to include a large quantity of caviar! Both boys are very fond of it; say they can get along for days on nothing else.

SYLVIA SIDNEY'S dressing-room at Paramount is vacant. She has finished her contract with Walter Wanger. It is a romantic place, that suite of rooms. Pola Negri first had it, and it was quite a sight—all in red and gold and black. Clara Bow took it over next, and left the decorations. Clara loved red. When Sylvia moved in, the décor was changed to modern colors and furnishings. But now, the strangest part of all—not a star on the lot has put in a demand for this choice suite! In the old days, all sorts of tempestuous battles would have taken place over it. Dear, dear, are stars losing their temperament? What, no fights?



Acme

Marion Hepburn, right, sister of Katharine Hepburn, and Lois Warren Shaw, students at Bennington College, volunteer for social service work at Hull House, Chicago. Marion says she's not interested in a screen career.

THERE is a plot of ground at the back of Dick Arlen's place at which he has cast longing eyes for lo, these many years. It was just the spot for a tennis court. It was all grown with weeds and sort of an eyesore, so Joby started by having grass and flowers planted. Then they got so used to the idea that now they have bought it, by gum. Gave themselves a Christmas present.

BETTY GRABLE and Jackie Coogan announced their engagement, shortly after Jackie reached his majority—but just then the studio stepped in and placed one of those clauses in Betty's contract. She can't marry for a year. Well, they're pretty young yet, and maybe it's just as well. They went out on a personal appearance tour, accompanied by Betty's mother, and maybe you will see these two radiant youngsters in your town.

THE strangest casting of the month is Charles Laughton for "Goodbye Mr. Chips." If you have read the book, as of course you have—well, what do you think?

THE noisiest street in Beverly Hills is Alpine Drive—only it's nice noise. Gladys Swarthout, Nelson Eddy, Jeanette MacDonald, Grace Moore, and Tito Schipa, (in Lawrence Tibbett's house), all live within a few blocks of each other, and the funny thing is, there hasn't been a single complaint from the neighbors.

DID you know Katie Hepburn is the only woman picture star ever to brave the camera without make-up? In the scenes where she played a boy for "Sylvia Scarlett," Katie's face was absolutely bare, and one never sees her off-screen in any make-up at all except a bit of lip-rouge.

WAS that a *moment*—when Jack Barrymore and Dolores Costello both appeared at the Countess di Frasso's party! The situation tightened up considerably, as if this were not enough, when a telephone message came for John Juan from Elaine Barrie, formerly Jacobs. All this proved a few too many for the Barrymore, who made a graceful exit between two friends, but in double time.



Bob Wallace

Hollywood's No. 1 turf fan, Bing Crosby, gives some tips (hope they are good), to Joan Bennett and her husband, Gene Markey.



Bob Wallace

Look who we find at the races! Randy Scott took Dorothy Martin, left, when he went to Santa Anita. Is it a romance?



Smiles that make everybody happy! Janet Gaynor and Robert Taylor in their first close-up as co-stars.

Coincidence? Robert Livingston, right, stars with Irene Hervey in one of the series of short dramas that started Robert Taylor toward fame.

THE M-G-M commissary was in quite an uproar yesterday when Clark Gable took Fannie Brice and Sophie Tucker to lunch. "My latest fiancées," he explained. "Now see what you can make of it!"

DON'T ask me what a cow was doing in a picture named "Don't Bet On Love," but there she was. As a matter of fact, she was dragging Gene Raymond down a small-town street, a set on the back lot, when I first saw her. Gene said he guessed she didn't want to be an actress and decided to go home. He was afraid to let loose for fear she would, and they needed her in the next scene. "I've worked with temperamental actresses," he remarked to me, "but they seldom make good their threats to go home the way this one tried to!"

LUISE RAINER, it seems, is a good cook, a darned good cook, and unlike Marlene Dietrich doesn't mind saying so in print. She has had a book published on her favorite Viennese recipes, many of which she claims she invented herself just "mixing around" in the kitchen.



DOLORES DEL RIO, who has the courage to set an individual fashion pace in style-conscious Hollywood, is attracting considerable attention these days to a new slipper she is wearing. It harks back to the old-fashioned "Mary Janes" popular when this generation was in hair-ribbons, with flat, half-inch heels, square toes, and a simple T-strap. Dolores finds the convenience and comfort of these slippers a boon for street and luncheon-attire.

QUITE the funniest experience I have had in years was when I found myself sitting next to ZaSu Pitts and right behind Claudette Colbert at the Rose Bowl game. ZaSu "knew from nothing" about football; it seems that it was all a mistake that she came anyway—that she had really started out for the races at Santa Anita. "What does five to go mean?" she asked as only ZaSu can, "and where do you suppose they want to go?" Well, Claudette undertook to tell her that "five to go" meant five yards before the team could make first "down." "But what's down—down what?" queried ZaSu. And there she had Claudette. "Say, I have been going to football games ever since I could toddle onto the Columbia field in New York," said Claudette, "but I really don't think I know a thing about it. I just get up and shout when people get up and shout and sit down when they sit down. Maybe you'd better just do that, too, ZaSu." And I thought that Randy Scott and Fred Astaire in the row in front of us would simply die laughing.

(Continued on page 100)



Maureen O'Sullivan and Eric Linden see the path of true love, trees or no trees, in a scene for a new film.



So long as Jackie Cooper does it, Rin-Tin-Tin, Jr., likes having his teeth brushed. Jackie and Rinty are pals.

DISCRIMINATING WOMEN ARE TALKING . . . ABOUT CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS!



Miss Mary de Mumm

"Camel's flavor is so mild that you enjoy the last one as much as the first. In the enjoyment of smoking and in its effect, Camels certainly make a great difference."



Miss Vivian Dixon

"I always smoke Camels—they're so much milder and smoother. And I never get tired of their flavor. Camels never give me that 'I've been smoking too much' feeling."



Miss Mimi Richardson

"Smoking a Camel is the quickest way I know to relieve fatigue. Camels always refresh me. And I love their taste. They seem to be milder than other cigarettes."



Mrs. Langdon Post

"Enthusiasm is very contagious. Look at the way the smart younger set are all smoking Camels. I think I know why. Camels never affect your nerves."

You either like Camels tremendously or they cost you nothing

We have a vast confidence in Camels. First, we know the tobaccos of which they are made—and what a difference those costlier tobaccos make in mildness and flavor. Then, too, we know the genuine enthusiasm so many women have for Camels.

We are, naturally, most anxious to have you try Camels—to smoke a sufficient number to be able really to judge them. And of course it's only fair that such an experiment be made at our risk. If you don't like Camels, they cost you nothing. If you do like them—and we're sure you will—their flavor, their mildness, the new pleasure you'll get from smoking them, will make this experiment worth your while.

We invite you to read and accept our money-back offer.

Money-Back Invitation to try Camels

Smoke 10 fragrant Camels. If you don't find them the mildest, best-flavored cigarettes you ever smoked, return the package with the rest of the cigarettes in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund your full purchase price, plus postage.

(Signed)

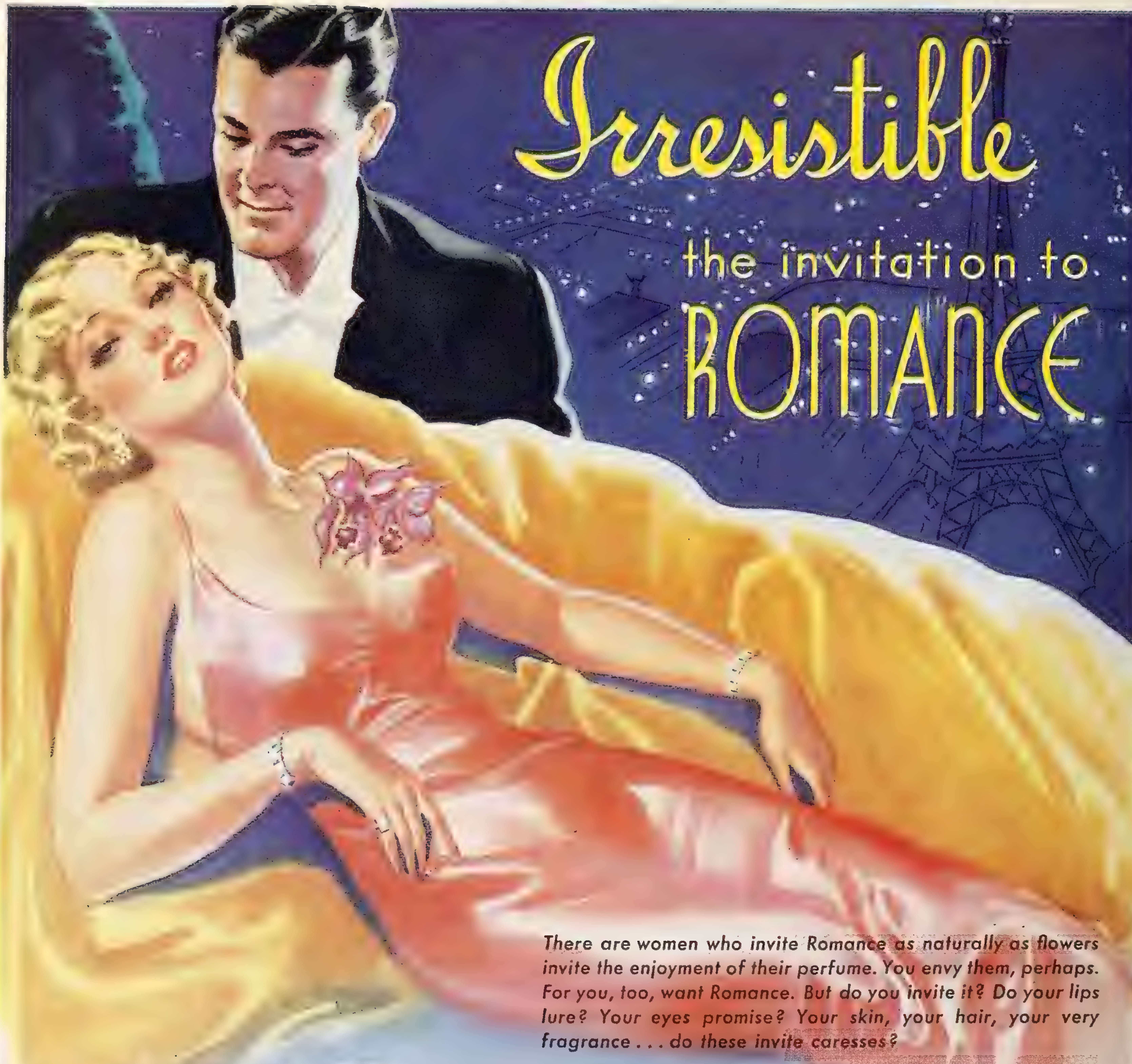
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, North Carolina



© 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

C O S T L I E R T O B A C C O S !

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.



Irresistible

the invitation to
ROMANCE

There are women who invite Romance as naturally as flowers invite the enjoyment of their perfume. You envy them, perhaps. For you, too, want Romance. But do you invite it? Do your lips lure? Your eyes promise? Your skin, your hair, your very fragrance . . . do these invite caresses?

Irresistible Beauty Aids are an irresistible invitation to Romance. The satin-smoothness of Irresistible Powder, the soft blush of Irresistible Rouge, the seductive coloring and creamy indelibility of Irresistible Lip Lure . . . these speak the language of allure. Final touch, IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME, romantic as the first flowers he sent you.

Try all the Irresistible Beauty Aids. Each has some special feature that gives you glorious new loveliness. Certified pure. Laboratory tested and approved.

BUY
Irresistible
PERFUME *and* BEAUTY AIDS

IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME, FACE POWDER, ROUGE, LIP LURE,
MASCARA, COLD CREAM, COLOGNE, BRILLIANTINE, TALC
ONLY 10¢ EACH AT ALL 5 AND 10¢ STORES



Nelson Eddy—Waiting for "The Woman"

Continued from page 21

His dressing-room was jammed with ardent young ladies for a whole hour after the final encore. Then he signed autographs by the hundreds when he emerged from the building. He only got away thanks to pals who stood at various points and cried, "Here he comes!"

Anyway, he wasn't automobilized after as he'd been at Long Beach. There the public swarmed directly up over the footlights when he finished. A crowd outside forced him to literally shove through to safety. And when he started motoring home five cars full of fanatical folk pursued him for miles. Being exhausted and rescued as a routine must be a strain!

"I have no kicks against Hollywood," Nelson declared to me. "Why, gosh, I'm tickled to have a home here and you bet I'm delighted to have been so fortunate in my attempts at acting." He leaned forward to tap a cigarette on the desk. He considers himself poor copy because he has no fantastic attributes for exploitation. Yet he speaks fluently and with an intelligence that grips your attention.

"I'm fond of Hollywood," he grinned, "but I imagine they are awfully pained at me!" My interrogating expression evoked straightforward talk. "I'll not serve a Hollywood sentence, you see. Develop into a peacock. I've been a lone wolf for years, climbing slowly, independently. I know what I enjoy, and it's not being a stuffed shirt.

"This picture break hasn't altered my original singing schedule. Music is, after all, my field. It's what I've concentrated on for a long time. I want to click in screen operettas, but I wouldn't think of quitting my concerts. I realize that one bad picture will end my acting. Whereas one recital when I'm not quite up to snuff won't be a catastrophe."

That's why Nelson hasn't been living the life of a romantic Riley. He not only has to keep in excellent physical trim, like any young actor, but he has to daily trill many tunes. A singer can never stop studying, you know. This thrilling Mr. Eddy has painstakingly mastered thirty-two operatic rôles and he can render melodies in seven different languages. An accompanist checks in at his house every day for his brushing-up and new efforts. There's not much opportunity to cut up when this kind of a routine is ordinary. Find yourself a hobby and you'll not stumble into mischief!

But he was going on. "Frankly," he asserted, "I'm not so hot about this glamor treatment. I prefer to drop in casually at somebody's house and take pot-luck on the supper. Then I relish finishing off with a picture show. That's twice as appealing to me as dolling up and parking at a flashy night spot. I find my fun in being natural with real friends. And crazy as it may seem, that's how I *do* behave!

"I'm dumbfounded at this glamor that's automatically descended on me, if you want me to be perfectly honest with you. No one was distressed at my simple private life before I was 'touched.' The prevailing theory is that when you've acted in Hollywood you've been dipped in gilt fluid. You're henceforth a tin god—or a freak!

"I've learned that most reporters are disappointed because I won't put on. They'd be infinitely happier if I had a shoestring fetish, or rode in a red automobile. Too, they try to trip you up if you will be annoyingly normal. They comment that so-and-so said such-and-such and don't you agree? Whether you do or don't, whichever way you nod results in a statement on a subject you never brought up.

"They've repeatedly asked me to detail the sort of girl I want. I think that's impossible. Anyway, my dreams aren't unique. I'm human, so I shan't weep if she's a gorgeous creature. I won't fret if she is a domestic whiz. But I'm not going to be forced into pretending to be a passionate personage.

"I've been advised that I ought to be seen around with prominent women. Well, I haven't time to go about 'being seen.' In the last three months, working on 'Rose Marie' and doing my final practicing for the tour, I've only had two dates. One evening I asked Jeanette MacDonald out, and on the other I took my mother to a movie."

The fortunate female who snags Mr. Eddy is not to be in for the typical Hollywood wife's fate. She'll not have to suspect him, nor will she have to share him in the public prints. "I'll never advertise my personal feelings," he went on. "But I haven't fallen in love yet, so that's a bridge I needn't cross now.

"They've wanted me to talk on how I avoid matrimony and such foolishness. I haven't been sidetracking it. I just haven't met 'that woman.' My heart's waiting for her. When it nips up I'll not be so slow. We'll marry as quickly as I can convince her to take a chance on me. But I'm not marrying today because it'd be a smart business move to tie into the picture game that way, or because of any other such Hollywoodish reasons.

"I don't care for the continual misinterpretation they indulge in here. When I've an hour to play tennis I look for whoever's handiest and I dislike rating a wild romance rumor if my partner's feminine. It annoys me when tales are twined around. Once I escorted Mary Pickford to a Bowl concert. When we'd sat down we were informed I'd been sold tickets for the previous evening. Brian Aherne was in a nearby box and he graciously let Miss Pickford have his seat. He and I found room 'way up top. It struck me as so incongruous that Mary Pickford would get into such a predicament that I remarked on the occurrence. Then I read that I'd been at the Bowl with a mysterious woman and it was all blown into a torrid new romance."

Nelson paused and reflected. "This sounds like a panning bee, doesn't it? Don't

brand me an ungrateful cuss. I'm really not! But golly, I haven't a love-line and I'm quite willing to admit it. They build you up so you can't live up to the reputation!" I didn't put in my two-cents worth at that moment, but let me be confidential. Had you been informally chatting with Nelson Eddy, as I was, you'd not have had the slightest twinge of disillusionment.

"The system for parties here distresses me. I believe parties are for genuine good times. I invited a lot of friends over for music, and dancing, and a chicken dinner. There were almost two hundred. A leading columnist cornered me and wailed, 'Where are the stars?' Eventually ten or twelve celebrities did drop in and somehow several cameramen materialized. Then next day in the papers they were beaming and the rest of my friends were wholly ignored." Consequently, columnists aren't among the guests at Nelson's any more.

He rides horseback and whacks a hefty tennis serve for exercise, frolicking with his dog in a milder mood. Most of all, he enjoys his recording plant and learning to play his new electric organ. He makes his own records to chart his road to ever-better singing. And Nelson isn't content with centering his zeal on himself. He helps other young men and women with musical aspirations. He records their vocalizing, advises them, and then files their disks in his library. They return from time to time and he eagerly confers on their progress.

I guess being a self-made success is what induces him to be always assisting others to aid themselves. Even though Mr. Eddy has a former president of the United States, Martin Van Buren, on his family tree, his climb has been entirely on his own. When he was old enough to enter high school he had to begin earning a living instead. He sulked not, but sallied forth; and lookit! From telephone switchboard overseer in an iron works in Pennsylvania to glamor guy in Hollywood—a major ascent!

But I slipped there. If I get gooey with my adjectives like that, my name will be mud. He never strikes a lady. But I'm no *laidy*! Should you be, and eligible, why not set your net for Nelson? Perhaps you're destined by a ducky fairy grandmother to Cinderella into his arms. As I recollect, and no mistake about it, he's patiently waiting for "that woman."



Two famous couples meet at a Hollywood gathering! Mr. and Mrs. Paul Muni, Norma Shearer, and her husband, Producer Irving Thalberg, exchange greetings.

Spotlight Contest

1,000 Katharine Hepburn
Color Portraits Awarded

Name your selection for a Spotlight Cover Girl for a future issue of SCREENLAND. Tell why you think she deserves this honor.

That's all you have to do to win a beautiful reproduction of our cover portrait of Katharine Hepburn, in full color, without printing, and suitable for framing.

Read the rules carefully, and see how easy it is for you to obtain this lovely portrait of the lovely Hepburn—sent to you postpaid. While winning a prize, you also pay tribute to your favorite actress. You can help her win the distinction of appearing on a future SCREENLAND cover. Enter NOW—win a Katharine Hepburn portrait.



Spotlight prize! This portrait of Katharine Hepburn, in full color.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. Use coupon printed below filling out with name of your selection, and your name and address.
2. Write a letter, not more than 100 words, telling why you think the girl you select deserves this distinction.
3. This contest will close at midnight March 2, 1936.
4. In the event of ties, identical prizes will be awarded.
5. Judges' decisions are final. No entries will be returned.
6. Mail entries to: Spotlight Contest Editor, SCREENLAND, 45 W. 45 St., New York, N. Y.

I am entering the SCREENLAND Spotlight Cover Contest, with my letter enclosed.

My star selection is.....

Name

Street address

City..... State.....

Why Katharine Hepburn Didn't Dare

Continued from page 33

with the film fans? Why can't she change her whole attitude, as most actresses would, without embarrassment or explanation?

And how did such an intelligent girl ever happen to start on a course of masquerade and deception? Let us tear aside the remaining veils; see the whole pattern clearly. It has almost the plot and form of a mystery story!

When Katharine, a relatively obscure stage actress, was on the eve of coming to Hollywood, this writer was employed in the ballyhoo department of the studio she was to join. We had heard nothing of her then, and her actual arrival didn't exactly turn the studio upside down. New contract gal, to be taken out and posed with animals and novelties and standing on her head, for the sake of news photographs. Ho, hum!

But Katharine came to Hollywood prepared to cope with its indifference. She had been an ardent reader of movie magazines, a student of film careers. She felt that unless a girl kept trying to be different, and to attract attention after getting her contract, she might very likely be forgotten and her chance at movie fame lost!

Everyone knows, of course, of the hilarious act Katharine put on to keep the attention of the studio focussed on herself. But few know how much of it was purely pranksome, daring histrionics, and how much was reality. And very few indeed witnessed Katharine's dismay when she learned that her well-laid plan had gone wrong, through succeeding too well!

My friend and former office-mate, the brilliant young press agent assigned to Miss Hepburn on her arrival, had no part in the star's private campaign. If she had immediately taken him into her confidence he might have led her safely past the trap into which she stumbled. But to her, at first, he represented one of those persons she had determined to impress. Her pose as a wealthy, temperamental, tempestuous eccentric was intended to divert him as well as others. The huge Hispaño-Suiza she rented, and drove while clad in her old worn dungarees; the rented monkey which accompanied her, and such pranks of Katharine's as parking under a dignified

executive's office and shouting until he was forced to thrust out his head and consult with her in public, were none of his planning. But they were fine "copy" for the newspaper and magazine writers and photographers!

Suddenly Katharine became aware of the fact that the press was headlining her. In the intensity of her campaign to keep a studio Hepburn-conscious, she hadn't realized the significance of those many introductions, those countless snapping camera lenses. *Now, it developed she hadn't counted on her act ever being noted outside the supposed privacy of studio walls!* She went hurriedly to the press agent and took him into her confidence.

"You know all this isn't the real me," she said. "And you know very well why I did put on the act I did. To get my chance, a real chance in pictures. But those crazy stunts weren't for publication! I don't wish to give the public the impression that I'm a lunatic. After all, I'm trying to be a dramatic actress on the screen, not an eccentric comedienne."

"It's too late, Miss Hepburn!" she was told. "You've drawn your portrait. It's now public property. While its novelty lasts it will not be forgotten. So you'll have to live up to what you have created." Seeing her genuine dismay, he explained more kindly, "Studios are like goldfish bowls, you see. You've been under the delusion the walls are solid, that what you did here to keep yourself in the minds of our worthy employers wouldn't be known outside. But you were wrong. Things like that never escape the attention of the press and through it, the public."

So Katharine had unwittingly created a Frankenstein. She had been putting on an act for a very limited and professional audience, and suddenly discovered that the whole country had been, as it were, looking on and listening in! That it had already accepted the eccentric character she had created as the real Katharine Hepburn!

This knowledge was no light shock. Katharine's face went white. She stumbled wordlessly out of the office. What was probably uppermost in her mind was the blow she was certain had been dealt her

art. When people saw her on the screen, indulging in serious dramatics, would the memory of her latest crazy stunt come to their minds? Wouldn't they burst out laughing? Laugh her off the screen? Must she give up the ambition, so fiercely and jealously cherished, to become a great dramatic actress; perhaps compromise by becoming a character comedienne, something consistent with the absurd real-life character she had created?

The more far-seeing among the studio's heads shared her anxiety, but they were as powerless as herself. Nothing could erase that remarkable, unforgettable first impression she had created upon press and public!

The success of her pictures, great by both artistic and box office yardsticks, eased, if it did not wholly put away the fears of the star and her employers. People did *not* laugh at Katharine's serious scenes. In some manner her remarkable screen presence reached out, gripped them, touched their hearts with a poignant tang.

In gratitude, rather than fear for the future, Katharine then passionately swung to an opposite extreme in her private life. She could have purchased a fine car now, but she gave up the Hispaño in favor of a very modest sedan, later supplemented by her famous Ford truck. All her around-the-lot pose and pretense was gone. Toward her fellow workers she now became frank, happy and warmly human. Full of rowdy mischief, but equally full of sympathy and understanding. Ready to fight a buzz-saw in behalf of those who, because of their humble place in the movie scheme of things, reaped injustice.

At first she even gave up her dungarees, although these had not been a part of her act. For years she had enjoyed wearing them, even back in the stage days, when she was rehearsing. Now Katharine resumed the dungarees again, in a passion for utter sincerity. Since the studio was a gold-fish bowl with all the world looking through its transparent sides, she'd let people see the actual truth about herself, delude them in no slightest particular, even in such a simple matter as pretending to prefer fluffy clothes.

"Girls with soft
smooth skin
have appeal..."

says
MARGARET SULLAVAN

**Don't let
Cosmetic Skin
steal away
good looks—romance!**



YOU want the
charm men find
so irresistible.
Margaret Sullivan,
lovely star of
Universal's "Next
Time We Love," tells
you how to win it.

"**U**SE all the cosmetics you wish," Margaret Sullivan advises. This charming star knows it's easy to guard against Cosmetic Skin if you remove cosmetics *thoroughly*.

It's when stale rouge and powder *choke your pores* that Cosmetic Skin develops . . . dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarging pores. "I avoid Cosmetic Skin by removing make-up with Lux Toilet Soap," Margaret Sullivan says.

Lux Toilet Soap's **ACTIVE** lather goes pore-deep, removes every trace of dust, dirt and stale cosmetics. It's made to

keep skin lovely—and it does! That's why 9 out of 10 screen stars use this soap.



To her dismay, the world didn't heed! *It had her portrait already, and was satisfied.* A more normal one wasn't so interesting.

Then, even as she has done recently, she toyed with the thought of telling; of giving interviews, of shouting out the truth from housetops and over radio networks. Twice word went out that she wanted to see the interviewers she had been shunning. But each time she couldn't face the final test. The portrait, the Frankenstein she had created was too hardy a living thing. *Might it be believed, rather than herself?*

Moreover, each of her pictures began to pile up better grosses—total financial returns—than the one preceding it. Success bound her to silence, to a tacit agreement with the deception she had unwittingly started. The rule in motion pictures is: don't chance anything that is succeeding, on peril of utter and immediate failure!

Yet the nightmare part of it persisted through her triumphs. She could not forget that while she, a dramatic actress, strove soberly and sincerely to create a mood on the screen, this Frankenstein, this huge unescapable nemesis grimaced, capered, and clowned over her shoulder. This absurd, unbelievable but somehow indelible misconception of the real-life Katharine Hepburn!

"Break of Hearts" promised her freedom. But the success of "Alice Adams" intervened. So it is the object of this article to put Katharine's problem squarely before her

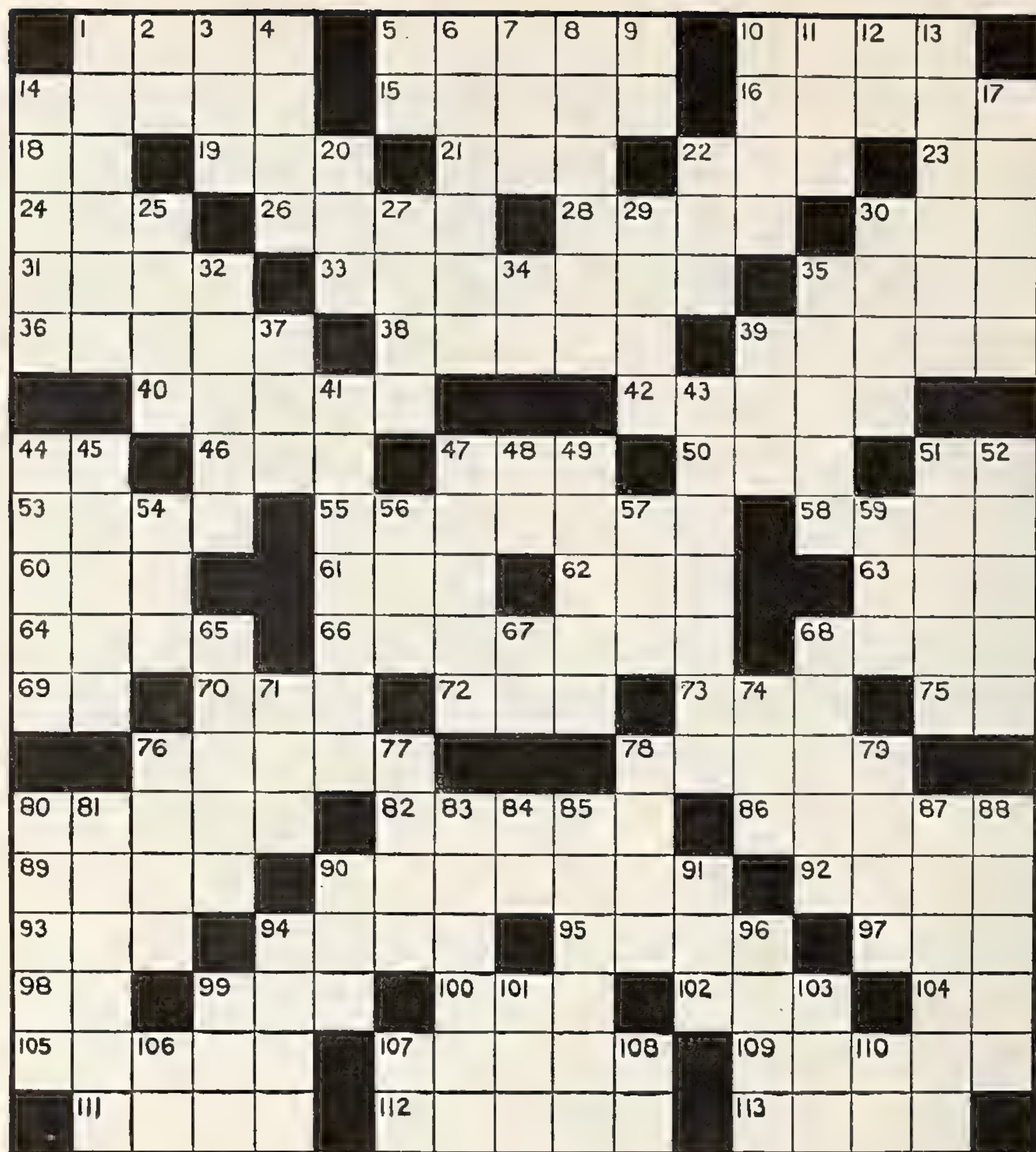


Pete Smith tries a dance he describes—with laughs—in one of his short subjects. That's good—no, that's bad, Pete! The pretty girl who plays partner in this demonstration is Marion Edwards.

followers. Let those who have been prejudiced against her imagine themselves in the predicament we have outlined. What would you do? Come out with the truth and hope to be believed? Hope too that the change of attitude would not alienate such a big following as Katharine still enjoys? Throw away a bird in the hand in the hope of luring two from the bush?

And do you blame Katharine for her original mistake, a daring and brilliant expedient to keep herself in the minds of her employers; to insure herself the precious opportunities that a film contract had placed nearly in her grasp?

Your answer may vitally affect Katharine Hepburn's career.



SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley

ACROSS

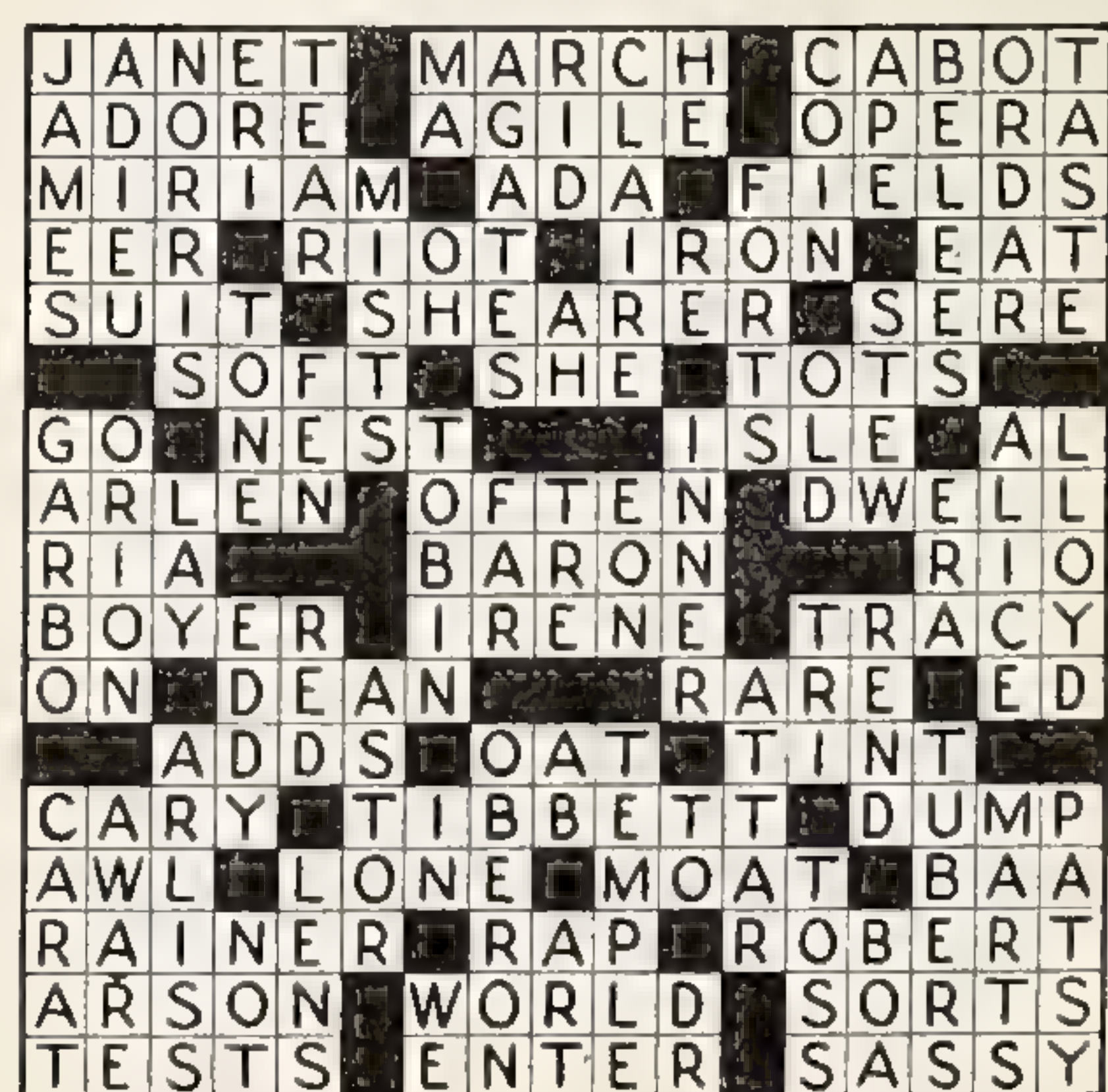
1. Featured actress in "The Gay Deception"
5. Co-star of "Anna Karenina"
10. Hero in "Splendor"
14. Antic
15. The white poplar
16. Old time (poetic)
18. Either
19. Attempt
21. Girl's name
22. Brief craze or vogue
23. True
24. Wing of a house
26. Backgrounds for movies
28. Religious image
30. Ailing
31. Accomplishes
33. Mrs. Irving Thalberg
35. Operatic solo
36. Perspiration
38. Who shows you to a seat in the theatre?
39. Foreign
40. Narrow openings
42. Star of "Paris In Spring"
44. Leave
46. Hawaiian wreath
47. Purpose
50. Of the same class
51. Note of the scale
53. Star of "Shipmates Forever"
55. Joan and Constance
58. Water jug
60. Dined
61. Wager
62. Reverence
63. To trouble
64. A coin
66. Her tap dancing wows you in "Broadway Melody"
68. Part of a wheel
69. Syllable of hesitation
70. Frequently (poetic)
72. Streets (abbrev.)
73. Co-star of "Peter Ibbetson"
75. One
76. To moderate
78. Glitter
80. June Collyer's husband
82. Ingenue in "Personal Maid's Secret"
86. Exploded
89. Forlorn
90. Florence Eldridge's husband
92. Weissmuller's little spit-fire
93. Father in "Don't Bet on Blondes"

94. Actor killed in a plane
95. Jay in "In Person"
97. What you hear with
98. Part of to be
99. Co-star of "The Irish In Us"
100. Japanese coin
102. Fish eggs
104. Canadian province (abbrev.)
105. Approaches
107. Strength
109. Heroine in "Mad Love"
111. Liquid refuse
112. Actress in "The Informer"
113. We hope this puzzle is _____ for you.

DOWN

1. Co-star of "Riffraff"
2. Upward
3. Encountered
4. Makes a mistake
5. Pa's wife
6. Degrades
7. Color of star's lip rouge
8. Featured actress in "Navy Wife"
9. The big moment in a girl's life
10. Mrs. Tone
11. A star hates to grow this way
12. Star of "Grand Exit" (nickname)
13. Star of "Scarlet Pimpernel"
14. Girl collegians
17. Hero in "One Way Ticket"
20. Yes-man's password
22. In favor of
25. Dregs
27. So
29. Wax
30. Garden flower
32. Leading lady in "Pursuit"
34. Exclamation
35. Similar
37. This is important to a dancer
39. Entirely
41. Star of "Metropolitan"
43. Word for word
44. Star of "Love Me Forever"
45. External
47. Poker game stakes
48. Into
49. Intends
51. Heroine in "\$1,000 A Minute"
52. Star of "Let 'Em Have It"
54. Bebe Daniels' husband
56. That slippery fish again
57. A pair
59. Honeycombs are made of?
65. Heroine in "The Case of the Lucky Legs"
67. Near
68. To cancel
71. You're this if you like movies
74. Pen point
76. Askew
77. English title
78. Actress in "Two Fisted"
79. Genuine
80. City in Illinois
81. Stirs up
83. Co-star of "Rose Marie"
84. Small European fish
85. Hypnotic state
87. One of the film's bad boys
88. Concise
90. Suitable
91. Automobile
94. If you hit him he'll sting
96. Knot in a tree branch
99. For
101. Unit of work
103. Epoch
106. Ruby Keeler's husband
107. Note of the scale
108. Swedish comic
110. Since

Last Month's Puzzle





**I'M SURE
JIM LIKES ME—
yet he never takes
me out anymore**

BOYS CAN'T BE PROUD OF A GIRL WITH PIMPLY SKIN—



I'D SO MUCH RATHER TAKE NAN—
BUT THOSE **PIMPLES!!** IT'S GOT
TO BE A SWELL-
LOOKING DAME FOR
THIS PARTY!



THERE'S JIM WITH A STUNNING LOOKING
GIRL. GORGEOUS SKIN! I THOUGHT
NAN WAS HIS ONE
AND ONLY

OH, NAN'S A SIGHT
THESE DAYS!
PIMPLES ALL OVER
HER FACE



**NEXT
DAY**

OH, MOTHER, HOW CAN I
GET MY SKIN CLEAR AND
SMOOTH AGAIN? THE GIRLS
SAY THAT LAST NIGHT, JIM—

WE'LL GO
STRAIGHT
TO THE
DOCTOR
AND FIND
OUT



WHY OF COURSE YOU CAN DO SOMETHING
ABOUT THOSE PIMPLES. JUST
EAT 3 CAKES OF
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST
EVERY DAY—BEFORE
MEALS—UNTIL YOUR
SKIN IS CLEARED
UP



LATER

—THEN I'LL
CALL FOR
YOU TONIGHT.
IT'S GOING
TO BE A
SWELL
PARTY

SOUNDS LIKE
FUN! WELL,
I'LL BE
SEEING YOU

JUST LIKE OLD
TIMES—NOW
MY SKIN IS
CLEAR AGAIN



—clears the skin
**by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood**

**Don't let Adolescent Pimples
keep YOUR boy friend away**

PIMPLES are all too common in the years that follow the beginning of adolescence—from about 13 to the age of 25, or even longer. Important glands develop and final growth takes place during this time. This causes disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin, causing pimples.

Clear up these adolescent pimples—with Fleischmann's Yeast. This fresh yeast clears the skin irritants out of your blood. Pimples go. Your skin is fresh and smooth again . . .

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals—plain, or in a little water—until your skin clears. Start today!

Unprintable ...but **TRUE!**

[They're unprintable! The things that happen to your system when you take a harsh, quick-acting cathartic. Good taste forbids a detailed description]

YOU OUGHT TO KNOW . . . for your health's sake . . . what happens when you introduce a harsh, drastic laxative into your system. One that works too quickly. One that upsets you . . . that rushes unassimilated food through your system . . . that rips and tears its way, leaving you weak, dragged down—internally abused. But, we cannot tell you the graphic details here because they are *too* graphic. This is a family magazine, not a medical textbook.

This much we can say: whenever you need a laxative, be sure the one you take is *correctly timed*. Be sure it is mild and gentle. Ex-Lax meets these important specifications.

Avoid quick-acting cathartics!

Ex-Lax takes from 6 to 8 hours to accomplish its purpose. It relieves constipation without violence, yet it is completely effective. Elimination is thorough. And so close to normal you hardly know you've taken a laxative.

Because of its gentle action, Ex-Lax doesn't leave you weak, as harsh cathartics do. It doesn't cause stomach pains. It doesn't nauseate you. And you don't need to fear any embarrassment afterwards. It is best to take Ex-Lax at night, when you go to bed. In the morning you will enjoy complete and thorough relief.

A joy to take!

Another thing people like about Ex-Lax is the fact that it is equally good for children and adults. Thus, you need only *one* laxative in your medicine chest.

And here is still another pleasant thing about Ex-Lax . . . it tastes just like delicious chocolate. Don't ever again offend your palate with some bitter, nasty-tasting laxative!

Get a box of Ex-Lax today. It costs only 10c. There is a big, convenient family size at 25c, too.

GUARD AGAINST COLDS! . . . Remember these common-sense rules for fighting colds—get enough sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, avoid drafts, keep your feet dry, and *keep regular*, with Ex-Lax, the delicious chocolate laxative.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

-----TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!-----

(Paste this on a penny postcard)

836

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Age.....

(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd.,
736 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal)

Tune in on "Strange as it Seems," new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.

Movie Man at Home

Continued from page 29

behind the knotty pine paneling, which is seldom used, for drinking is neither a pleasure nor a temptation to Bob.

His bedroom is decorated in his favorite colors, chocolate brown and cream, and there are windows facing north, east, and west. A spacious dressing-room and bath complete his suite.

A thorough aristocrat, Bob has a sensitive appreciation for good things, and this discriminating taste is shown in all of his personal belongings, from his swanky, low-slung car, to his clothes. He has a large wardrobe, for this is the one extravagance he has indulged since screen success gave him a generous salary. I noticed that all

During his boyhood, back in Beatrice, Nebraska, and later, at Pomona College, at Claremont, California, he always confined himself to a small group of friends. Now, in Hollywood, he continues the same plan. Even devoting himself to just one girl—lovely Irene Hervey!

He freely and very frankly admitted she is the only one, the only romance in his life, then enthusiastically described her as a fine girl, a grand companion, but insisted there is no marriage in sight. He is only twenty-three, and he wants to carry his career to a firm footing before even thinking of settling down. In the meantime, he and Irene, understanding each other and



At a Hollywood night club, we spot Robert Taylor with two lovelies. At left, Irene Hervey, his heart-throb, and Virginia Bruce at the right.

his suits were in shades of brown or blue. While he cares little for social gaieties he really enjoys dressing up in a tuxedo, and even tails, but around home and while working, he luxuriates in informal clothes, his specialty being sweaters, and he has dozens of them. His favorite at the moment, which he was wearing, is a beautiful brown suede jacket that would arouse anyone's envy, and he was gaily sporting one of the new "lapel" watches. Oh, yes, and he likes dressing gowns and always wears them on nights he stays at home. Even at dinner, he admitted.

Bob's mother amuses herself making quilts, and not having a place in her Hollywood apartment for a quilting frame, has taken over his guest room for her work, and we examined the intricate stitches in a gorgeous one almost completed. Then, he took me back into his room and raising the spread on the bed, showed me his prized possession, an elaborate silken quilt in soft shades of rose and yellow, which she recently made for him.

Later, as we talked, sitting before a log fire in the living room, I discovered that the real reason Robert Taylor has joined the movie men-housekeepers is because he likes to be alone. Being an only child may have fostered this tendency, but he has never made any effort to change it. He thinks people who acquire a facility for being agreeable to everyone they meet, who are ever striving for a wide circle of friends, do not make agreeable companions because they become too pliant and are not definite enough in character.

enjoying going about together, merely smile when rumor predicts wedding bells.

Bob looks so much younger, more boyish off the screen than he does on. It is really amazing the strides he has made in film history. Just a year and seven months on the screen, appearing in only a few pictures, yet he has won world acclaim and for the past month has topped some other established stars at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio in fan mail—the infallible criterion of a player's popularity.

Amazing, too, how little this sudden success and sweeping fame have changed him. A trifle more confidence, perhaps, and a touch of that intangible quality that comes when one has spread his wings and soared a little toward the skies. But no affectations, no vanities, no big head, no strutting, no warped viewpoint as to his present or future glory.

"I've been lucky," is the way Bob met my comments. "I've always been lucky. My father was a leading physician in Beatrice, honored and looked up to by everyone. We were fortunate to have money enough to live well. I was given everything I wanted, had every advantage, and my childhood and boyhood were happy and carefree.

"I was always a rabid picture fan and intrigued by the glamorous screen players, but honestly, not *once*, not even in my wildest dreams, did I ever think of becoming an actor.

"You know how it is in a little town," continued Bob, "you turn to the pleasures

"Change for Five..."

LAUNDERED WITH "LYSOL"



Photograph, World Copyright, NEA Service Inc.



THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS BABIES
On May 28th, 1934, in the wilds of northern Ontario, far from modern hospital facilities—these now famous quintuplets were born. In all medical history only 33 cases of

quintuple birth had been recorded. In *no* other case had the babies survived more than a few hours. Yet today these five little Dionnes are as healthy as any normal youngsters of their age. "Lysol" helps protect them from Infection.

GETTING to be big girls now—those famous Dionne babies! Almost 2 years old! But not an instant's relaxation is permitted in the scientific care with which they are surrounded.

The very first registered nurse to reach the Dionne home on that exciting morning in 1934 when the quintuplets were born, had "Lysol" in her kit, as part of her regular equipment, and made that simple cottage *hospital-clean* with it.

Today "Lysol" is still an essential aid in the care of EMELIE, ANNETTE, MARIE, CECILE, and YVONNE. Since the

day of their birth, "Lysol" has been the *only* disinfectant used to help guard the quintuplets against the dangers of Infection.

You ought to give *your* baby the same scrupulous care the little Dionnes get. Use "Lysol" to keep *your* baby's surroundings hospital-clean, to help fight Infection in *your* home.

"Lysol" is a reliable disinfectant. For nearly 50 years it has enjoyed the confidence of the medical profession all over the world, and is regularly used in leading hospitals. In the home "Lysol" should be used, according to

directions on each bottle, in your cleaning water, on brooms, mops, cloths.

Danger spots such as stair rails, door knobs, bathrooms, garbage pails, should be washed with "Lysol". Walls, floors and furniture—especially in the children's room—should be cleaned with a "Lysol" solution. And launder handkerchiefs, towels, bed-linen, underclothes, with "Lysol" in the water.

This wise precaution is so easy, costs so little, makes cleaning so much *cleaner*—and may save you the heart-aches of vain regrets. Disinfect as you clean, with "Lysol".

NEW!...LYSOL HYGIENIC SOAP

...for hands, complexion, bath. A fine, firm, white soap, with the added deodorant property of "Lysol". Protects longer against body odors, without leaving strong after-odor. Washes away germs and perspiration odors. Get a cake at your favorite drug counter.



Lysol
Disinfectant

GUIDANCE FOR WIVES AND MOTHERS

LEHN & FINK, INC., Bloomfield, N. J., Dept. S3
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant

Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about Feminine Hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

© 1936, Lehn & Fink, Inc.



lustre

THE NEW NOTE IN LIPSTICKS

• THE MOST EXCITING NEWS in make-up! Lipsticks that impart lustre . . . a provocative, youthful allure! And all through a biological ingredient . . . a discovery made by Helena Rubinstein.

Your lipstick is outmoded if it doesn't have this lustrous appeal. And the secret of that lustre is Helena Rubinstein's. You get it in her lipsticks, only.

Lustre isn't all this lipstick gives. It frees your tender lips of lines, roughness, chapping—keeps them smooth and soft.

And the vibrant, young colors! Gay Red Poppy, flattering Red Geranium, rich Red Raspberry, and the new color sensation, Terra Cotta-Light. Each the final accent to chic. 1.00, .50. Rouges to harmonize, 1.00. Clinging powders in flattering shades, 1.00.

New! Town & Country Make-Up Film. This biological beauty discovery has set a new fashion in make-up foundations. It keeps your make-up fresh, exquisitely blended, for hours; actually conceals imperfections. It keeps alive youth-giving moisture, which lends flattering, dewy freshness to your skin. 1.50.

These preparations are available at Helena Rubinstein's Salon or at any smart store.

helena rubinstein

8 East 57th St., New York City

PARIS

LONDON

© 1936, H. R., INC.

that are available and so, though I had never thought about my voice or taken a lesson, I sang with a trio for two years over the radio, just for the fun of it. However, I did study the cello and played with the orchestra. This was an invaluable experience because it gave me an appreciation for good music I would never have acquired otherwise.

"It was expected that I'd follow in my dad's footsteps and become a doctor, and I was sent to Pomona College, with this in view. But, well—I became interested in the college plays, and the acting bug got under my skin. Father and mother were swell about it. They came out to see me graduate, then saw me settled in a comfortable apartment in Hollywood, gave me an allowance and all their best wishes, and left me to fight it out.

"I was lucky in becoming associated with

the Metro studio. No one knows better than I do that my success is due to careful grooming and a chance to appear in good pictures. My one grief is that my father passed away before he saw me on the screen!"

Bob's first real triumph was in "Society Doctor," when he flashed across the screen as a fresh personality of most engaging charm. He reached a top spot in "Broadway Melody of 1936," and recently gave a stirring performance in "Magnificent Obsession," with Irene Dunne, at the Universal Studio. He considers this his best work.

Through all the applause and despite Hollywood's hypnotic glamor, Bob remains sincere and unaffected, and goes right on living his own simple life, happy and contented in his home high among the hills. He's saving his money and hopes, someday, to have a large ranch and breed Arabian horses.

Secret Chapter in Fred's Success Story

Continued from page 51

Mr. MacMurray grinned the same kind of grin that was destined to make him the new "rage" of Hollywood, (at least when the women of the country got around to seeing him in *The Gilded Lily*), and said: "I'll be doggoned!" That was his only comment.

"Yeah," said Fred MacMurray to me as we sat over a couple of steins of beer and a bowl of pretzels at the Grotto, a block or so from Paramount. "I was a day laborer on the construction of stage No. 5 at Paramount; I was one of the guys who put the sound-proof boards in place. That was at least five years ago. The day we completed the job, I was sitting up there on a two-by-four eating a ham sandwich when I got the idea of carving my initials on one of the boards. I looked down on that almost-completed sound stage where I knew they were going to start making canned glamor for all parts of the world and I made a little bet with myself. I said: 'Some day you'll be back on this stage, MacMurray, and it'll be as an actor, not as a day laborer. Some day you'll be down there with 'em, not up here looking on!'"

This had been an extra-long speech for

the lanky Mr. MacMurray—everything considered. Until he gets warmed up, he isn't what you'd call a talkative guy. For two hours, I'd been hurling personal queries at this new sensation in the fond hope that he would eventually open up. Mr. MacMurray was new to the ways of interviewing. With the exception of Gary Cooper, I've never encountered an actor with such an inbred instinct for monosyllabic answers. In many ways he reminded me of Big Coop—not in appearance, but in the loose, boney construction of his lanky physique and the quiet reticence of his manner. This interviewing business embarrassed him and he made no bones about it until we got around to the second, (or third?), beer.

He was amused and a little amazed that young girl fans were beginning, in their letters, to compare him with Gable. "It's a sacrilege!" he commented dryly. Then, he must have wondered whether I fully understood him, and concluded: "I mean comparing me to someone who has come along as far as Gable!"

It is, indeed, foolish to compare the new MacMurray with any previously established screen star. His is an entirely new appeal in that he is neither as menacing as Gable



Wide World

Myrna Loy and Producer Arthur Hornblow, enter a popular night club. Their names frequently are romantically linked in reports from Hollywood.

nor yet as indefinite as Cooper. Perhaps Miss Colbert's line of dialogue from their picture best describes him when she says to her fiancé: "I'm going back to the best MUG in the world!" I think that will always be a rather good way of describing Fred MacMurray, both in person, and in the screen appeal he has for the feminine audiences.

He's one of those strong, silent men whom every woman hopes to find in the background of her life, waiting for her when other and more sensational loves are forgotten. He's the sturdy oak to the clinging vine, the matter-of-fact lover who might forget to send orchids but who would, you feel, be right there with a cup of coffee, a sandwich and you!

But then, you know how you feel about MacMurray on the screen. The task at hand is to discover something about him removed from his screen personality. As I mentioned before, things were beginning to progress a bit after the third beer.

"You know that feeling of being on the outside?" he began slowly, as though thinking the matter out for the first time himself. "I guess that was what lured me into the acting profession in the first place. I just got pretty fed up with my seat on the sidelines."

He was silent again. But, apparently, that last statement needed explanation, too. Finally he ventured: "When I first came out here, I was a musician. Played and sang around in jazz bands, that sort of thing. One day, through an agency, I got a call to get together with a band leader who was rehearsing a group of free-lance musicians for a big party at Marion Davies'. It was the fourth of July and they put us on a little porch above the swimming-pool and a deep awning over our heads. All day long and far into the night we played for the movie stars at that party. It was the nicest party I ever saw—what I could see of it. That's what I've been leading up to. The awning kept us from seeing above the knees of anyone present. All I could see was their feet. Even at night when they set off the sky-rockets, all I could see was the reflection in the pool. 'Okay, MacMurray,' I said. 'The next time you attend one of these Hollywood parties, you're going to be face-to-face with them, not foot-to-foot.' Later, I had the same sort of a feeling when I got that job as a laborer on the sound stage—that feeling of wanting to be on the inside looking out instead of *vice versa*."

But before, (and between), these two, crystallized impressions of his dawning movie ambitions, many things had happened to Fred MacMurray. He was born—say about twenty-seven years ago—in Kankakee, Illinois, and until he was seventeen, he insists: "Nothing much happened to me." He was just a typical, American kid in a small town. But at seventeen, his parents sent him to Carroll College in Wisconsin, which boasts one of the finest dramatic schools in the country and is the *Alma Mater* of that distinguished actor, Alfred Lunt. At this time, however, dramatics were far from the youthful mind of Fred MacMurray. He preferred the school band and spent most of his time playing and singing in orchestras about town. At first, he had done it as a lark. But when money matters began pressing him, he worked his way through the junior and senior years.

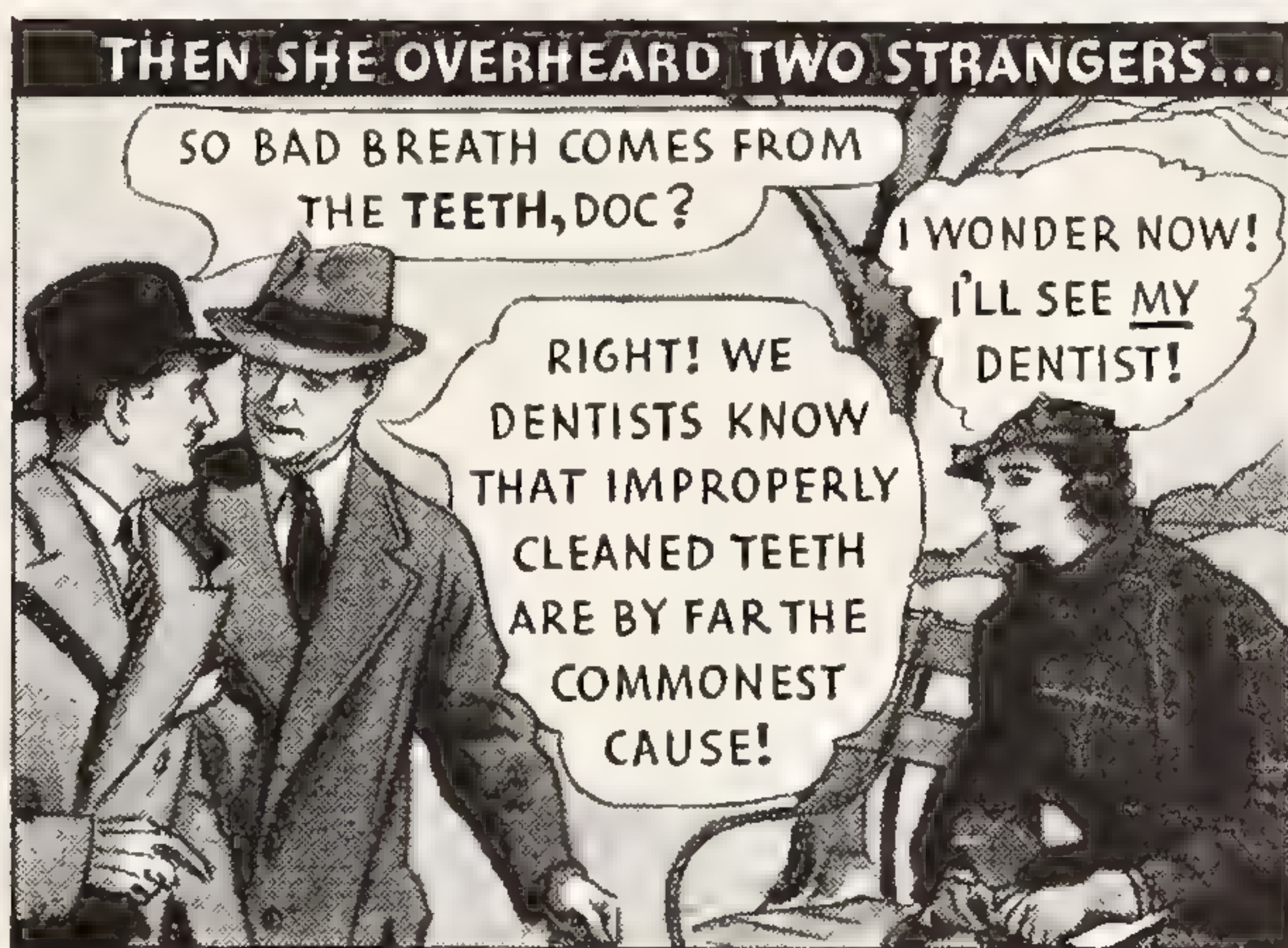
His work attracted so much attention that he was invited to join a Chicago orchestra where he worked for a year. It was there that he had his first ideas about an acting career. The theatrical world was pretty well shot, but there was always Hollywood.

It was seven years ago, that he first arrived here—\$125 in his pockets. He'd heard plenty about Hollywood and her gifts of overnight fame. But, oddly enough,



HEART-BROKEN

... until she took
her dentist's advice



AND NOTHING
EVER MADE MY
TEETH SO CLEAN
AND BRIGHT,
EITHER!

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

MAKE sure you don't have bad breath! Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special penetrating foam removes *all* the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums and around the tongue—which dentists agree are the source of most bad breath. At the same time, a unique, grit-free ingredient polishes the enamel—makes teeth sparkle.

Try Colgate Dental Cream—today! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate's. If you are not entirely satisfied after using one tube, send the empty tube to COLGATE, Jersey City, N. J. We will gladly refund **TWICE** what you paid.



20¢
LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over
twice as much,
35¢



Patented and Approved
— 2273
Good Housekeeping
Bureau
100% SATISFACTION GUARANTEE

Star Bright hair!



See IDA LUPINO
in Paramount's
"ANYTHING GOES"

MAKE YOUR HAIR LIKE HERS

● Those jewelled lights which gleam in the screen star's hair . . . how did they get there? Hollywood knows the answer. The hairdresser knows it. And now it is flashed to the millions of women who pack the movies and wonder what priceless lotion the stars use on their hair!

The Soapless Oil Treatment! For your hair as well as theirs. Use Admiracion Soapless Shampoo Treatment—right in your own home. It brings beauty by conditioning the hair and scalp. Capture that glorious sheen and lasting youth. Unmask the hidden beauty of your hair.

Admiracion Soapless Shampoo Treatment does things the finest soaps cannot do. Because it is a *treatment*, not just a wash. Softens and loosens film and dry skin-cells so magically that warm water alone washes them completely away, leaving your hair aglow with new luster and life. Try Admiracion—leading toiletry counters U. S. and Canada—and watch the stars come out in *your* hair.

Admiracion
SOAPLESS SHAMPOO
TREATMENT



ADMIRACION LABORATORIES, INC., HARRISON, N. J.

Enclosed find 10c for generous trial bottle of Admiracion: () Olive Oil, or () Pine Tar. (20c for both.) Offer expires March 31st.

Name.....

Address..... S 3



Hollywood had heard very little about Fred MacMurray. At first, he did rather well with "extra" work. He was big and tall, wore clothes well. Soon, he was on the "preferred list" of extras, but that's about as far as it went. Often a director would single him out for a small "bit" but would always inquire about his experience. Fred, being quite truthful, would answer: "None." It was a mistake. Someone else, with no more experience than he—just a bit more nerve—would get the tiny rôle and the larger check.

Always that question of experience, until finally even the extra work fell off. Of course, there was always the orchestra job to fall back on. A guy had to eat. But parties like Marion Davies' didn't come along every day; besides, the acting bug had got to him for good, by now. If he could just get inside the studios and get interviews with the directors and their assistants, he felt sure he could convince them of his potential ability. But that's a tough job, sure enough.

One day he noticed a group of laborers standing outside the general gate at Paramount. "What's going on?" he asked. One of the men volunteered the information: The studio was constructing the new sound stages for talkies. If a fellow stood there long enough, a foreman, needing extra help, might come out and give a fellow a job. MacMurray stood there. In fact, he stood there for three days until he got the magic call to don blue overalls and get to work on stage #5.

This would have been a colorful story if one of the famous Paramount directors had discovered the tall kid in overalls and drafted him to stardom right then and there. But life frequently forgets to behave colorfully and Mr. MacMurray was allowed to complete his work and depart from the construction job with nary a movie contract in his jeans.

Well, he had tried all the angles but Hollywood would have none of him. "What the hell?" was his mental comment as he decided to try to get back to Broadway. Three years in the movie town had taught him one thing: Hollywood wanted experience—and it was up to him to get some.

"I got a swell job with the California Collegians," he continued his story, "and went back to New York with the band. We did pretty well, but I couldn't get the movie idea out of my head. Whenever I had some time off, I would haunt the theatrical agencies trying to get into some sort of a dramatic show."

The revue, "Three's A Crowd," was his first tangible success in this line. He played but a small rôle during the run of the show on Broadway; then when the revue took to the road, he doubled in brass by playing almost every rôle on the program except the soubrette's. Night clubs and vaudeville came next. Then that miracle of miracles, a part in the musical, "Roberta."

He was sitting in his dressing-room one night taking off his make-up when the call-boy knocked on his door and said that a gentleman from Paramount wanted to see him. To all accounts and purposes, he should have been wild with surprise. But Mr. MacMurray had awaited this moment a long time. He grinned. And he continued to grin throughout the entire interview. Even when the Paramount scout offered him a contract that would take him back to Hollywood immediately.

"I don't know any place in the world I'd rather work than at Paramount," said Mr. MacMurray with a grin toward the Studio man.

The scout looked up sharply. Funny guy, this MacMurray, but a heck of a swell personality. Lovable-mug stuff. And it was easy to see that he'd had plenty of experience!

Hollywood in New York

Continued from page 57

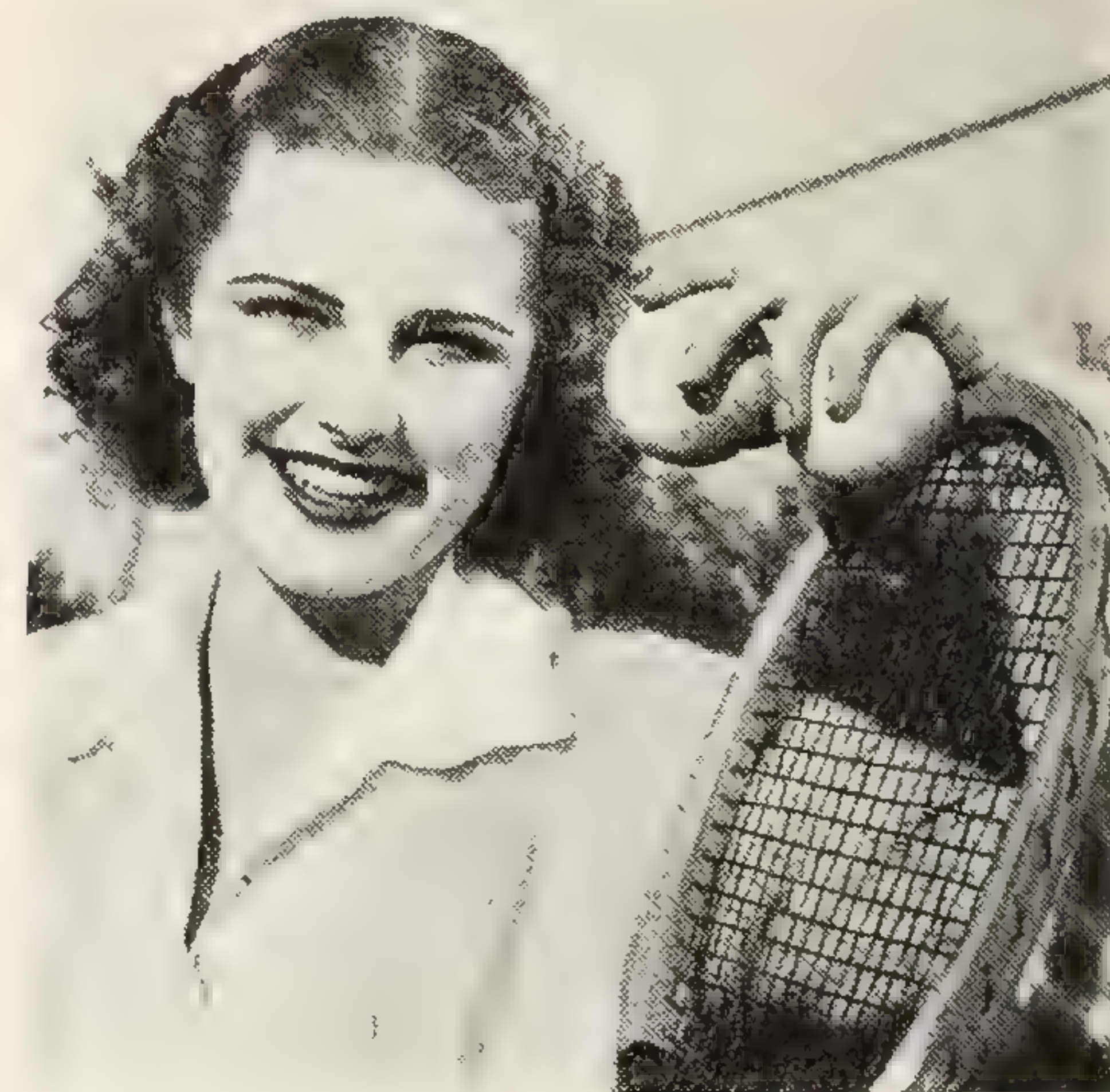
Carl can come back to New York any time—there's no such thing as an over-supply of real good fellows.

We don't want to go historical on you, but a bit of the background should be filled in to convey the impression that was the purpose of an interview with Brisson.

For ten years Brisson—the name was given him by Mauritz Stiller, who picked the name by which you know another movie great, Greta Garbo—resisted the blandishments of Hollywood. He was the "rave" of the English stage and English pictures, so why should he abdicate a throne to become merely a member of the court in Hollywood's kingdom? Moreover, he wasn't doing badly in a financial way. He had played a long-run engagement in "The Merry Widow" with Evelyn Laye. Before the run was over, Brisson owned the show and the theatre in which it was playing. He was not well-known to American theatre-goers, because English pictures at that time weren't coming across the pond as lively as they are today. But the Hollywood producers and theatremen in this country naturally knew him well, and made him many flattering offers. Finally he accepted.

Then what happened? An exceptionally fine dancer and a skilled actor who knows how to put over a song, as well as play romantic rôles, was put into pictures without much support in the way of well-known picture "names," which every newcomer needs at the start.

Alternately sitting and then pacing about his hotel apartment, Brisson looked so per-



If Jean Chatburn's tennis game is as devastating as her smile, Jean must win lots of matches.

fectly in trim to take on the best big fellows, (barring Joe Louis), one sees in the local arenas, it was a temptation not to be resisted to get this big fellow to "cry" a bit about something I really think is no laughing matter. And judging by the fan-mail raves for him that makes its way across this desk, there are lots of American picture-goers who think Brisson has had a good deal less than the best of it in his three pictures to date.

But the best jabs at Brisson's natural pride in his acting, were ducked with the

greatest of ease and skill. He just couldn't be made to "cry."

"I'm not discouraged," he said. Then at mention of his three pictures in the order of their appearance, with a little suggestion thrown in to make it plain I didn't think he had much of a chance, he said:

"'Murder at the Vanities,' why, that picture put me over over here. It was my first appearance in an American film. Maybe you didn't like 'All the King's Horses,' but it gave me a swell little song, 'When You Wear a Little White Gardenia.' And 'Ship Cafe.' It is my best picture."

Now it takes a pretty good sort, a very unusual actor indeed, to let you say your say about how much better chance he could have had, and not do any grousing, "off the record of course."

"I'm not discouraged," he repeated. "American picturegoers have been very nice in their reception of me in Hollywood pictures, and I believe the foundation has been laid for me to make all the progress of which I am capable in screen work."

You have to like a guy like that.

Since it was her first vacation in years, nobody had a better right to complete fulfillment of her wish to have a good time in New York than did Una Merkel, your little wise-cracking pal who has made many an otherwise dull film worth your money.

But Una almost didn't have a vacation at all, and about midway in her stay in Manhattan, which was the time at which your correspondent visited her at her hotel, Una had yet to enjoy the thrills she expected on this her first call in New York for more than three years.

"I wanted a vacation," Una explained, "and the studio promised me one. They made good by excusing me from a part I was cast for in Janet Gaynor's new picture. But when I saw what a nice part it was, I nearly called off the vacation."

And then what did she run into right at the start of her vacation? She made a radio engagement to appear on Rudy Vallee's program. And then suffered a case of "mike fright" that nearly sent the poor dear into a screaming fit of the nervous break-downs.

"I had been on the radio before," she said. "I don't know whether it was the thought of all those millions who listen to Rudy Vallee, or what it was. But I got so worked up over the whole thing, that the day of the broadcast I ate nothing but aspirin."

Luckily for her, Una said, Major Bowes was at the studio before the show went on. She hadn't seen him for years, not since he got her her first screen test with M-G-M. The good Major, who does plenty of encouraging to mike-scared people on his own program, unselfishly did a little of the kind of chore the radio people pay him so handsomely for, and talked Una out of her fit of panic.

There was another fly in her ointment. "I'm afraid I won't enjoy New Year's away from home. We celebrate a double anniversary at our house—mother and father have been married thirty-three years, and I will be celebrating my fourth wedding anniversary on that day."

Una was accompanied on the trip by her mother. "Ah," said the rumor committee, "her husband remains in Hollywood." Nobody started any rumors about Una's mother and father being on the verge of divorce, you notice, though Mr. Merkel remained in Hollywood.

There was no use asking about the rumor. Una had forestalled that when she told how much she was going to miss home and husband on New Year's. In other words, Una who plays dumb so delightfully on the screen, had the answer even before the question was asked. Pretty cute.



© 1936. LEHN & FINK, INC.

FREE dispenser cap with each 50c size.

It fits on the bottle—not on the wall.

HINDS HONEY and ALMOND CREAM
Non-Sticky • Quick-Acting



Forhan's goes deeper

DOES BOTH JOBS

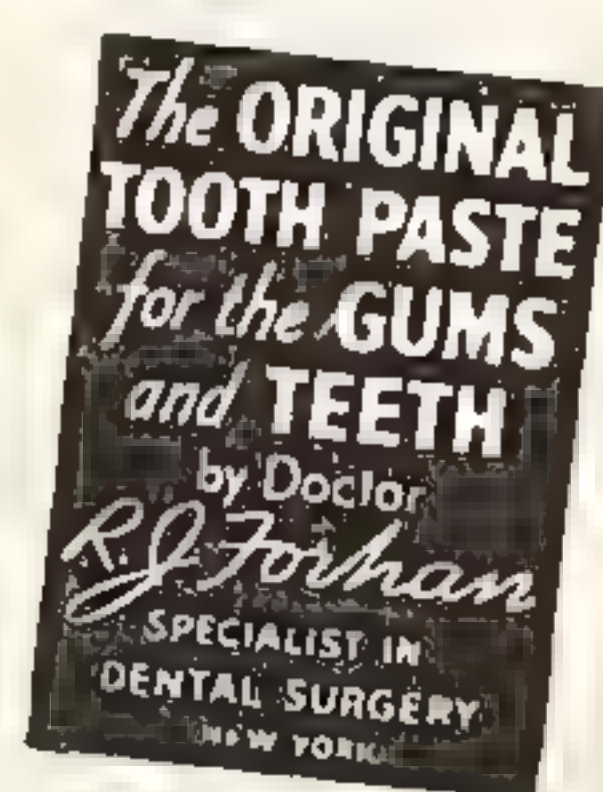
CLEANS TEETH

Half way measures are powerless against the real enemies of lovely teeth—soft, sick, failing gums! Forhan's does both jobs—cleans and polishes teeth while aiding gums to stay healthy, firm, youthful! It gives your teeth two-way protection yet costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes.

SAVES GUMS

Why take chances with your teeth? Begin today to use Forhan's. Notice how much better it makes your entire mouth feel. Soon you'll SEE the difference, too—whiter teeth, firmer gums. Forhan's was created by one of the leading dental surgeons in the country. There is no substitute for its protection. Ask for Forhan's today.

Forhan's



Skin Help

When surface pimples spoil looks or eczema torments you

POSLAM

WORKS FAST

Send for
FREE SAMPLE
Poslam Co.
STATION G
NEW YORK

New Perfume!



SUBTLE, alluring, enticing. Sells regularly for \$12.00 an ounce. Made from the essence of flowers. Exquisite!

A single drop lasts a week! It is—
"Temptation"

To pay for postage and handling, enclose only 10c silver or 12c stamps. (Est. 1872)

Free Trial Bottle

Paul Rieger, 213 Davis St., San Francisco



Madeleine Carroll and John Gielgud in "Secret Agent," on which she was working in London when interviewed for our story about the "English Rose."

English Rose

Continued from page 31

smiles and chats but she does not allow them to probe beneath the surface.

She knows, too, that there are some people inevitably jealous of beauty and talent, ever ready to maliciously detract and mar; and she has learnt that the more famous you become the fewer folk there are whom you can trust. And Madeleine needs to be in complete familiar harmony before she can give her confidence.

Experience was her tutor, for there was no silver spoon in Madeleine's mouth when she was born in a little English country town and she originally intended to become a school-teacher. While graduating at the university, she took a leading part in the students' annual play, and the enthusiasm of the London critics over her performance decided her to abandon the classroom except as a means to a theatrical career. Immediately after taking her degree, with honors in French, she accepted a post at a little school on the Sussex coast and stayed there just long enough to save up twenty pounds.

With this slender capital and no professional experience she started to look for work on the stage. She was almost penniless when she secured the rôle of a maid, with three lines to speak, in a traveling stock company. Twelve months later, still living the precarious hand-to-mouth existence of the unknown young actress, she went to a London film studio and shyly asked for crowd work. She had never even faced a cinema camera before in her life but they immediately gave her the leading part in "The Guns of Loos" because she typified the ideal English girl for whom the producer had been searching for weeks. (Yet actually Madeleine isn't really English at all, for her father was an Irishman and her beautiful mother came from France!)

Still she has been a screen star ever since that fortunate day, proving that romantic dreams do have sensational crystallization in real life now and then. She played in "Escape," "Atlantic," and "Young Woodley" among other early talkies; and then in the summer of 1931, she suddenly vanished from the studios. Rumor said she had gone to Italy, and sure enough in a few days came the news of her wedding to Captain Philip Astley, a simple, almost secret ceremony in the little church beside

Lake Como with only the friendly peasants to throw mountain blossoms in her bridal path.

Tall, dark-haired, and handsome, Madeleine's husband is one of the richest men in Britain, a former officer in the Life Guards and a great friend of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Kent. Yet neither he nor Madeleine cares for the gay social round, and their home is an old oak-timbered house hidden away in the heart of a Sussex forest, with great trees completely shutting away the outside world. Here they live winter and summer alike, following simple country pursuits and entertaining their little chosen circle, a happy and perfectly contented pair of married sweethearts.

With a sympathetic husband, Madeleine has been able to combine successfully her domesticity with her career. In the five years that have elapsed since Captain Astley gave his bride the costly double string of pearls she nearly always wears, she has made many celebrated pictures both in London and Hollywood. Her own favorite is "The World Moves On," the American film in which she played with Franchot Tone; but her fan mail goes to prove that her performance as Robert Donat's unwilling partner in "The Thirty Nine Steps" has won widest appreciation. Her latest film is "Secret Agent" in which she shares starring honors with Robert Young. Two days after its completion she planned to leave for California to fulfill a six months' contract with Twentieth Century-Fox. She only signed it after first making quite sure that her husband would be able to follow from London very soon and join her in the home she has taken out in Beverly Hills.

Meanwhile she is chaperoned and cared for by her devoted maid Esther, tall and dignified and a character whom any Hollywood producer could profitably include in a film. Only a few years ago Esther was head of the nine chambermaids at Arundel Castle, the magnificent medieval seat of the Duke of Norfolk; but the glamor of the screen penetrates even into the stately ancestral homes of the English aristocracy, and Esther was as enraptured as any other fan when her favorite star came to stay. She did not need inviting twice to become Madeleine's personal attendant and now her handsome figure and rich voice are cele-

brated in the British studios. Just before Madeleine sailed I went to visit her and discovered Esther exquisitely hand-embroidering satin lingerie. "It's my Hollywood trousseau, madam," she explained. "I've always understood that it's a very exotic town, so naturally I want to be in keeping."

Esther does all the cooking for Madeleine, who has a glorious expert knowledge of good food acquired from her French relatives. The chocolate mousse Madeleine serves at supper-parties is a gourmet's dream, though she says her own favorite sweet is homely treacle pie, no less! Her favorite recreation is riding and one of the reasons she enjoys California so much is that she can spend long hours ambling along the bridle-paths, a plain white knitted sweater over her black breeches and her fair skin turning to pale golden-bronze in the clear sunshine.

Madeleine looks her best in such simple clothes. She seldom needs to diet to maintain her perfect slenderness, but when she does she follows the single-course plan most popular in Europe these days. Under this régime you may eat anything you like provided you only take just one dish at each of your three daily meals. If you want fried chicken with potatoes or a cream pie you can have it and eat as much as you wish. But you must have nothing else before or after and you mustn't drink with your meals. Water and fruit juice between-times keep you from dying of thirst.

Outdoor sports don't appeal to Madeleine—she doesn't even play tennis. She is more interested in music and art and in reading, not fiction but biography; and French poetry, as a rule, for she speaks several Continental languages fluently. She collects books about Mary Queen of Scots whom it is her greatest ambition to play on the screen and stage.

She loves to go to the Tudor period for inspiration for her clothes. Do you remember the quaint halo hat and page's cape she wore in "The Thirty Nine Steps"—and looking so attractive that similiar outfits quickly became the London fashion? One of the new day frocks she has brought to Hollywood is modelled in black wool crepe, finished with white Elizabethan ruffles round the neck and sleeves and ornamented with a black ribbon necklet from which hangs a replica of Mary's own Royal Seal, the Scottish rampant lion beautifully carved in ivory.

Her greatest dislikes are spiders and snobbishness. "They both turn me cold with loathing," she remarks. She hates talking about herself, too, inevitably for she is not the type that flaunts and she sincerely prefers the quality of her work to be her recommendation to the world. And no newspaper reporter, however determined and adroit, can induce Madeleine to submit to the Third Degree. There is real strength of character as well as generosity and sweetness under her cool patrician poise, illuminating her beauty like a pale flame glowing within an alabaster vase.

Though Madeleine isn't the least superstitious about most things and owns no lucky mascots nor charms, she does believe that twenty six is her fortunate number. Certainly it has always been associated with the important events of her life. She was born on the 26th of May when her mother was twenty six years old. She passed her college examination on the 26th and secured her first job in the film studios on the same momentous date. She was introduced to Captain Astley at a party held on the 26th of January—and there were twenty six guests that evening. He proposed to her on the 26th of March so she naturally chose the 26th of August for her wedding day!



A beauty bath like unbelievable magic!

✿ The whole world is diligently striving to educate women to develop greater personal charm and beauty — and the now recognized outstanding beauty secret is the Linit Bath, for its results are *immediate*, and it is amazingly economical.

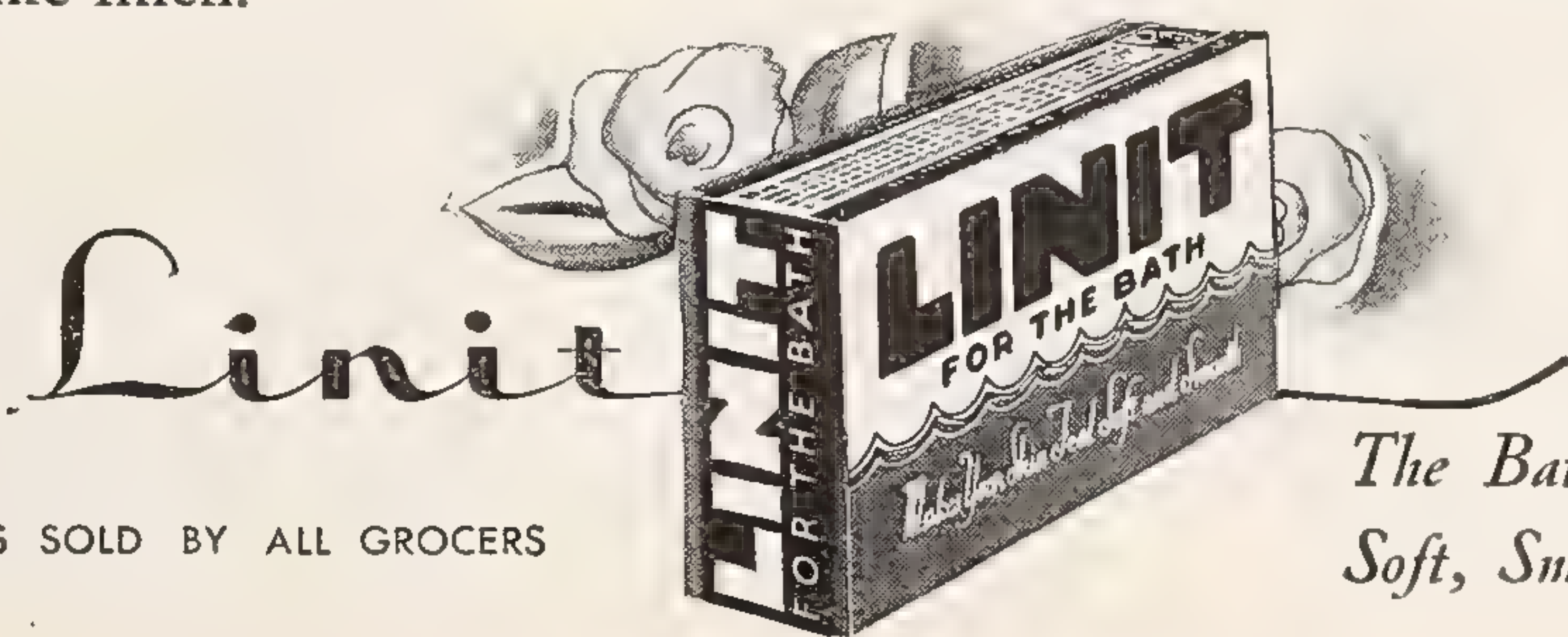
✿ Just imagine stepping out of your bath and after drying, finding that your skin is soft and satiny smooth as a rose petal.

✿ Prove to yourself this claim made for the Linit Bath, by making this simple test on your hands. Dissolve some Linit in your basin water, wash your hands as usual and, after drying, *feel your skin*. It will be soft and smooth as the rarest old velvet. This is also the *immediate result* obtained when Linit is used in your tub water, for the Linit Bath accomplishes the *same thing* for the entire body.

✿ And remember, the Linit Beauty Bath does away with the damp or semi-dry feeling of the skin that usually follows an ordinary bath. Linit leaves on the skin an exceedingly fine porous coating of powder which absorbs perspiration *without* clogging the pores, makes dusting with bath talcum unnecessary and imparts to the body an exquisite sense of personal daintiness.

for fine Laundering

Don't overlook the directions on the Linit package—recommending Linit for starching. Linit makes even ordinary cotton fabrics look and feel like linen.



LINIT IS SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

*The Bathway to a
Soft, Smooth Skin*



Do you know the 8th WOMAN?

Why be miserable, or even uncomfortable certain days of every month? Be that eighth woman who lets Midol carry her serenely through those difficult days. There used to be eight million sufferers every month. Today a million women are smart enough to use Midol and escape this regular martyrdom to pain.

You can depend on Midol. Tiny tablets, perfectly pleasant to take. *Not* narcotic. A merciful medicine which specialists recommend for regular pain. Nature doesn't make the woman who uses Midol give up a cherished "date" for the theatre—or even a dance. It means freedom!

This truly remarkable medicine may be taken any time, preferably at the first sign of approaching pain, to avoid the suffering altogether. But Midol is effective even when the pain has caught you unaware and has reached its height. It is effective for hours, so two tablets should carry you through your worst day.

You get these tablets in a trim little aluminum case. All druggists have them—they're usually right out on the toilet goods counter. Or, clip coupon:



An enjoyable evening, no trace of pain; the time of month forgotten—thanks to Midol.

Try it MIDOL free!

For the proof that Midol does relieve periodic pain, send for a free trial box to MIDOL, Dept. F-36, 170 Varick St., New York.

Name _____

Street _____

P. O. _____



Woodbury's Cleansing Cream makes complexions fresh as new Spring clothes.

SPRING faces, like Spring clothes, should be fresh and radiant to start the new season right. You'll love the way a quick cleansing with Woodbury's Cleansing Cream leaves your face delightfully clean and fresh-looking! This cream melts at the warmth of your skin, sinking deep down into the pores where it removes clogged dirt. It's not absorbed, but reappears bringing the dirt and impurities out with it. Besides, it's "germ-free," which means there's a special ingredient in it to kill any germs your fingers might have introduced. Use it to cleanse and refresh your skin before each new application of make-up. For the bedtime cleansing, follow it by a good lathering with Woodbury's Facial Soap, a skin specialist's formula for keeping every type of skin fine-textured and correcting skin faults such as blackheads, blemishes, and excess oiliness. It's a dandy beauty bath soap for the entire body, too.

HAVE you ever heard of a "hand shampoo?" We have, we tried it, and the verdict is—practically perfect! Helena Rubinstein, on whom one can count for the new and unusual in beauty, introduces her Herbal Hand Balm. Here's how to give your hands a softening, whitening shampoo: Pour a little of the herbal balm out of its attractive bottle. Massage it well into your hands and wrists (arms and elbows, too, if you want to look ultra-ultra). Then wash it off with warm water. It leaves the skin soft, smooth, and fair—with an interesting suggestion of fragrance. The immediate effects are grand. But if you'll take the trouble to use a hand balm at night, try this one and see if you're not delighted with the results!

Femi-nisties

**New Season—
New Beauty!**



There's real eye beauty in Ibat—introduced by McKesson & Robbins



Let Pond's reveal what correct powder shade does for you.



Helena Rubinstein's Herbal Hand Balm "shampoos" hands to pale smoothness.

YOUR eyes are to be seen—as well as to see with! We're afraid we've said far too little about the daily hygienic care to keep eyes bright and free from cloudiness, pinkish lids and the fatigue that accentuates "frown lines" and "crowsfeet." Bathing your eyes with a cleansing tonic lotion should be daily routine—preceding your make-up in the morning, before you go to bed at night, and as many times in-between as they get tired and dull. We'd like you to get acquainted with Ibat, a staunch beauty friend of ours that's made by McKesson-Robbins. It comes with an eye cup atop the bottle.

POND'S have taken the guess—work out of powder shades. Would you like to know which shade is yours? If you have blonde skin and want to make it look transparent, use "Natural." "Rose Cream" gives radiance to fair skin. "Brunette" clears and brightens creamy complexions. "Rose Brunette" warms dull skin. "Light Cream" gives a pearly tone. "Dark Brunette" (Sun Tan) gives a sunny glow. Think them over, and if you decide one of these shades fits you, we can assure you you'll adore the smooth texture of Pond's face powder and the attractive jar it comes in. The jar is glass, so you can see your shade easily, and the top is charmingly decorated. Pond's powder has a pleasing fresh fragrance, too, and you'll be glad to know the price has been reduced.

GIVE beauty a hand—two hands, in fact. Except for diamonds and orchids, there's nothing in our opinion that gives one a feeling of finished elegance like well-groomed fingernails. Many a romance has started across a bridge table—provided

the hands that hold the cards are lovely to look at from their flexible wrists to their gleaming tips. There's a whole new set of hand beauty aids we advise you to meet. They're called "Plat-Num." We don't have to tell you they're inexpensive when we tell you where to get them—at the five-and-ten cent stores. We're especially addicted to their liquid polishes—ranging from soft pearly pink to the most seductive garnet. Take our tip and look them up!

Forever Yours

Continued from page 55

the switchboard was sitting in her place. Tom said, eying her—

"Why didn't you leave with the rest, Mary?"

The girl's thin face flushed crimson. She stammered: "I thought maybe you'd want to make a phone call."

Tom shrugged. He said, "I do. Wait—you can make it for me. Ring Miss Kent and tell her that I won't be seeing her this evening."

The girl plugged in a switch. She made a connection. She gave the message in her husky little whisper.

"No," she finished, as if in answer to a question, "that's all." To Tom she explained, "It was her butler I spoke with, not Miss Kent."

Tom said, "Perhaps it's as well."

The girl made a desperate attempt to swallow the lump in her throat.

"Mr. Feinberg waited for over an hour," she said, "he felt simply dreadful, Mr. Kildare."

Tom said, "I suppose everybody feels dreadful, seeing their meal ticket vanish into smoke."

The girl answered, hotly: "Nobody's that way. We're sorry. How—" she took a firm grip on her courage, "however did it happen, Mr. Kildare? We were so certain that you'd be swell. It isn't as if—"

Tom sat down on a chair beside the switchboard. Suddenly he knew that he had been aching for companionship, understanding, comfort.

"It's this way," he said, as if he were explaining a problem in fractions to a child, "sound recorders play amazing tricks. They cook by ear, not by recipe. Miss Kent's voice, for instance—you wouldn't give it much of a chance, would you, with her accent and all? But it came out like—like strained velvet. My voice—God Almighty, it wasn't phony, either! *It was a trained, stage voice.* But it came out like so much spinach."

The girl's hand reached forward to rest upon Tom's sleeve. She said, "Don't you care. You can learn to talk the way the rest do. A lot of dumb-bells are learning, and if they can you can. You can learn anything because you're the smartest, most wonderful man on earth!" her voice quivered, died.

Tom had become vehement under her sympathy. He was shouting, although he didn't realize the fact.

"The devil with pictures," he mouthed, "the devil with them! I've given the fans a break—I've given them clean fun and laughter, but they'd be the first to turn on me. They've watched me and giggled themselves sick—they'll never get the chance to listen to me and giggle from the other side of their ugly mouths."

The girl at the switchboard had grown motherly, though her face was tragic with the reflected storm of Tom's grief and humiliation.

"Don't you care," she soothed, "it isn't as if you're broke, Mr. Kildare. Lots of people—with less than you have—retire."

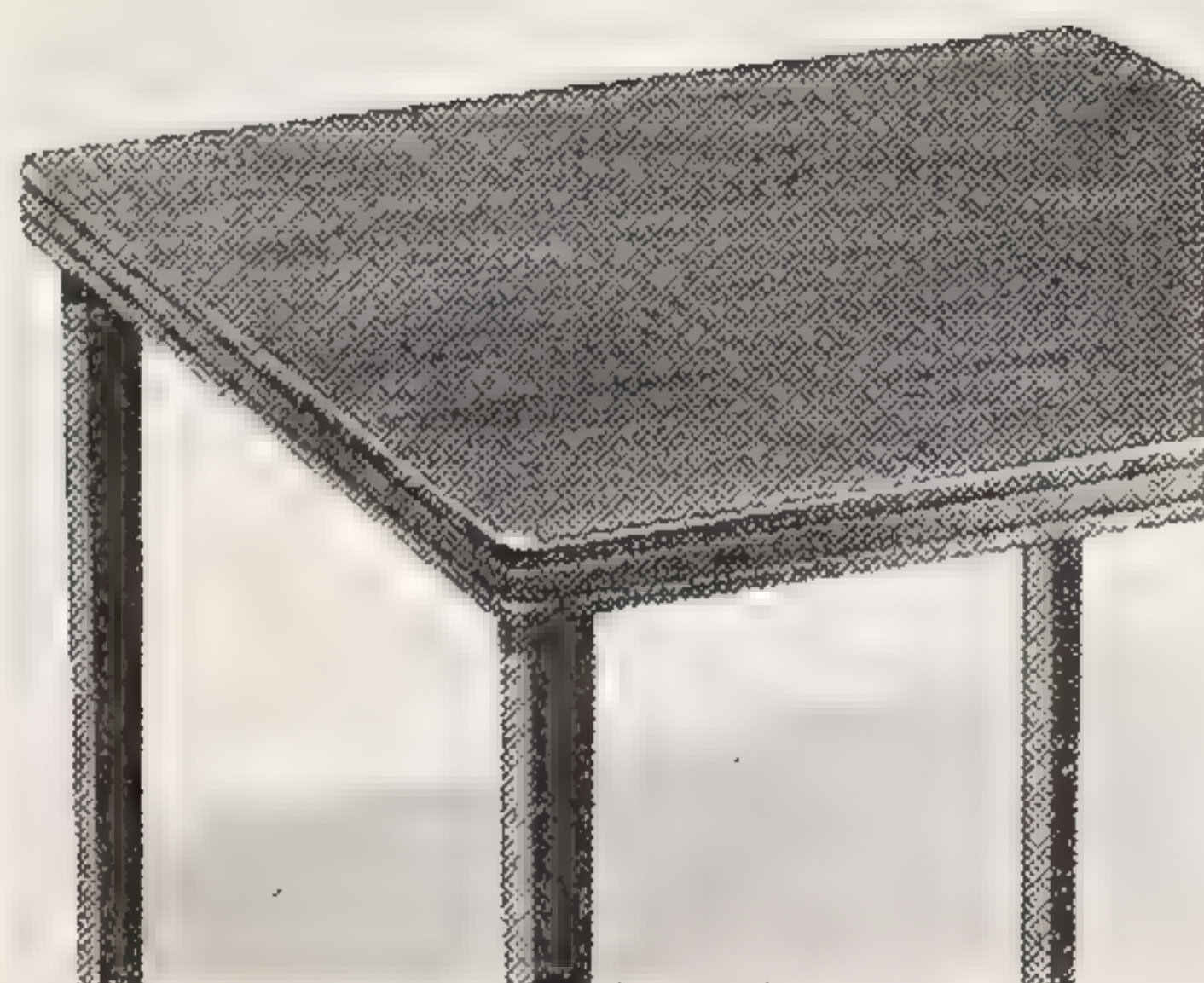
It was true. Tom, staring into a sea of days empty of the work he loved, could at last agree with her. He'd never slung money around, as some did. Money had come too hard, at the beginning, to be treated in a cavalier manner. He had bought gilt-edged stocks, sound bonds, when other folks were throwing parties. He had hoarded, after a fashion. He was independent of the fans and of the movies—financially, at least. Why not make the most of his independence? Why not make



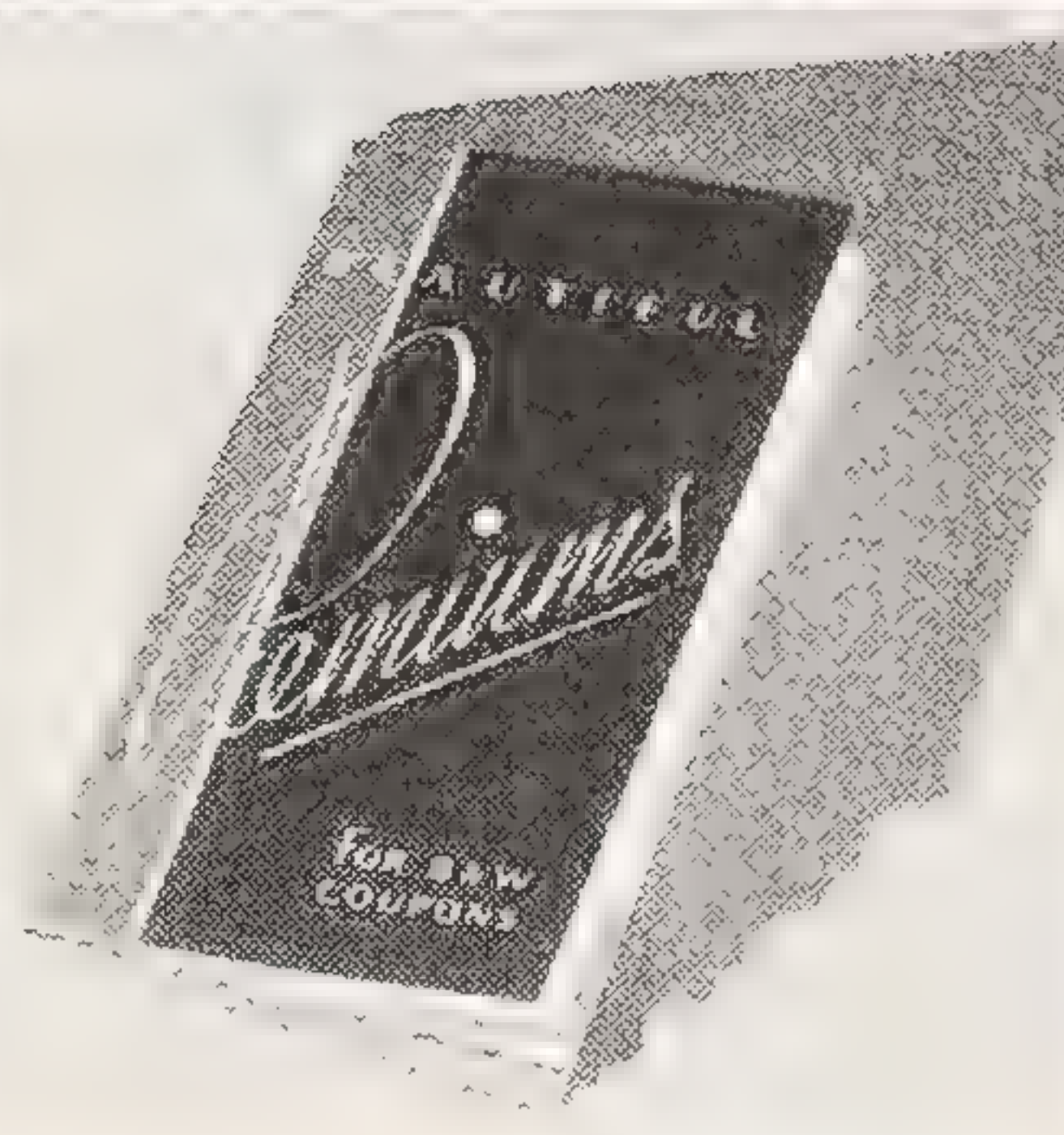
WE'RE FOOLS ABOUT KOOLS—Who doesn't rave about this cigarette that's mildly mentholated to refresh the throat, smoothly blended to please the taste, cork-tipped, and packed with a valuable B & W coupon good for handsome premiums? (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) If you've never tried **KOOLS**, you're missing the parade! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.



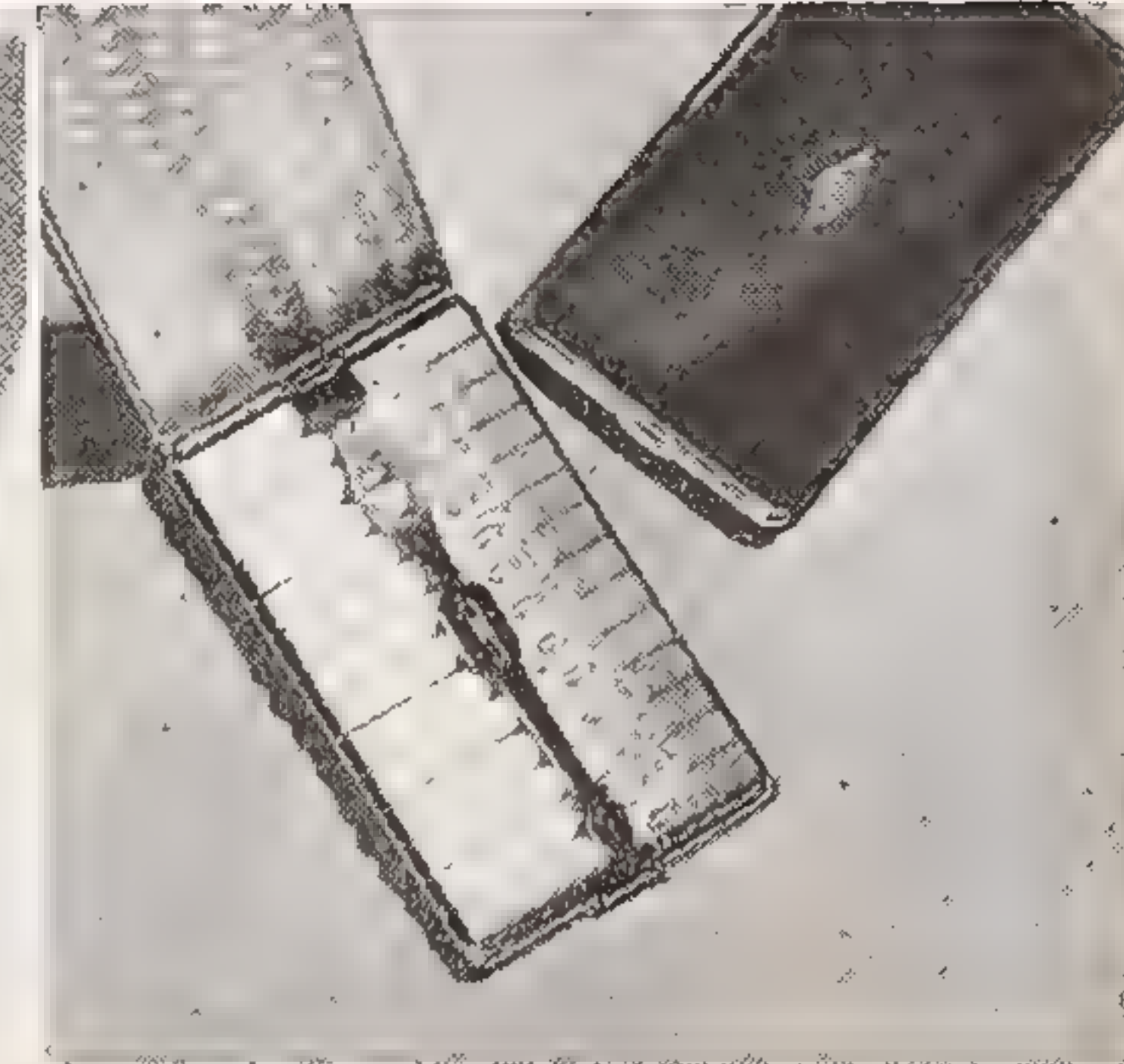
SAVE COUPONS . . . MANY HANDSOME NEW PREMIUMS



Bridge Table—Mahogany finish. Self-locking legs. Sturdy . . . 500 coupons



FREE. Write for illustrated 24-page B & W premium booklet, No. 10



Cigarette Case—Enamel and silver nickel; choice of seven colors. 100 coupons

RALEIGH CIGARETTES...NOW AT POPULAR PRICES...ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS



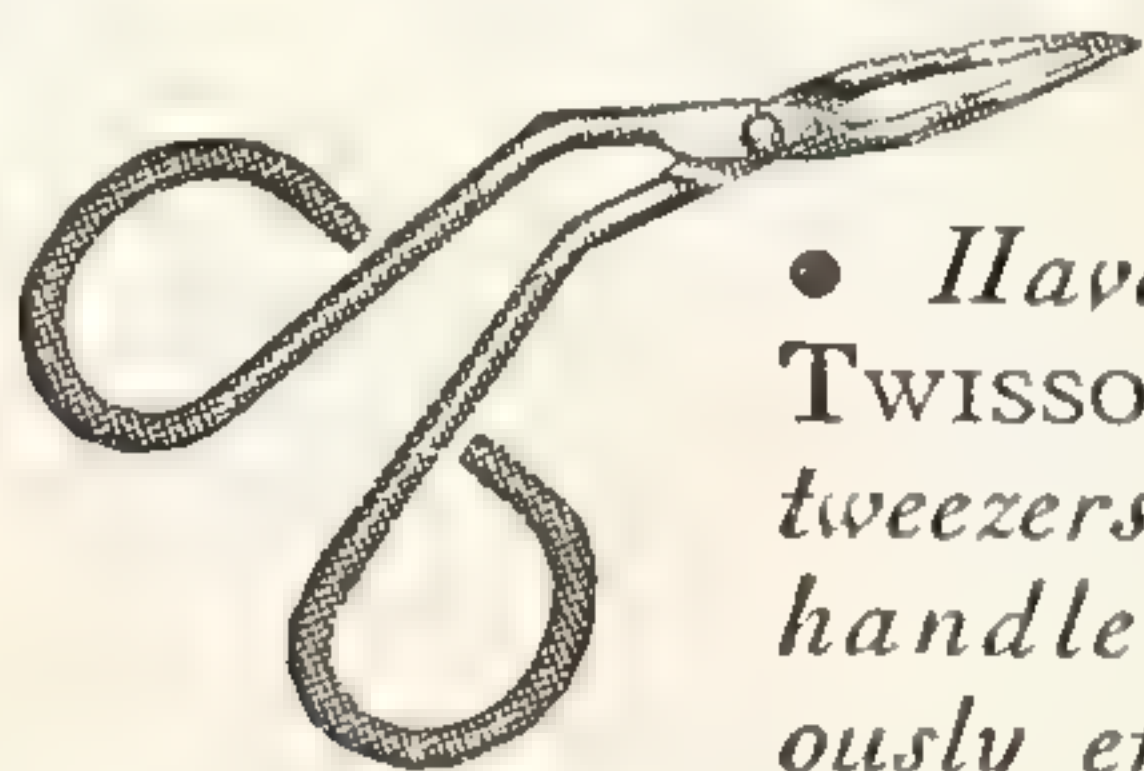
NINE women out of ten turn their backs to the light because they think it unflattering; but make this test; you'll never do it again!

First, make up your face. Then take your KURLASH and curl the lashes of *one eye*. Touch them with LASHTINT and put a little SHADETTE on the upper lid. Now take your hand mirror and seek the full light of your brightest window. You'll find that one side of your face seems infinitely better looking . . . softer, lovelier in coloring, with starry eye and sweeping lashes.

You'll know then why the loveliest women use KURLASH daily. (\$1 at good stores.)



At the same window you'll have a chance to see how naturally LASHTINT darkens and beautifies your eyelashes . . . without looking "made-up" either! It comes in 4 shades, in a special sponge-fitted case to insure even applications. \$1, also. And the same holds true of SHADETTE. Even in the daytime it isn't obvious—just glamorous. In 10 subtle new shades at just 75c each.



• Have you tried TWISSORS—the new tweezers with scissor handles—marvelously efficient—25c.

Write JANE HEATH for advice about eye beauty. Give your coloring for personal beauty plan. Address Dept. S-3.

Kurlash

The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

a gesture—a gesture containing big-time defiance—toward a new freedom?

"Retire," he said, slowly, "that's a good idea, Mary. S' funny—I've called you Mary so long I've forgotten your last name. You've been here at this desk for—"

The girl said, shakily, "For seven years. I'm a reverse of the Jacob and Rachel story. My last name is Kennedy."

Tom said, "Well, Mary Kennedy, I'm going to take your advice. I'm going to close up shop and go on a trip. Perhaps it'll be a trip around the world. I'll leave instructions for my lawyer so that the staff'll get fair treatment. But I won't leave word for anybody else."

The girl at the switchboard was fiddling with one of the cords. She said, without so much as glancing up, "No word for Miss Kent?"

Tom cleared his throat. He answered, "She'll be too busy from now on to miss me. She'll probably be too busy to know I'm gone."

The girl kept her eyes on the cord that she twitched back and forth. She said— "When'll you start, Mr. Kildare?"

Tom replied, brusquely: "Tomorrow or late tonight."

The girl's voice was very low as she asked, "Will you go alone?"

Tom spoke without giving the matter much thought. "All alone," he told her, "unless—" the suggestion was thrown in for no reason, "unless you want to come along, Mary?"

The girl grasped the sides of the switchboard as if for support. The cord that she dropped made an odd metallic jangle on the wood. Color flamed high in her small, thin face. She breathed—

"Come along? You mean *marry you*?"

Tom started sharply. He hadn't meant any such thing. He'd only been talking against time and space and the impending separation from Karen. His weary gaze studied the girl before him—even with his eyes upon her he saw her but dimly, as through a veil. She was a nice little kid, he told himself, never fresh or in the way. She had slim ankles, and smooth dark hair, and a fixed look of adoration. Probably she was the only person on earth who would still think him wonderful when the result of his test got around. He said, stupidly—

"Sure, I mean marry you. Why not?"

(To Be Continued)

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 6

a half years. When I was thirteen, I was given my first grown-up rôle. I was beginning to stop being a child, then, and to want things, so Mother said: 'Now you may have what you would like best—some very nice clothes, or perhaps a small car. Choose and you may have it.'

"I told her I didn't want a car or clothes; what I wanted most of all in the world was a harp. She thought that my choice was foolish. A harp is a very expensive instrument, and no doubt would be just a fad. 'No,' she decided, 'I won't buy you a harp; but I will rent one for you and give you lessons. Then it won't matter whether you tire of it or not.'

"But I loved it, just as I thought I should, so last birthday Mother got it for me."

There's a golden lyre, too, on a stand beyond the harp, made especially for Anita because no one sells lyres these days. She can play it, too.

Anita Louise's artist mother, Mrs. Beresford, who is like her daughter except that she is smaller and her hair shorter, and she speaks with the faintest of accents, had arranged the white tea table with silver tea things and Dresden china cups. A bowl of Talisman roses completed the picture.

"I've put a decanter of French brandy on the table," explained Mrs. Beresford, indicating it, "because in France that is always so. If someone feels very tired, one teaspoonful of the brandy in the teacup will pick you up at once."

"Very good for you," nodded Anita.

"But not for you, young lady," smiled her mother, "You feel too good already!"

"What I really want is food," returned Anita, destroying the illusion that she lives on butterflies wings by devouring two chocolate squares.

"Our maid's specialty," commented Mrs. Beresford, "she spent the morning making them—and the drop cookies."

(She gave me the recipes for you, and here they are:

CHOCOLATE SQUARES

2 squares chocolate 1/2 teaspoon baking
1/2 cup butter powder
3 eggs 1/2 teaspoon salt



Get some lace and silver trimming, have Alice Faye wear it—and voilà, you have a picture.

1 cup sugar 1/2 cup chopped
3/4 cup flour walnuts
1 teaspoon vanilla
Bake in flat tins and cut in squares.

DROP COOKIES

1 1/2 cups sugar 2 1/2 cups flour
1/4 cup milk 3 eggs well
1 1/2 cups raisins beaten
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon 1 teaspoon baking soda
1/2 cup shortening

Bake in a moderate oven.)

"The sandwiches are made of nut bread and filled with cream cheese and very tart jelly. The nut bread is another of the maid's pet recipes."

NUT BREAD

3 cups flour	5 teaspoons baking
1 cup sugar	powder
1 egg	1 cup chopped nuts
1 teaspoon salt	2 tablespoons
1 cup milk	shortening
½ cup dates (optional)	

Cream sugar and shortening, add egg and part of milk. Add dry ingredients alternately with milk. Add floured nuts and dates last. Bake one hour in slow oven. This mixture may rise twenty minutes before baking.

"The other day someone taught me something new," went on Anita's mother. "Did you ever eat radishes with butter? Yes, you stare at me. But so did I stare. Try it and see how delicious it is. Spread the butter on the radish."

"Mother collects odd food combinations just as she collects odd furnishings," smiled Anita. "See her latest triumph over there on the mantel—the Napoleon vases. She has had her eye on them for over a year and at last she got them at her price."

"They belong here," asserted Mrs. Beresford, "white and gold, with the crown and the 'N' on each one. Hand-made, too, as you can see by the irregular rims."

Her mother collects old treasures, but Anita makes new ones. Her hobby is needlepoint. So far she has made needlepoint seats for her piano-stool, and two footstools, and is working on the last one. The flat bell-rope on the wall is also of Anita's needlepoint.

"What I'll do when I've finished this, I don't know," she mourned. "I work on it during pictures and it's fascinating."

"This is the sort of afternoon tea we usually have when people call," said Mrs. Beresford, "but for larger affairs more elaborate dishes would be served."

"There's a jellied chicken sandwich that's usually very much appreciated," remembered Anita.

JELLIED CHICKEN SANDWICH

Chop the white meat of cold boiled chicken fine, rub to a paste. Put a scant tablespoon of gelatine in a half cup water, place it over the fire until it has dissolved; then add the chicken paste, a dash of salt and pepper, and a half teaspoon grated horse-radish. Stir this mixture until it begins to thicken, then stir in one cup cream that has been whipped to a stiff froth, place it in the ice box until very cold; when ready for use, cut thin and place between slices of crustless white bread. Garnish with parsley and an olive.

"Cress sandwiches, made with watercress rolled in soft white bread, are always nice," added her mother. "Of course if you are entertaining a very young crowd you will like to have some sweet sandwiches. There's honey-and-nut, and maple sugar sandwich, both much too sweet for me; but young people who do not worry about diet seem to like them."

HONEY-AND-NUT SANDWICH

One cup honey, two tablespoons lemon juice, nut meats. Mix honey and lemon juice. Add enough finely chopped nut meats to make a stiff paste. Spread between thin slices of buttered bread, cut in pieces and serve.

MAPLE SUGAR SANDWICH

Mix crushed maple sugar to a cream with thick cream and spread between slices of whole wheat nut bread.

Your Beauty Shop

gives you added

charm. Go there every week. And, to help beautify the natural

shape of your mouth and lips, enjoy **DOUBLE MINT** gum daily.



CHERAMY April Showers TALC



THERE'S glorious fragrance — *the perfume of youth* — in April Showers Talc. There's luxury supreme in its soothing, smoothing touch. Yet the cost is low for quality so high.

No wonder it's the most famous and best loved talcum powder in the world!

*Exquisite...but
not Expensive*



The candid camera takes an odd angle in the gymnasium, as Norma Shearer rests between instructions, from Agnes de Mille, famous danseuse, in an Italian Renaissance waltz that Norma will perform in "Romeo and Juliet."

"Cinnamon toast with walnuts is a little different," Anita remembered.

CINNAMON TOAST WITH WALNUTS

Two tablespoons butter, two tablespoons brown sugar, one teaspoon cinnamon, three slices bread, two tablespoons walnut meats. Cream butter and add sugar and cinnamon. Cut stale bread in one-fourth inch slices, remove crusts, and cut in three pieces, crosswise. Toast on one side, spread untoasted side with butter mixture, and sprinkle with finely chopped nuts. Put in oven until sugar melts and serve.

"But to me, it's the new and odd touches that make a tea a success," she went on, after the kitchen files had yielded the foregoing recipes. "Serve colored sugar in the flavors your guests will like in their tea. Orange sugar, lime sugar, lemon sugar and even cinnamon sugar, in their pretty colors, add a new tang to a cup of tea. Even if people don't really care for the new flavor, they want to try it."

"Pretty curls of orange peel with cloves stuck through are an addition, too," Mrs. Beresford pointed out.

"Talking about sandwiches reminds me of last night," laughed Anita. "We went to a party where they played games. One of the games was 'Conversation'—ever play it?"

"Two people are sent out of the room and the rest make up two preposterous sentences, one for each of them, which each must bring into the conversation so naturally that the other won't suspect. If one guesses the other's sentence, he wins."

"Last night Richard Arlen had a sentence about how much he liked ham and cheese sandwiches, and Fred Keating's concerned an indelible pencil he'd lost. You should have heard them trying to steer the conversation around to the point where they could naturally unload their sentences. I nearly disgraced myself laughing!"

The jewel-box setting for Anita isn't confined to the lower floor of the house.

The two bedrooms are separated by a hall done in white and gold, its simple perfection reflected in crystal mirrors. The bedrooms are many-windowed, so that sunshine pours into them. They are both white, with touches of gold on the graceful French beds and dressing-tables. In Anita's room there is a turquoise velvet easy chair with ottoman, made from a former evening wrap belonging to its owner; the turquoise note is repeated in cords on bedspread and curtains.

Rose drapes make a colorful spot in Mrs. Beresford's room, and her chair is of green and gold, (evolved from an evening gown of Anita's).

Single-petaled roses were on Anita's dressing-table, and lilies-of-the-valley on her mother's.

A fairytale house for a fairytale girl!

You're Face As You Like It!

Continued from page 62

and doing you no good. A little good lubricating cream applied after washing prevents surface dryness, (the only kind a good complexion soap can possibly cause), and is actually more effective on a skin that has been thoroughly cleansed first.

If you're a "one-cream" woman, there are excellent creams which can be used for removing make-up, lubricating, and as a protective powder base. Using this type of cream is a worthwhile habit to acquire when you're young as it will help keep your skin fresh and smooth through the years when age lines get their start.

Even while you're enjoying the priceless possession of a smooth, young skin, you must watch for the danger signals. You

with fine-textured, dry skin must be on guard at the vulnerable spots. There are the little fine lines around your eyes, (you notice them first only when you smile). They are the fore-runners of "crow's feet." Then there are the lines from nose to mouth. Men call them "character lines" and don't seem to mind them on themselves, but we modern women want to keep them away as long as we can. Frown lines are quick to start on your forehead. And, under your chin, watch out for a little curving line that will lead you to a double chin if you let it.

At the first signs of these danger signals, include a lubricating cream in your beauty routine and go to work on the vulnerable

spots. I don't believe in heavy facial massage at home, as so few women know how to do it without breaking down tissues and causing sags. But there are light massage movements you can use to help your lubricating cream do its work, and patting is very effective in certain spots. After your face has been generously creamed, run your index finger lightly around your eyes from the temples toward the nose and back over the eyelid, just under the brow. This rests tired eyes at the same time it works the cream in "against the grain" of the lines.

For the nose-to-mouth lines, puff your cheeks out and pat briskly along the lines. Patting is good for the forehead lines, too, and especially effective under your chin.

Oily skin has danger signals, too. They point to blackheads, eruptions, and enlarged pores. This type of skin needs frequent washing with hot water and a good complexion soap, or a special "oily skin" wash. It needs stimulation to normalize the action of the oil glands. You must be careful of your diet, avoiding rich, fatty foods and too much meat and sweets. Drink as much water as you can. It's especially good to drink two or three glasses of hot water first thing in the morning. If your skin breaks out, you'll need a medicated cream to heal the blemishes and the same cream should be your powder foundation.

Besides helping to clear up blemished skins when it's taken internally, yeast can be used as a healing, refining beauty mask. Break up two cakes of yeast and add enough peroxide to soften it and make it spread easily. Leave the mask on your face twenty minutes to half an hour and then wash it off with warm water.

Ruby Tapped the Trail

Continued from page 25

Ruby says Al had to sit on the bed and watch her dress and make up. Then it was his turn. The telephone would ring for Ruby at seven o'clock in the morning while Al was trying to sleep. She had to get up early and dress to go to the studio, trying not to disturb him. It has all been extremely difficult, especially to two persons with separate careers and varied hours.

Ruby has been working all the time; Al has had a nice long lay-off, but she has been too tired to go much of any place with him. She says *he* is the one who ought to be arriving home tired out, *she* should be the one to hear the laments. But it has been just the other way around—and cooped up in an apartment with a baby, at that. Attention, all you apartment families. You see it happens to everyone!

"So far as my marriage and career are concerned," Ruby knocks on wood, "everything is O. K. Soon Al will be working on another set near by, we will be in our new house and not crowded all over each other—and the mechanics of living will be greatly simplified. Anyone who says these things, these little every-day things, are not important, is just crazy."

Al, the incurable sentimentalist, tells friends they will have a second honeymoon in the new place.

It looks very much as if all these Jolson-Keeler rift rumors have been no more serious than those little difficulties in the average household when space is limited. You would probably be amazed and indignant to pick up a paper and find yourself and husband on the verge of separation over a minor disgruntled moment; but that is what happened to the Jolsons. They were just as surprised as you would be.

This house gave them less trouble during the building than probably any house ever constructed. Al handed the builder *carte blanche*.

Doctor's Report proves
Pepsodent Antiseptic a real help to

KEEP FROM CATCHING COLD!

Remarkable results obtained in two
winters' test on 774 Illinois people

*They lived together, worked together, ate the same
kind of food*

Half gargled twice a day; the other
half did not



*To keep from catching cold
here's the help you may expect from*

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

A DOCTOR made this famous Illinois test—he proved that Pepsodent Antiseptic did reduce the number and duration of colds!

He worked for two full winters, with 774 people in all. The people lived together. They worked together. They ate the same foods. In every way possible, this test was made under strict medical supervision.

Results were so clear-cut that there's no argument as to what you may expect.

The doctor's report

One half of the people gargled with Pepsodent Antiseptic twice a day. The other half did not. And here is the doctor's report of actual results:

Those who did not gargle with Pepsodent, had

60% more colds than those who used Pepsodent Antiseptic regularly.

Thus you see that of the people who used Pepsodent Antiseptic, relatively few caught cold. But those who did, got rid of their cold in half the time required by those who did not use Pepsodent Antiseptic!

That's proof! Pepsodent Antiseptic actually reduced colds! And cut the average length of a cold in half!

Goes 3 times as far

When you buy a mouth antiseptic, remember that ordinary kinds kill germs only when used full strength. But Pepsodent Antiseptic kills germs in 10 seconds, even when it is diluted with 2 parts of water! Thus it makes your money go 3 times as far!

For "Breath Control"—Pepsodent keeps breath pure and sweet one to two hours longer.

"SHE HAD THE KIND
OF LIPS MEN LIKE
TO KISS"



SAID

**GARY
COOPER**



Popular male
star gives his
reasons for
choosing the
Tangee Girl



● We presented three lovely girls to Gary Cooper. One wore the ordinary lipstick...one, no lipstick...the third, Tangee.

GARY COOPER, star of "Desire", a Paramount Picture, picks the most kissable lips in lipstick test.

"Her lips look kissable," he said, choosing the Tangee girl, "because they look natural."

And other men agree. They don't like to kiss lipstick either, and that's why Tangee is so much in vogue today. Tangee makes your lips glow with natural color, but it avoids "that painted look," because *Tangee isn't paint*. If you prefer more color for evening, use Tangee Theatrical. Try Tangee. In two sizes, 39c and \$1.10. Or, for a quick trial, send 10c for the special 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered below.

● **BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES**...when you buy. Don't let some sharp sales person switch you to an imitation...there's only one Tangee.



★ **4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET**

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY SU36
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin), 15¢ in Canada.

Cheek Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name _____ (Please Print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

"What kind of a house do you want?" inquired the architect.

"I want a fifty thousand dollar house," answered Al. And that was that.

Ruby amended with the idea that perhaps it should not be *too* large—before she had lived in their present apartment, all doubled up—and now she is enormously relieved to discover that the architect used his own

ing-vine all men are looking for, the one so few find.

In all her business, even in her personal life, Ruby always says, "Well, what does Al think of it?" or "I will ask Al." She is the eternal sweetheart of the sentimental Jolson. It is fortunate that she is not too practical.

The baby, Al Jolson Junior, is called



Jack Oakie goes into his dance with four steppers, as Ruby Keeler rests a bit, and Bobby Connolly directs this rehearsal for "Colleen."

judgment and built them a nice big BIG house, with even a sound-proof room where she can practice taps and Al can warble "Mammy" to his heart's content. He has another kind of a tap-room, too, for the boys, and Ruby can give a hen-party in her quarters without either one of them being aware of the others.

The success of their marriage, so far, is identical with the success of many other marriages. Ruby looks up to Al, admires and respects him. She is the little cling-

Sonny Boy—you might know. "I suppose he'll be furious with us when he grows up," Ruby laughs.

She is as proud of and devoted to this adopted baby as if it were their very own. Sonny Boy is eight months old, weighs twenty pounds, and Ruby's life is complete now that she has him. She showed me a darling picture of herself with the baby—she looked more like a little girl holding her brother. I asked for a print to use with this story. "I'll ask Al," said Ruby.

Playing at Palm Springs

Continued from page 27

Over at the airport I found Ruth Chatterton, the most air-minded of the stars, and her former husband George Brent, he who was loved by Garbo; and Dick Arlen, and Paul Lukas, and a bunch of prominent persons breaking champagne bottles, what a waste, and making speeches over a beautiful new six-passenger Lockheed-Orion which will call the Palm Springs airport home. Of course Ruth and George and Paul and Dick all have their own planes, and pilot them, but they were all doing nip-ups over the new six passenger—trying out all the shiny gadgets like kids in a toy department. But if they were getting a kick out of planes it was nothing to the kick that Gary Cooper, Jeanette MacDonald, Stu Erwin and Charlie Ruggles were getting out of the dog show over at the Kennel Club. Gary's Sealyham and Jeanette's old English sheep dog were taking all kinds of prizes and Gary and Jeanette were taking it big. And ah—romance note! Right there arm-

in-arm with Jeanette was Gene Raymond and I certainly thought I detected love-light in his eyes. Gene had a camera and were they having fun kodaking each other with the pedigreed mutts. While Bob Ritchie, (Bob's and Jeanette's engagement is the longest that Hollywood has ever had), was over in Europe this past summer and fall Gene started taking Jeanette to parties, but everybody thought that he was just the "spare" and as soon as Bob came back Jeanette would cease being seen with him. But Gene still goes with Jeanette. Even to the dogs!

Being assured by Gary and Jeanette and Gene that they were having a grand "rest" and wasn't it marvelous to get away from "it all" I hit out for the Racquet Club which is the spot I like best in Palm Springs. Dashing along I practically ran over Dick Powell and Joan Blondell nonchalantly riding their bikes right down the middle of Main Street. That's the way

with young love, completely oblivious of Oldsmobiles. I drive an Olds in case you care. Joan confessed to me later that after peddling that bike around all day she discovered tendons in her legs that hadn't been used in years—and she had to have a series of massages when she got back to Hollywood. Just between you and me and the gatepost I think Dick and Joan will get married as soon as Joan's divorce is final, but as she is getting a California divorce that will be several months yet. No wonder Dick sings so divinely these days! It's June in January. It's lurve in bul-ume!

Whe-ew, a bull's eye! A very definite plop caught my ear, I have an ear for plops, and with a crashing of brakes I drew up in front of the Palm Springs Archery just in time to see Norma Shearer arch another arrow right into the center of the red circle. She's that good. Norma with her *Juliet* hairdress and her *Juliet* hat, if you want to dignify it by calling it a hat, had just decided to learn archery that morning, and aided and abetted by husband Thalberg she was doing all right. But if I recall my first lesson in archery correctly something tells me that the next day on Director Cukor's set little Missy *Juliet* was going to have a great big pain in her neck.

After you do the "bumps" on the roughest road I have ever seen for a quarter of a mile you arrive at the very swanky Racquet Club, which is for members only and *that* exclusive. The Racquet Club is a brain-child of Ralph Bellamy who is my idea of a good actor and of Charlie Farrell who was a part of the famous Gaylor and Farrell team for so many years. Ralph and Charlie are rabid tennis players so they started out to build a tennis court and little club house for themselves and friends right there in the middle of the desert, a mere little eight thousand dollar investment, and then the next thing they knew they had four professional tennis courts, the best of tennis instructors, Eleanor Tennant, a swimming pool, a club house, a bamboo bar decorated at great expense by Director Mitch Leisen, and a club membership of the best names in pictures and society—and a fifty thousand dollar investment. But judging from the extreme popularity of the Racquet Club, Ralph and Charlie won't have to sell pencils any time soon.

Grouped around the bar for the "first drink today" were George Bancroft, Freddie March, Frank Morgan, Clifton Webb, and scads of directors and producers. Taking a mid-day dip in the pool were Glenda

Farrell, Ad Randall, Arline Judge, Harold Lloyd. And playing tennis like mad were Charlie Butterworth and Paul Lukas and Robert Taylor and Philip Reed, while Cesar Romero and Irene Hervey and Virginia Bruce and Daisy Lukas applauded from the sidelines. On another court were Carole Lombard and Bob Riskin playing against Sally Eilers and her husband Harry Joe Brown. And lunching under one of the gay umbrellas was Claudette Colbert still quite breathless from her recent "death." It seems that on the previous afternoon Claudette and Dr. Pressman had driven down from Hollywood quite casually with nothing more momentous happening than a discussion as to whether a barbecued pork sandwich should be covered with chili sauce or with mustard, but in the meantime one of those crazy people who make life miserable for the movie stars, and especially their relatives and friends, had phoned the Los Angeles newspapers that Claudette Colbert had just been killed in an accident. What a horrible thing to do to Claudette's mother! But fortunately Claudette was discovered a few hours later by the Press enjoying a good hot tub at Palm Springs, but the poor girl had to spend all Sunday receiving congratulations from her friends on being alive again.

After a snifter at the bar, and a snack here and a hello there I scampered over to the El Mirador to see if Hollywood was resting true to form. To be sure, to be sure. Una Merkel, who is no great outdoor girl, wanly informed me from the edge of the pool that she and Madge Evans had ridden horseback for two hours that morning and she had walked a mile the afternoon before and that she was now firmly convinced that this thing called *pour la* health was greatly over-rated. And Madge, it seems, was catching cold from being exposed to so much sunshine. I found Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson stretched out in beach chairs improving their sun tans and generously dunking themselves in oil. Ditto Harry Richman and Rochelle Hudson, who are Hollywood's newest romancers. But somehow I can't take ole Massa Richman seriously. I remember too well, oh too well, his "romance" with Clara Bow when he was out here several years ago making "Puttin' on the Ritz." But maybe I'm just an old meanie, and don't appreciate the finer things of life.

"I came down here for a good rest, and this is what I get," I heard a familiar voice say, and there was Barbara Stanwyck up to her knees in lovely little cactus, or cacti



Princess Natalie Paley does full justice to the striking style and distinctive beauty of an ensemble designed for her by Bernard Newman.

This Famous HOME DISPENSER and 60¢ size Italian Balm

Both for
59¢

WESTERN UNION
Installs it for only
10¢

● Campana now offers, through Drug and Department stores, its famous HOME DISPENSER Package. But the supply is limited. So purchase your bargain package before it is too late.

Over 2½ million Italian Balm Dispensers like the one illustrated in this advertisement — full nickel plated and 100% guaranteed — have been delivered to Italian Balm users. And no wonder it is popular! It *holds* the bottle for you—no capping, no risk of bottle breakage. A press on the plunger gives you *one drop*—making "America's Most Economical Skin Protector" still *more* economical and convenient to use.

Western Union (in 5,000 communities where messengers are available) will install your Dispenser anywhere in your house, on wood or tile. Buy your Dispenser at any drug or department store—then: (1) call WESTERN UNION, (2) ask to have your Dispenser installed, (3) pay the messenger 10c (Campana pays the balance). This special service good only while Dealers have this special 59c Package.

Lovely hands

**DEMAND A POLISH
THAT DOESN'T STREAK OR PEEL**



**GLAZO'S AUTHENTIC COLORS
WEAR 2 TO 4 DAYS LONGER**

WHAT are the things that every smart woman expects of her nail polish? It must be outstandingly lovely! It must apply easily and evenly, without streaking. It must wear long and gracefully, without peeling or chipping—or your nails will soon look shabby.

Glazo's glorious colors are approved by beauty and fashion authorities. Glazo has solved the streaking problem—and it's the easiest to apply, with its special, improved brush. And because Glazo is so superior in quality, it wears days longer than you've been accustomed to expect.

Just try Glazo, and discover how lovely your hands can be. Formerly much more, Glazo Manicure Preparations are now only 20 cents each.



GLAZO
... The Smart Manicure

if you prefer, and if you've ever been stuck by a cactus you know it, while the RKO photographers clicked their cameras and called for more. Photographers are the biggest complaint of stars resting at Palm Springs. The minute the boys hear that one of their stars has gone to the desert for a few days they gather their tripods about them and swoop down upon her like hungry ravens, and photography at Palm Springs doesn't mean an hour in the gallery but the entire day. Some of the stars mouth like everything when the camera boys approach, but Barbara Stanwyck, I am told, will do anything in the world to oblige them and make their jobs easier. Barbara always goes to Palm Springs for a real rest as she cannot participate in athletics—which fact irks her no end, as she really loves sports. But while she was making a picture at Columbia a few years ago a horse fell on her in one of the scenes and she wrenched her back and has had great trouble with it ever since. Barbara was stopping in Palm Springs with her brother, Mac Stevens, from New York. As soon as she and Frank Fay separated Barbara sent for her brother to come and live with her. She's the type of girl who just must have a man in the house. By the way, the beautiful Stanwyck-Fay estate which occupies an entire block in Brentwood is up for sale. Sorta sad, isn't it—when you think how excited Barbara was when she built it, and how dreadfully in love.

Away I went again and this time to the Bowling Alley which has become one of the most popular spots in Palm Springs. Bowling, my pet, is all the rage among the cinema stars. Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard, I suppose, are the most ardent bowlers, but when I arrived at the Alley I found it in possession of the "younger set."

There was Patricia Ziegfeld with James Rogers, handsome son of the late Will Rogers, and well chaperoned you can be sure by Billie Burke, who is Hollywood's most charming mother. And also bowling away were Patricia Ellis, Tom Brown, and the Durkins and their gang. I bowled once, just to be sporting, and broke off three beautiful finger nails which I had been cherishing for weeks, and decided enough was enough. Besides I was getting hungry for one of Palm Springs famous nutburgers at the Gates Nut Kettle, and if you haven't tasted a nutburger you really haven't lived. They're dee-licious. Gathered about the Nut Kettle were Jimmy Cagney and the Groucho Marxes. I probably would have spent the rest of the day there listening to Groucho's gags, which had everyone in hysterics except his family; but just then I happened to look up and saw Nat Pendleton very elegant in riding togs, and if there is anything funnier than Nat Pendleton in riding togs it's Ernst Lubitsch in shorts. (All the men in Palm Springs wear shorts and nothing more, but Mr. Lubitsch takes the prize for being the least Adonis-like.)

When I came to I scrambled back to the Racquet Club for Carole's cocktail party which was in full swing with Carole and Cesar Romero giving of the rumba, and Fieldsie scaring all the big shot tennis players to death by challenging them to a match at terrific stakes—Fieldsie, incidentally, can't get the ball over the net even if she stood within a foot of it and tried to throw it over. Paul Lukas was so frightened by her challenge that he was afraid to even sip a cocktail for fear it might spoil his game. More Racquet Club, more bowling, more biking, more Desert Inn, more sniffers, more fun—and when the doctors said, "You'll live," I wasn't at all interested.

ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

Ginger and Spice. That's what little girls are made of or am I wrong? Rochelle Hudson is stepping right along and making her home-town, Claremore, Okla., proud of her. She was born on March 6, 1914, is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 105 pounds and has dark brown hair and grey eyes. She speaks French, sings, dances, and can swing a mean paint brush too. Her first screen appearance was in "Laugh and Get Rich." Her latest picture is "Way Down East" with Henry Fonda. She was the beloved Will Rogers' favorite ingénue, having been in three of his pictures.

Old Timer. You hope some of your old favorites of the silent days will be given an opportunity to show their stuff again. Well, here is your chance to give Jack Mulhall, Herbert Rawlinson, Ann Pennington, Gilda Grey, Anita Page and Conway Tearle a big hand when you see them in several films within the coming year. Then if you're a serial fan, you can look forward to seeing a bunch of Juniors in "Adventures of Frank Merriwell." In the picture will be Wallace Reid, Jr., Bryant Washburn, Jr., Edward Arnold, Jr., House Peters, Jr., Herschel Mayall, Jr., and Alan Hersholt.

Three Young Fans. Just add Fremault to Anita Louise and you'll have her full name. She is one of the busiest girls in cinema-land. From one picture to another and what pictures! One of her latest is "Here's to Romance" with that grand singer, Nino Martini, in his first screen ap-

pearance. In the cast are other great personalities—Mme. Schumann-Heink, Genevieve Tobin, Reginald Denny and the famous *Gamby* or Maria Gambarelli to you. Another new release of Anita's is "Personal Maid's Secret," with Ruth Donnelly, Frank Albertson, and Arthur Treacher, the Englishman who is in such demand at the moment.



Niela Goodelle, radio star, is now in films. Above, with Earl Oxford in a musical short.

The "Quintuplets" Are Movie Stars Now

Continued from page 19

were there, we held our breath until we learned the result. If they had lost weight I think all of us would have been ill, but fortunately they had all gained a little. Marie gained only one ounce while Cecile made the greatest gain, 10½ ounces.

Maybe you are going to tell me that at eighteen months there is no use pretending you can tell anything about the different dispositions and tendencies of babies; but I will not agree with you, after seeing these wonders. Without going into any psychological study of them, I maintain that there is a marked difference, and as a group they are far more precocious than average children; not due to any special heritage or the fact they are wards of the government, but, the doctor believes, due to the fact that they have been surrounded by love and have lived simply and observed regular habits.

First of all, none of them are stubborn; none of them pout; but they all have enough temper to convince you they will get on in the world. They frequently fought over their toys, and settled it that moment, though to begin with they all have exactly the same number and kind of toys. It was just too fascinating to see them, five of everything—five tumblers of boiled water covered with clean linen; five high chairs, from which they do all their eating; five small chairs to sit in other times; five hot water bottles, of as many different colors, and so on. Their dishes, as well as their dolls and everything else that remains in the nursery, are nonbreakable.

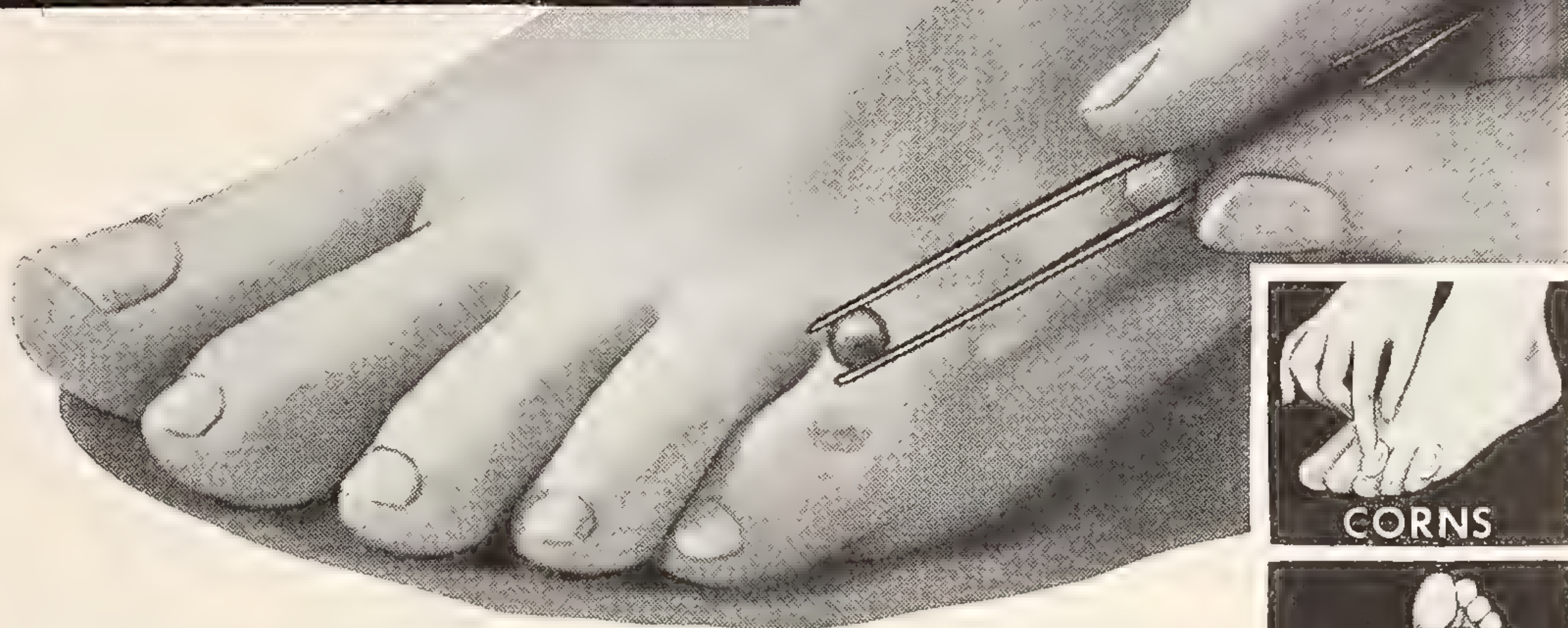
Cecile always has a favorite nurse, though not every day the same nurse. One day she decided she was through with motion pictures, not on account of the game itself but because her favorite nurse would not carry her into the play-room. Only Dr. Dafoe's marvelous powers of persuasion finally triumphed. If she ever becomes your favorite star, as a grown young lady, you remember I warned you that she was temperamental in her very first picture, at the age of eighteen months.

I could talk for hours about the enthusiasm of Director Henry King and everyone who worked with the babies, but I know you want to know only what they themselves did. To tell the truth, they are probably the only five players in existence who were permitted to do just exactly as they pleased during the entire making of the picture. The object was to get them just as they lived daily; just how they look when sleeping; how they ate and how often; how they played and fought, etc. Dr. Dafoe himself never enters their rooms without wearing a surgeon's coat, no more than their parents do when they visit them, and of course all of us did the same thing, and our throats were sprayed every time we went near the babies.

No stone is left unturned to safeguard the health of these babies. Their habits are regular enough to please the most exacting. They arise at five or six o'clock in the morning, are bathed and dressed and have their breakfast, after which they are left in the nursery for a little romp and play, and then to bed again for more sleep.

Our technical crew was allowed in the hospital at 9 o'clock, so lights and sound equipment could be properly placed while the children were sleeping. Then promptly at 11 o'clock they were awake and we were all waiting for them in the play-room. Naturally they were not afraid of the camera nor us and thought they were hav-

CORNS Or CALLOUSES *Lift Right Out!*



To loosen corns and callouses for quick, safe removal, use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate Medicated Disks, included in every box. In a short time your corns or callouses will lift right out. This is the *medically safe*, sure way. One minute after you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads on corns, callouses or bunions relief will be yours! Pressure on the sensitive spot ends at once and sore toes or blisters from new or tight shoes are prevented by these soothing, healing, cushioning pads. Made in sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions, and Soft Corns between the toes. Sold at all drug, shoe and department stores.

2 Kinds—New DE LUXE flesh color 35¢ • STANDARD WHITE, now 25¢

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

FREE SAMPLE AND BOOKLET. Mail coupon to Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept. 369 Chicago, Ill., for booklet, "The Feet and Their Care," and sample of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for ☐ Corns, ☐ Callouses, ☐ Bunions, ☐ Soft Corns. Please check size wanted. (You can paste this on government penny postcard)

Name..... Address.....

SILVER SCREEN GIVES AWAY
Beautiful Framed Photographs of the Stars. Get Your Favorite's Photo. See MARCH ISSUE on Sale FEBRUARY 7

GRAY FADED HAIR

Women, girls, men with gray, faded, streaked hair. Shampoo and color your hair at the same time with new French discovery "SHAMPO-KOLOR," takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Permits permanent wave and curl. Free Booklet, Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 20, 254 W. 31 St., New York

HATEFUL FAT IS GONE

To Women
Burdened with
Excess Fat.

Nurse Wilson Redu-Cor achieves a steady reduction to normal weight.

It has been successful in thousands of cases.

An alluring figure is your birthright. Nurse Wilson REDU-COR will restore it to you.

Mail coupon with one dollar today. Start on the Sure Road to Slenderness tomorrow!

REDU-COR

Contains No Dinitrophenol

COUPON

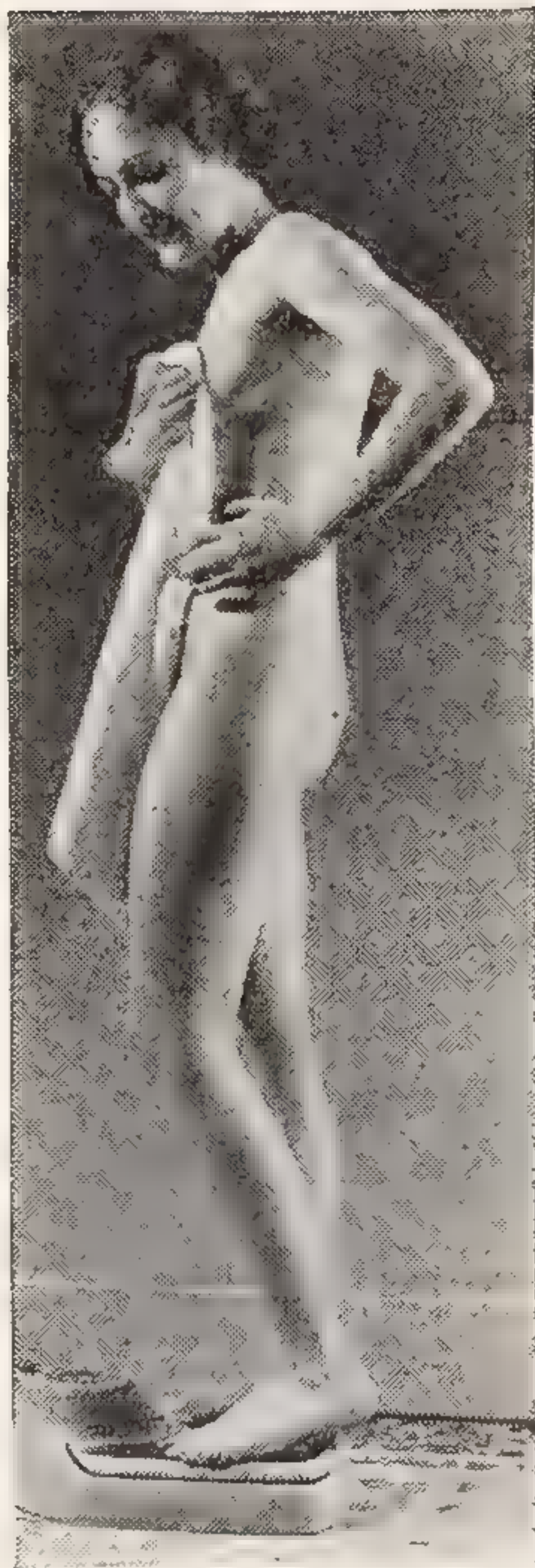
NURSE WILSON, 411 Jackson Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

I enclose one dollar, please send me REDU-COR treatment.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....



Be An ARTIST

Make \$50 to \$100 a Week
Learn at Home This
Amazingly Simple Way

More and more trained Artists are needed each year. 28,531 magazines, advertisers, newspapers, printing houses, etc., pay good money for art work. Our simple, proven, personalized method makes it fun to learn Commercial Art, Cartooning and Designing quickly, AT HOME, in spare time.

Big Artist's Outfit Given

Drawing board, paints, brushes and all materials you need to learn and earn come with very first lessons. Actual fun learning to draw this new way. Be an artist and make big money!

FREE BOOK

Our big Free Book describes latest developments and wonderful opportunities in this fascinating field and gives full details of this quick, simple method. Tells all about our students—their successes—what they say—actual reproductions of their work—and how many earned big money even while learning. Mail coupon below or postcard today. State age. (No salesman will call.)

Free Book shows how

Washington School of Art, Studio 173

1115—15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Please send me, without obligation, your Free Book, "Art for Pleasure and Profit".

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



Youthful looking
HAIR



To be always well groomed, with youthful, lustrous hair, use Nestle Colorinse. This harmless vegetable coloring compound magically rinses youth into your hair... a gleaming, glinting, glamour that gives to any hair the perfect highlights of its own natural color. Colorinse is easily removed—a shampoo washes it away.

10c

for a package containing 2 rinses at all 5 and 10 cent stores. To select your particular color, use the Nestle Shade Selector

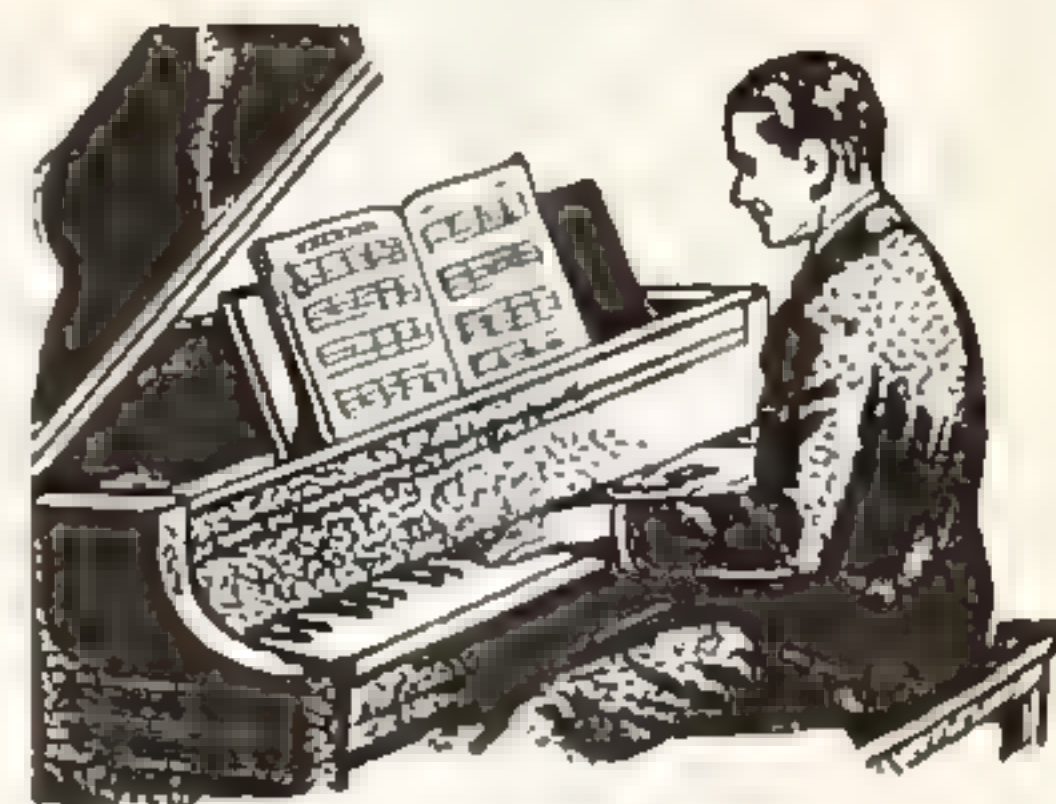
Other Nestle Hair Aids

Henna Shampoo • Golden Shampoo • Superset Waving Lotion, Regular and Formula No. 2 (Faster Drying) • Liquid Shampoo • Oil Treatment and Shampoo.

Nestle COLORINSE
The NESTLE-LEMUR COMPANY, N.Y.

LEARN MUSIC in Your Own Home This *EASY* Way

Yes, you can actually learn to play your favorite instrument right in your own home this amazing short-cut way! No expensive teacher—no tiresome scales and exercises—no confusing theories. You learn at home, in your spare time, at a cost of only a few cents a day. Every step is as clear as A B C—and before you know it, you are playing real tunes by note.



FREE BOOK Send today for free booklet and free demonstration lesson. These explain our wonderful home study course fully. Mention instrument preferred. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 1193 Brunswick Bldg., New York, N. Y.



Beautiful
SKIN..

—needs more than cosmetics

FREE SAMPLE
Write to
GARFIELD TEA CO.
Dept. 66
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Beauty of skin comes from within. When constipation clogs the pores with intestinal wastes, **CLEANSE INTERNALLY** with Garfield Tea. Helps relieve the clogged system promptly, mildly, effectively. At your drug store—10c and 25c.

GARFIELD TEA

ing a new game, which they entered into with great abandon. You read how they got up in the night several times and flooded their sleeping-room with light, looking for Santa Claus, until the light switches had to be removed. They attempted to climb the legs of the camera and would like to have played horsey-man with Dr. Dafoe, but he had to be watching the work. Their being allowed to act spontaneously made it difficult for Jean and myself, for we did have a few lines the script called for. We were able to use them occasionally but more often had to *ad lib* as the situation demanded. For instance, once when the babies were placed in their high-chairs and their broth was placed in a bowl before them, Yvonne cried out and banged her spoon against her chair. Jean turned to her and said forcefully: "Young lady, you behave yourself!" Like a flash, she stopped crying and looked up laughing. You will love this scene.

The newspapers have told you from the beginning how every cooking utensil, as well as every dish they eat from, is sterilized, and you have had all their food listed. Dr. Dafoe doesn't want to be put in the light of seeming to suggest that the food that is right for the Quints is right for every baby that age; but I can tell you they have applesauce every day of their lives, and they have a very nourishing broth every day for lunch.

It would delight every mother to see these babies have their bath. They are prepared two at a time, on very high tables, thoroughly rubbed with soap, then taken to the attractive light-colored tile bath tubs for their rinsing.

I know you are familiar with their early history. I mean the building of the Dafoe Hospital, after it was thought the feat of saving them could be performed; how it is located just across the street from the little farmhouse in which they were born; how they were made wards of King George the Fifth, and how nurse LaRoux has been with them since the day they were born. The hospital is located nicely with large lawns on all sides, hundreds of feet each way, and a high wire fence, topped with barbed wire, surrounds the place. Handsome guards in attractive blue uniforms—His Majesty's Constabulary—answer gate bells and see that no one enters.

There is a visiting hour, 4 P. M., and people come by the thousands from every-

where—just for a look, as they cannot get closer than the second fence, which is perhaps twelve feet away from the porch on which the nurses appear with the babies at four. You are told not to try to speak to the babies or wave at them or anything other than look as you pass by.

Anyone under the impression that Dr. Dafoe is more interested in the fame that has accrued to him than he is in his proteges should see him as we did in and out of the hospital all hours of the day. The government pays him only \$200.00 a month, which would be small compensation if that were all, but the manner in which these babies listen for his voice, the way in which they greet him, warms his soul.

I said Marie is the smallest—and she is the only one who doesn't walk as yet; she seems to crawl in her own peculiar way, but she gets around faster than any of the others. Obviously she is a born leader; the others follow her in whatever she begins. They prove they are distinctly feminine, even at this age; they will play with trains or kites only a few minutes, but dolls fascinate them beyond everything. Every kind of doll has been sent them, but they can only play with the unbreakable ones. All of the babies have dark hair and dark eyes, so the dolls with blonde locks intrigue them most. But they like the simple toys best of all, as you will see from the picture. Their very best favorite is a "Humpty-Dumpty-Won't Fall" which they delight in, and next to it comes a huge red ball, with a cat's cry inside. Then they love to play with their combs, though they were never given their combs to cut their teeth on as were you and I—nothing so unsanitary as that.

I have talked of these perfect babies, and yet no words could describe what they do to you, but you must not forget they were not always perfect. We were shown the pictures of the little creatures when they came into the world, with stomachs distended, limbs misshapen, and we could hardly grasp the miracle that has been wrought.

When I realized how these babies had wound themselves around my heartstrings in so short a time, I knew the great love that was required on the part of the parents, particularly the mother, to sacrifice the joy of holding these babies in her arms that they might have a fuller life. All mothers will understand this.

Medals and Birds

Continued from page 23

stellar rating she is still warm and friendly to the people who "knew her when."

Fred Astaire gets a medal not only for his marvelous dancing but because he is a deft *farceur* and because, worse luck, there has never before been anyone on the screen like him.

Jean Harlow gets the rhododendrons because she is so unassuming despite her glamor and popularity, and because she is constantly improving as an actress.

Dick Powell receives a medal because he is one of the most popular stars in the business and because he is as simple and guileless as the day he hit Hollywood.

Barbara Stanwyck gets the lilacs because they remind me of her, because the collapse of her marriage hasn't turned her sour, because she is just as regular as she's always been, and lastly because she has made such a smashing comeback.

Pat O'Brien deserves a medal because he is not only a good actor but because he is one of the most hospitable people in the country.

For Claudette Colbert, the bed of Japanese tea roses because she is still one of the most beautiful actresses off-screen as well as on and because she has developed into such a fine comedienne.

A first rate medal to Gary Cooper because he goes right on developing as an actor, because he is still as friendly as he was five years ago, and because he is as unchanging as the Rock of Gibraltar.

Rochelle Hudson gets the bed of marigold because she has made the greatest strides of almost any girl I know this past year, because she is one of the sweetest and most beautiful girls I have ever met, and because she is one of my favorite people.

A medal for Tom Brown because I consider him the most versatile and outstanding juvenile in pictures and, at the moment, there are some mighty good ones in it.

The giant white chrysanthemums to Joan Bennett because she is one of the most charming and sophisticated women I know and because, despite her baby face, she has

one of the most subtle and biting senses of humor I've ever encountered.

The American Beauty roses to Sally Blane because she is probably the most beautiful girl I have ever seen anywhere and just as nice as she is beautiful.

A medal to Norman Foster because he is always in good humor, because nothing bothers him, and because he had the good sense to marry Sally when he had the chance.

Gosh! I feel another attack of hay-fever coming on. Quick, Watson, the needle, and open the door of the ice-box. It must be the dander on those cold-storage birds.

One to Grace Moore because from all reports she is so thoroughly disagreeable to the lesser people on her sets and because it is such a pity that, with her glorious voice, one cannot write nice things about her.

And one to Ruthie Chatterton because, after telling her about it in print at every opportunity, she's paid no attention and that grand lady air of hers has frayed my nerves to the tenuousness of a hair.

I feel better now, and we can get back to the hot-house.

A medal to Franchot Tone because I like him and because in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and "Mutiny on the Bounty" he turned in two of the finest performances I have ever seen.

Bette Davis gets the carnations because she has steadily improved and is now a darned good actress.

Charles Laughton rates a medal because he is such a swell actor and because he was so perfect in "Ruggles" and "Les Misérables" and "Mutiny"—but I wish he wouldn't play "Mr. Chips."

To Jean Arthur go the hollyhocks because, besides being a fine actress, she has had the courage to fight on in the face of bitter discouragement and because she made Hollywood take her and like her.

Eric Linden rates a medal because in "Ah, Wilderness" he turns in as good a performance as he did in "Are These Our Children?" (than which I can say no more) because he has just got a new contract with M-G-M and because he is one of the really talented juveniles in pictures.

A medal to Preston Foster because he had faith in himself and kept changing studios until he found one that had faith in him, too, and because since he's been getting good parts he is going ahead faster than almost any actor in Hollywood.

The baby breath goes to Anita Louise and Julie Haydon because they are so fragile-looking and yet capable of doing such big things.

A medal to George Brent because he is so regular, because he is a good actor, and because—chiefly because—he minds his own business.

I'd like to present a medal to Ronald Colman because, after all these years, he is still one of the most potent box-office draws in the business.

Arline Judge and Joan Blondell can split the petunias between them because there is no one who can deliver wisecracks as they do, because they read lines as though they were their own and not speeches they were reciting, and because they are two of the most devoted mothers in Hollywood.

Una Merkel gets the sweet peas because they are the only flower I know as sweet as Una, and because she goes right on making picture after picture and being funny in all of them.

Chester Morris gets one of the fanciest medals because when things weren't going so well he never turned bitter, and because he has made such a grand comeback.

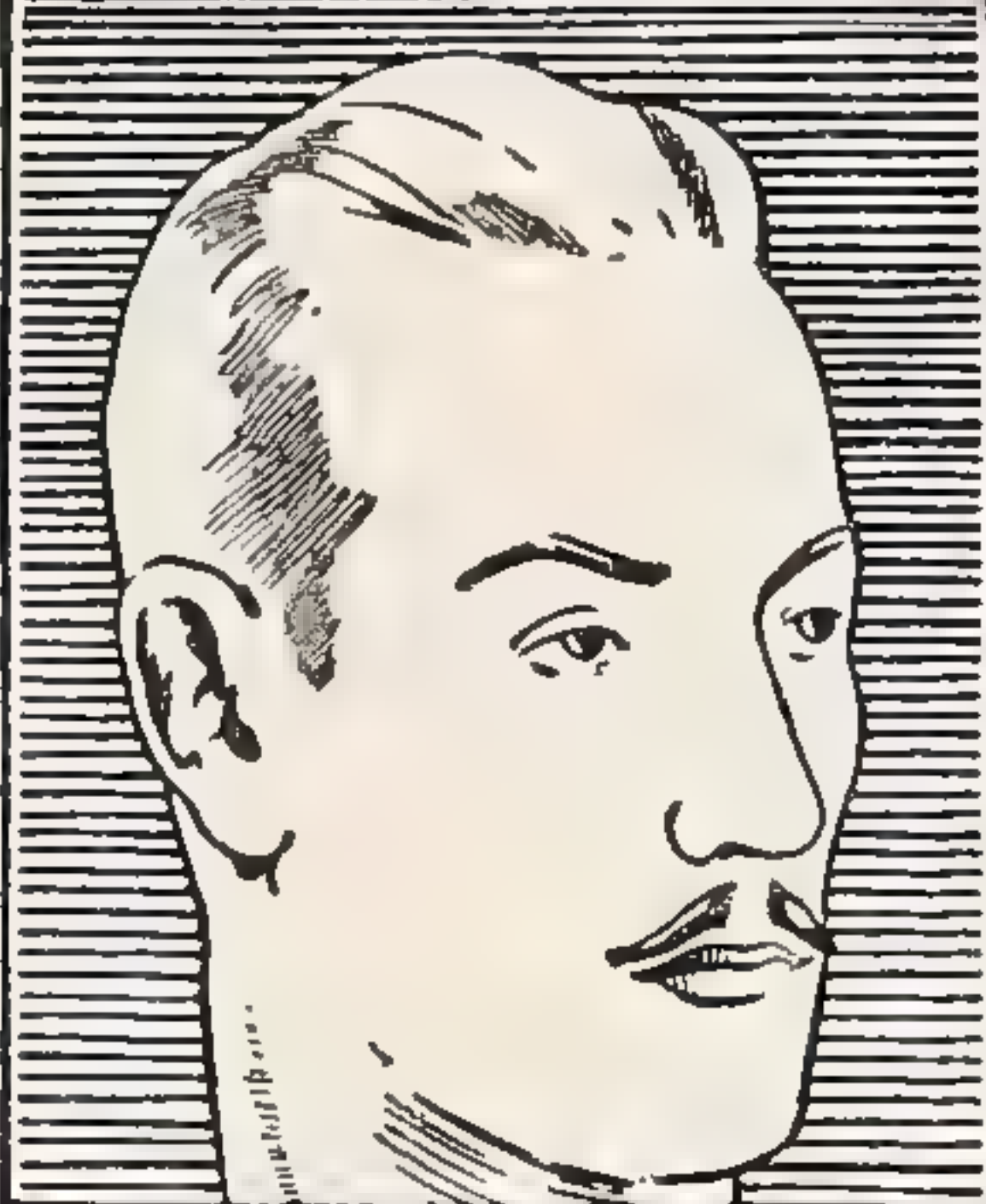
Luise Rainer deserves the bed of larkspur because she is one of the most promising foreigners ever brought to these States.

Edward Everett Horton gets a medal because he is one of the most consistently

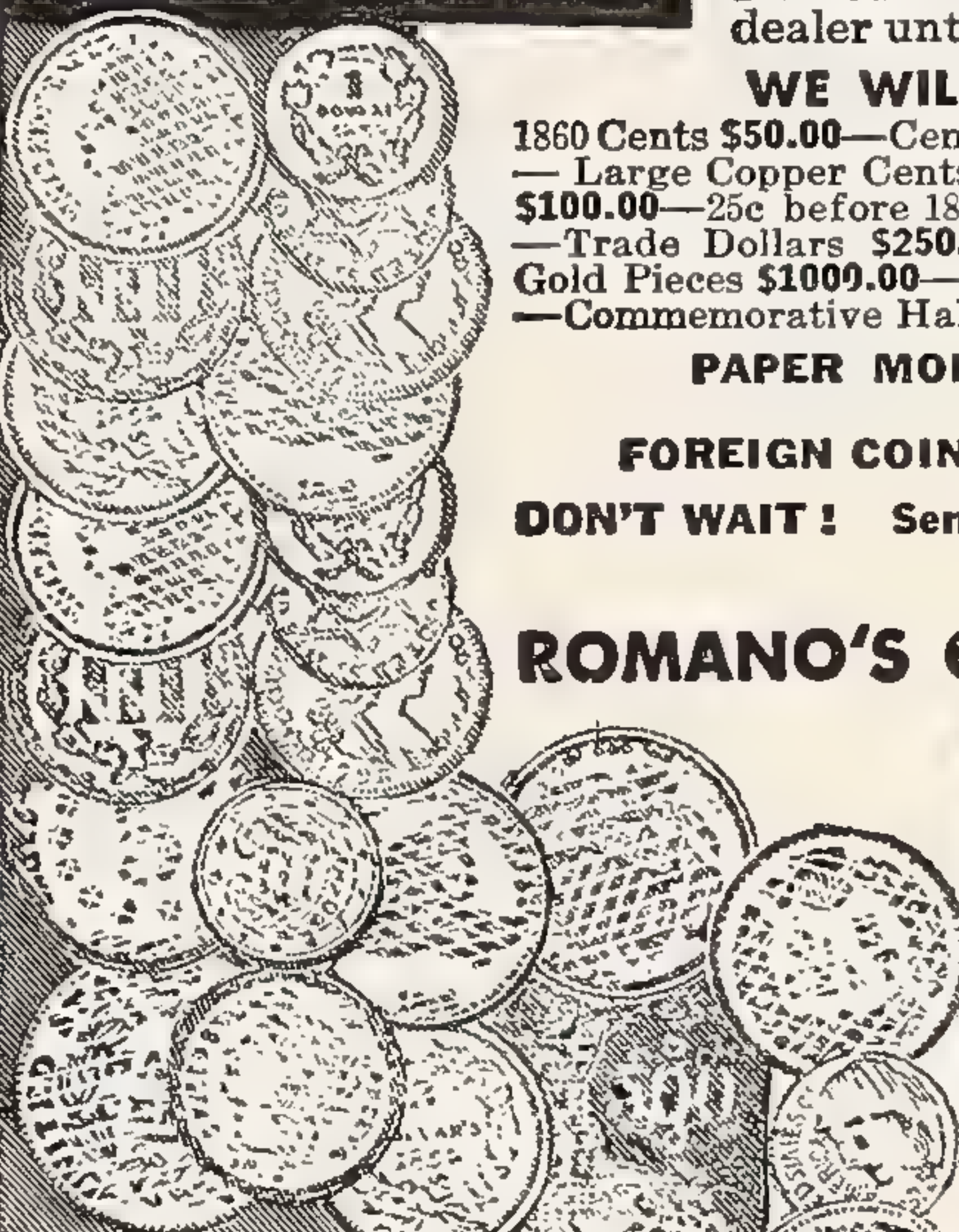
OLD MONEY WANTED

We Pay The World's Highest Prices

UP TO **\$5000.00** EACH



DON CORRADO ROMANO
founder of
ROMANO'S COIN SHOP



Amazing Profits
For Those Who Know
OLD MONEY!

BIG CASH PREMIUMS
FOR HUNDREDS OF COINS
NOW CIRCULATING

There are literally thousands of old coins and bills that we want at once and for which we will pay big cash

premiums. Many of these coins are now passing from hand to hand in circulation. Today or tomorrow a valuable coin may come into your possession. Watch your change. Know what to look for.

Don't sell your coins, encased postage stamps, or paper money to any other dealer until you have first seen the prices that we will pay for them.

WE WILL PAY FOR 1909 CENTS UP TO \$10.00 EACH

1860 Cents \$50.00—Cents of 1861, 1864, 1865, 1869, 1870, 1881, 1890, \$20.00 each—Half Cents \$250.00—Large Copper Cents \$2000.00—Flying Eagle Cents \$20.00—Half Dimes \$150.00—20c Pieces \$100.00—25c before 1873, \$300.00—50c before 1879, \$750.00—Silver Dollars before 1874, \$2500.00—Trade Dollars \$250.00—Gold Dollars \$1000.00—\$2.50 Gold Pieces before 1876, \$600.00—\$3 Gold Pieces \$1000.00—\$5 Gold Pieces before 1888, \$5000.00—\$10 Gold Pieces before 1908, \$150.00—Commemorative Half Dollars \$6.00—Commemorative Gold Coins \$115.00.

PAPER MONEY—Fractional Currency \$26.00. Confederate Bills \$15.00. Encased Postage Stamps \$12.00.

FOREIGN COINS—Certain Copper or Silver Coins \$15.00. Gold Coins \$150.00, etc.

DON'T WAIT! Send Dime Today for Our Large Illustrated List Before Sending Coins

ADDRESS YOUR ENVELOPE TO:

ROMANO'S COIN SHOP, Dept. 596, Springfield, Mass.

CUT, FILL OUT AND MAIL TODAY!

ROMANO'S COIN SHOP, Springfield, Mass.

Gentlemen: Please send me your large illustrated list for which I enclose 10c in cash carefully wrapped.
(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY.)

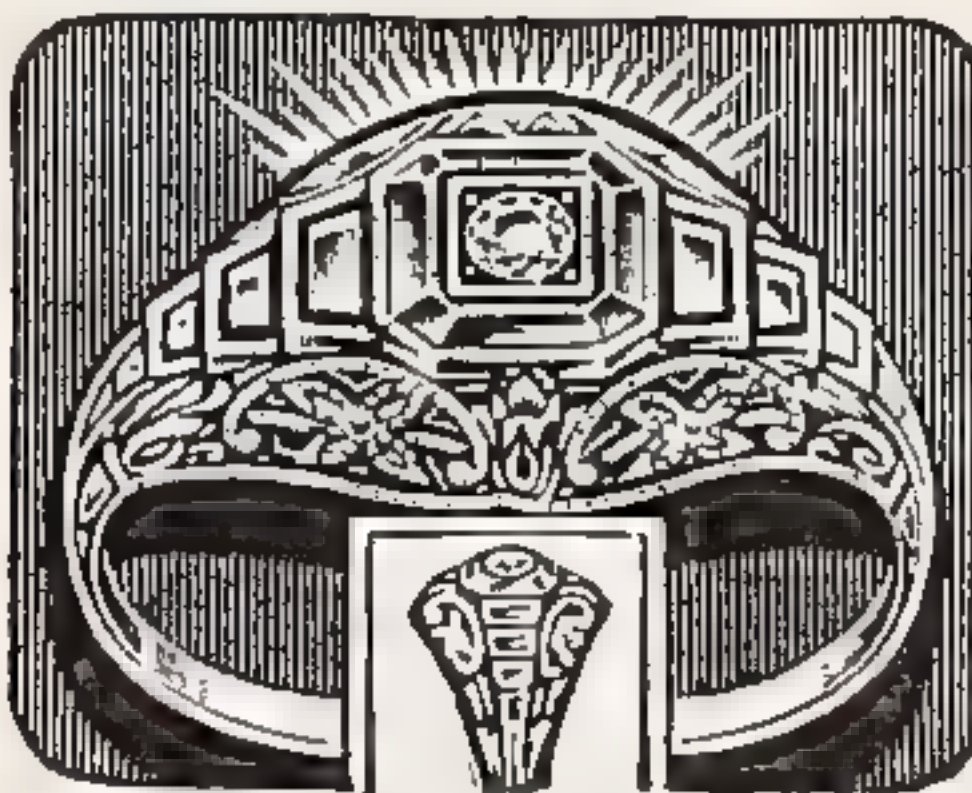
Dept. 596

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

GENUINE Blue White DIAMOND RING for YOU!



Get this New Art, Pierced Sterling Silver Mounted Genuine Diamond Ring Now. Just send your name and address (SEND NO MONEY). We Trust You with two 24 packet collections of Garden Seeds to be sold at 10 cent each. When sold, send money collected and Genuine Diamond Ring is yours. Write for seeds today. A POSTCARD WILL DO.

LANCASTER COUNTY SEED CO., Station 17, Paradise, Pa.

WANTED! ORIGINAL POEMS, SONGS

for immediate consideration
M. M. M. PUBLISHERS

Dept. SU

Studio Bldg.

PORTLAND, ORE.

CASH for EASY HOMEWORK

LADIES—ADDRESS ENVELOPES—

at home. Spare time. \$5.00 — \$15.00 weekly. Experience unnecessary. Dignified work. Send stamp for particulars.

HAWKINS

Dept. 32 Box 75
Hammond, Indiana

GLADIOLUS



2 Souvenir (Yellow), 2 Orange Queen (Orange), 2 Virginia (Red), 2 Purest of All (White), 2 Herada (Lavender), 2 Osalin (Pink). 12 Blooming Bulbs as 15c Above. Two Lots for 25c; 75 Mixed for 50c—Postpaid.
Regal Bulb Co., Dept. 11, Westport, Conn.

Alviene SCHOOL OF THE Theatre

(41st Yr.) Stage, Talkie, Radio. GRADUATES: Lee Tracy, Fred Astaire, Una Merkel, Zita Johann, etc. Drama, Dance, Musical Comedy, Teaching, Directing, Personal Development, Stock Theatre Training (Appearances). For Catalog, write Sec'y LAND, 66 W. 85 St., N. Y.

BACKACHES caused by MOTHERHOOD

Maternity puts a terrible strain on a woman's back muscles . . . frequently causes years of suffering. Allcock's Porous Plaster does wonders for such backaches. Draws the blood to painful spot. Pain goes quickly. Insist on Allcock's, the original. Lasts longer, comes off easy. 25¢ at druggists or write "Allcock Manufacturing Company, Ossining, New York."

ALLCOCK'S

TYPISTS WANTED

Typists earn extra money home typing authors manuscripts. Good pay. A real opportunity for those who really want to work. Send 3c stamp for details.

TYPISTS BUREAU, Dept. SU, Westfield, Mass.

Earn! \$50.00 to \$100.00 A Month Spare Time

No JOKE To BE DEAF



—Every deaf person knows that—Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night. They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires or batteries. Write for TRUE STORY. Also booklet on Deafness.



Artificial Ear Drum THE WAY COMPANY
755 Hofmann Bldg. Detroit, Michigan

WANTED!

Men and women to become EXPERT PHOTOGRAPHERS

An interesting, artistic, money-making career awaits you in this fast growing field. Instruction by world famous experts in every branch of Professional and Amateur photography. Earn while learning. Personal Attendance and Home Study courses. 26th year. FREE booklet. **NEW YORK INSTITUTE OF PHOTOGRAPHY**
10 West 33 Street (Dept. 60) New York



BUNIONS Reduced Quickly

Pain Stops At Once! Write for

Free Sample of Fairyfoot Treatment. No obligation. Dept. 3813 Fairyfoot Company 1223 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

TATTOO YOUR LIPS

with transparent South Sea red,
as the tropic enchantress does



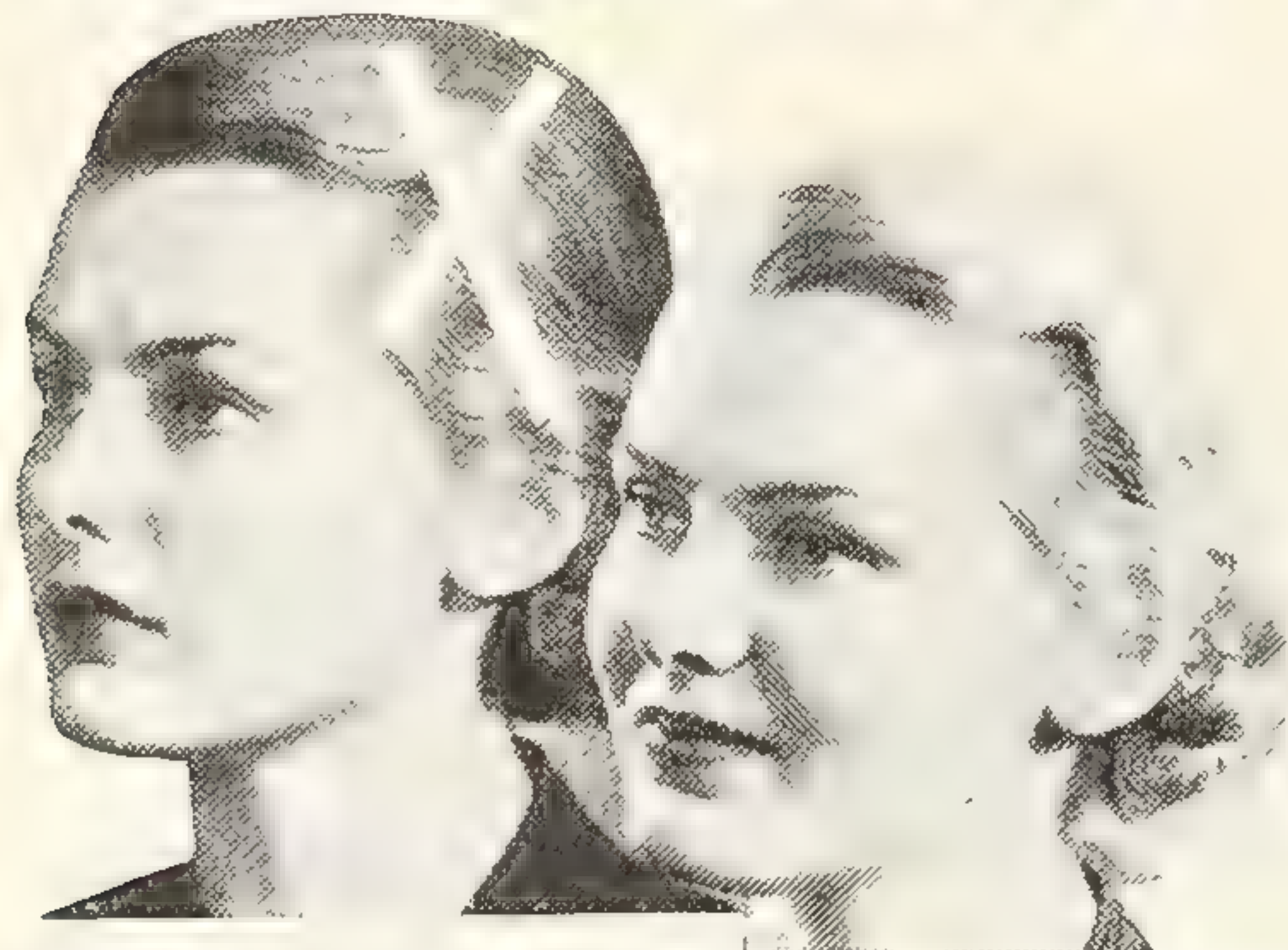
Pasteless, transparent, highly indelible color for lips... instead of pasty coating. That's TATTOO! Put it on like lipstick... let it set a moment... then wipe it off, leaving nothing on your lips but clear, tempting South Sea red that only time can remove... and that will give your lips a touch-thrilling softness they have never had before. Five luscious shades... each attuned to the spirit of red adventure! Make your choice at the Tattoo Color Selector by testing all five on your own skin. CORAL... EXOTIC... NATURAL... PASTEL... HAWAIIAN.



\$1 at drug and department stores

TATTOO

BLONDES with DARKENED HAIR



SHAMPOO-RINSE washes hair 2 to 4 shades lighter

BLONDES, has your hair darkened to an unattractive, brownish shade? Don't let it stay that way. Do what millions of other natural light blondes do. Bring back to dull, faded hair the fascinating, alluring lights so natural to the true blonde. Now the new shampoo-rinse, **BLONDEX**, washes hair 2 to 4 shades lighter—IN JUST ONE SHAMPOO. And safely, too, for Blondex is not a harsh chemical or dye. Try Blondex today. And once again have hair that gleams with radiance and beauty. Get the new shampoo-rinse today, **BLONDEX**. At any good drug or department store.

funny men on the screen and principally because he never resorts to slapstick to get laughs.

To Lily Pons and Gladys Swarthout go the lilies of the valley with my best wishes, because they have proved that a disagreeable temperament is not necessarily part of a high class singer's equipment and because they are beloved by all who work with them.

Henry Fonda gets a medal because, aside from being one of the year's outstanding discoveries, he is as modest as if he were the boy he played in "Way Down East."

Anne Shirley gets the asters because she is still my favorite ingénue.

Edward Arnold gets a medal because he is one of the very best character actors on the screen, because there is nothing "act-ory" about him, because he is appreciative of anything that's done for him, and because he is "just folks."

To Patricia Ellis and Olivia de Havilland go the sweet Williams because they are the most promising young actresses Warner Brothers have had in many a day.

The bed of violets is for Ruby Keeler because I don't know of another girl in Ruby's position as modest as she, and because there are few people in the business who seize on every possible occasion to make a nice gesture—as she does.

John Arledge gets one of the finest medals in the collection because every time he gets a decent part he turns in a super-fine performance; because after years of uncomplaining struggle he has landed a contract at R-K-O, and because nothing is going to stop him now from going to the top.

Gail Patrick gets the morning glories because she is the only one I know as fresh and unspoiled and lovely as they and because she is one of the most intelligent girls in Hollywood—or elsewhere.

Ida Lupino deserves the phlox because in a city noted for beautiful women she is one of the outstanding beauties, because she is one of the most delightfully nutty girls I've ever met, and because she speaks my language.

Fred MacMurray gets a medal because he is the most promising young actor on the Paramount lot.

Gertrude Michael gets the bed of mignonette because she is not only an interesting person but because if a vote were taken she would probably be elected the most popular girl in Hollywood among her co-workers.

Randy Scott gets a medal because when he got a chance at something besides Westerns he came through as I always prophesied he would.

And Frank Albertson and Wallace Ford get the last medals of the year because they work constantly, turn in consistently good performances, and are always in high spirits.

My word, Ella! I can't stand all this sweetness and goo with which these last few paragraphs have been saturated. There are three little birds lying helpless in the ice-box.

One goes to Miriam Hopkins because although she is quite charming socially she makes it awfully tough on the people she works with.

Another goes to Wallace Beery because he mugs more than any other two actors put together and because he nearly spoiled "Ah, Wilderness" for me.

The last and biggest goes to—you guessed it!—Hepburn because she makes herself more ridiculous than almost anyone I know with her vaunted craving for privacy and her actions that belie every word of it.

There! There isn't a stray frond of fern, a remnant of ribbon from the medals, or a drop of goose-grease left in the place. It's clean! So, until next year, God be with you—or should I say, "God Spare You."



Any complexion can be made clearer, smoother, younger with Mercolized Wax. This single cream is a complete beauty treatment.

Mercolized Wax absorbs the discolored blemished outer skin in tiny, invisible particles. Brings out the young, beautiful skin hidden beneath.

Just pat Mercolized Wax on your skin every night like cold cream. It beautifies while you sleep. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty.

USE Saxolite Astringent—a refreshing, stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines coarse pores, eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel.

TRY Phelactine—the "different" depilatory. Removes superfluous hair quickly and gently. Simple to use. Odorless.

At drug and department stores everywhere.

Wife Wins Fight with Kidney Acids

Sleeps Fine, Feels 10 Years Younger—Uses Guaranteed Cystex Test

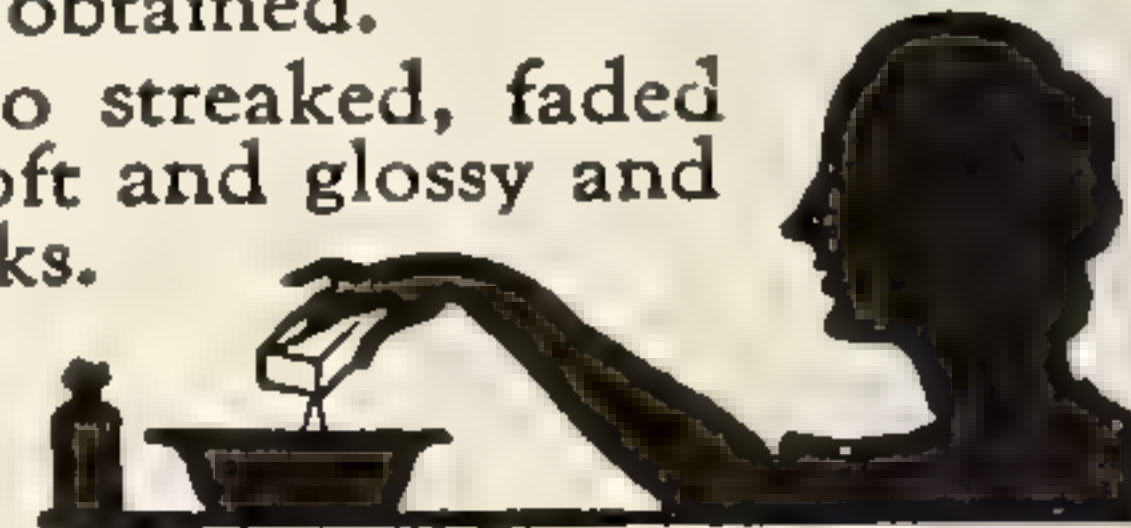


Thousands of women and men sufferers from poorly functioning Kidneys and Bladder have discovered a simple, easy way to sleep fine and feel years younger by combating Getting Up Nights, Backache, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Stiffness, Neuralgia, Burning, Smarting and Acidity due to poor Kidney and Bladder functions, by using a Doctor's prescription called Cystex (Siss-tex). Works fast, safe, and sure. In 48 hours it must bring new vitality, and is guaranteed to do the work in one week or money back on return of empty package. Cystex costs only 3c a dose at druggists. The guarantee protects you.

The Best GRAY HAIR Remedy is Made at Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.



LOSE FAT NEW—QUICK—SAFE Method Disclosed FREE!

A revolutionary new way has been discovered that makes it possible for you to lose 2 to 3 pounds per week without starvation diets—exercise or dangerous drugs. You simply supply the body with minerals in which many fat people are usually deficient—the cause of food turning into excess fat instead of being energy-consumed. Utterly harmless, yet produces amazing quick results. Write for FREE scientific facts; enclose 10c for generous trial supply of CAL-SLIM if you want to be on your way to attractive slenderness at once.

CAL-SLIM CO., 505 Fifth Ave., Dept. S-3, N. Y.

PIMPLES From External Causes

Relieve the sore, itchy spots and help heal the ugly defects with—the tested medication in

Resinol

Sample free. Resinol, Dept. 3a, Balto. Md.

Salutes and Snubs



Rivals? "There's glory enough for both of these grand little girls and talented troupers," say our letter writers, as they vote Shirley Temple and Jane Withers first choices for the niche of fame this month.

CALLS FOR A TRUCE

And now someone has started an argument as to the relative merits of Jane Withers and Shirley Temple! Personally, I wish they'd quit. I think Jane and Shirley are both lovely, and I wish they were both twins and that all four would make pictures.

Alice B. Wallace,
2253 Broderick St.,
San Francisco, Calif.

JANE'S ACTING ABILITY

It was a real treat to see a child actress make a hit solely because of her natural ability to act, regardless of the fact that she can hardly be called beautiful. Such is the case with Jane Withers, a real competitor to Shirley Temple.

Anne Chesler,
2070 Emerson St.,
Denver, Colo.

SHIRLEY'S SCREEN DAD

Shirley Temple's screen daddies are too sugary. Can't M-G-M and Fox get together and let Wallace Beery play Dad to Shirley just for the sake of entertainment? I think he could do it and make it believable.

Marion Sinclair,
10411-93rd St.,
Edmonton, Alberta,
Canada.

SAYS IT "HAPPENS" TOO OFTEN

Since "It Happened One Night," half the films could be called "It Happens Every Night." Now every character, from grandma to the parrot, is an adept at ultra-bright repartee. "It Happened One Night" deserved its awards. Its producers should be regaled with medals, and advised to take it easy and not be starting things nobody can stop.

Anne Crawford,
Clarendon, Tex.

THE CREAM OF THE CROP

Just notice the trend toward character-acting where a star must live his part.

From good old Lionel Barrymore down the line, including George Arliss, Charles Laughton, Paul Muni, Edward G. Robinson, Katharine Hepburn, Ann Harding, Sylvia Sidney, Fredric March, Paul Lukas, Wallace Beery, Claude Rains, Edward Arnold, Freddie Bartholomew—all genuine actors.

Sylvia Tucker,
650 Palisade Ave.,
Jersey City, N. J.

MUTINY MARCHES ON

Reading that Charles Laughton was seasick while filming "Mutiny on the Bounty," I sympathized. His cruelty was so realistic that it made me sick, too. My best beau, disgusted with me, threatens to take me only to Shirley Temple films. Now I'm sicker than ever!

Betty McLean,
Hillsboro, Ill.

DESIGN FOR ENTERTAINMENT

Things I'd like to see: Garbo in a Frank Capra production. A Jessie Matthews-Fred Astaire musical. Merle Oberon as *Fleur Forsyte* in "The Forsyte Saga." Anna Sten as a modern young girl. Hepburn as *Joan of Arc*. Edward Robinson as *Napoleon* with Kay Francis as *Empress Josephine*.

Wiley Ballard,
208 North Caldwell St.,
Charlotte, N. C.

Read what others say, then
speak your own mind here!

This is your forum, the meeting place for you to express your thoughts about pictures and picture people. You'll find no more interesting, varied, and vivacious discussions about the screen and its stars than right in these letters from the film-goers; and you'll find no greater thrill than putting your own thoughts on record here for all to read. Write your opinions in a letter to this department. Please limit your letter to 50 words, and address it to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

**THE DRAMA OF
A MAN who changed
the map of the world!**

...diamond owners
bid for wives in
matrimonial auction

At
seventeen
an invalid with
one year to live...
In South Africa he con-
quered death...Wrested
wealth from the diamond
fields...Made himself Diamond
King of the world...Conquered
savage Zulus and Matabeles...
Brought civilization to the jun-
gle...And a great new romance
to adventure and buried treasure.

**WALTER
HUSTON**
in
**"RHODES,
the
EMPIRE
BUILDER"**

Coming soon
to your favorite
theatre

A PRODUCTION

I Like Golden Glint!



It's Farewell to Dull, Drab Hair

● "I've discovered a simple and easy way of putting sparkling life into my hair — Golden Glint. It awakened those hidden undertones, making my hair more lovely and alive than I'd ever dreamed it could be."

● Golden Glint will bring out the youthful golden tints of your hair, too. Try it tonight — you'll be delighted!



Send for free sample — Golden Glint Co., Inc.
Seattle. Offer expires May 1, 1936

GOLDEN GLINT

RINSE (Two "tiny-tint" rinses) **SHAMPOO** (One shampoo and one "tiny-tint" rinse)

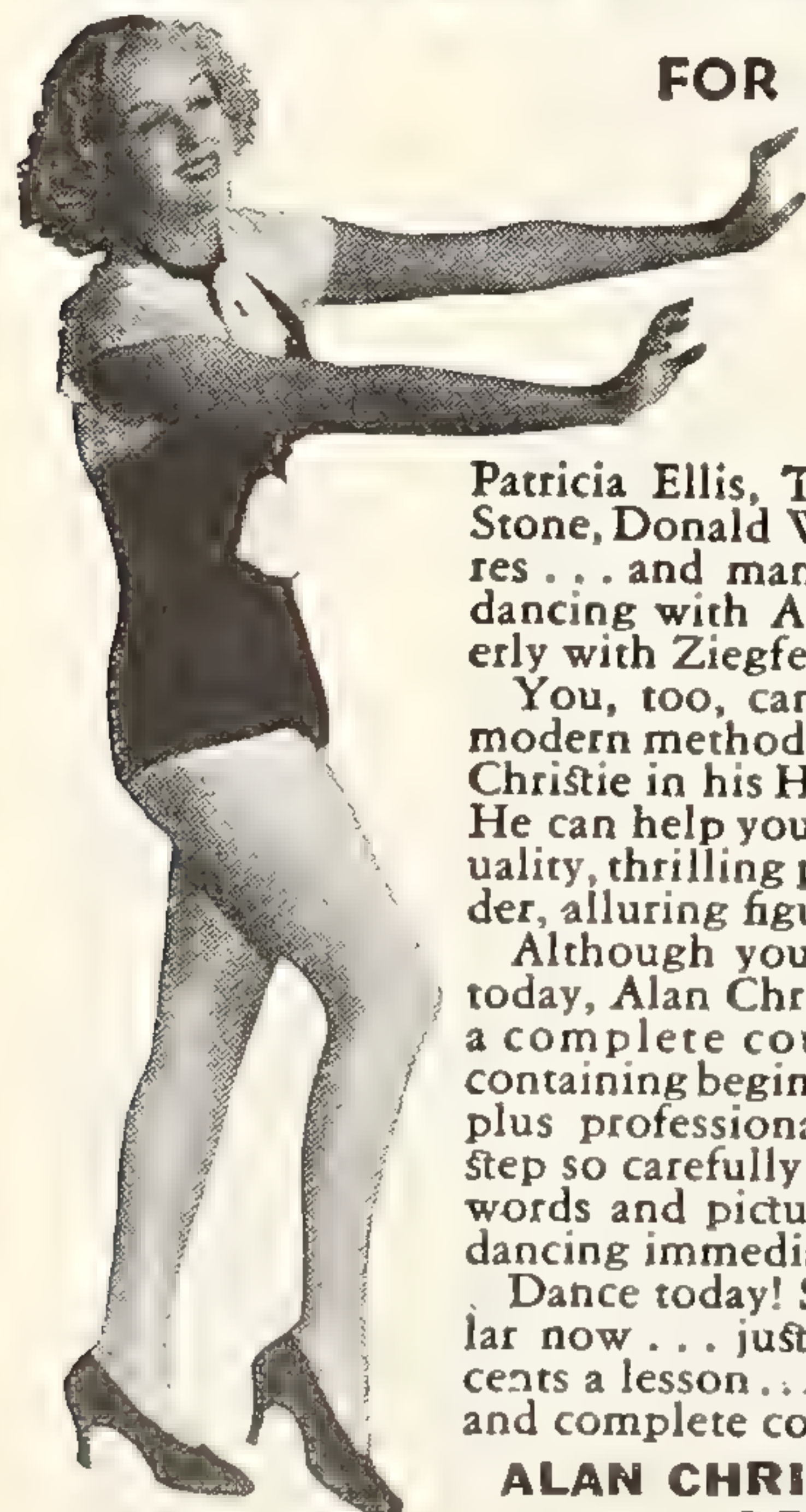
"Brightens every shade of hair"

NERVE TROUBLES

Do symptoms of Constipation, Indigestion, Dizzy Spells, Sweating and Sleeplessness keep you irritable, exhausted and gloomy? Medicines, tonics or drugs probably will not relieve your weak, sick nerves. My wonderful book "Watch Your Nerves" explains a new method that will help you regain lost vitality and healthy nerves. Send 25c to ROBERT HOLMES, 103 Fuller Bldg., Jersey City, N. J.

LEARN TAP DANCING from Alan Christie TEACHER of the STARS

FOR ONLY \$



Patricia Ellis, Tom Brown, Paula Stone, Donald Wood, Raquel Torres . . . and many others study tap dancing with Alan Christie, formerly with Ziegfeld and Shubert.

You, too, can capitalize on the modern methods now used by Alan Christie in his Hollywood Studios. He can help you win vivid individuality, thrilling popularity . . . a slender, alluring figure.

Although you can't dance a step today, Alan Christie will send you a complete course in one book containing beginner's fundamentals plus professional tap tricks. Each step so carefully explained in both words and pictures that you begin dancing immediately.

Dance today! Send only one dollar now . . . just imagine only ten cents a lesson . . . for this thorough and complete course.

ALAN CHRISTIE STUDIO
DEPT. A
1749 NORTH LA BREA
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

The Great Powell

Continued from page 30

that you had to learn the art of listening before you could become a good actress? Myrna is the best 'listener' I know."

Well, just as I had decided to consult the Borgias about a tasty little poison for Myrna, the telephone rang again—it had been ringing all afternoon. I never saw a movie star get as many calls in an afternoon as Bill Powell except, perhaps, Carole Lombard. And when they were married and sharing the same telephone, really, it must have been Something Awful. It seems that Mr. Hunt Stromberg, producer, wanted Bill to stand by for another fortnight for retakes on "The Great Ziegfeld" and it seems that Bill wanted a vacation—he hasn't had a vacation in years and he needs a vacation. First of all he planned to go to China with Walter Lang, but he has to be back at RKO by the middle of February for a picture, so that kills that. Then he planned to take a boat trip to South America—(something tells me that our Willie has been checking over phone numbers and photographs of señoritas with Clark Gable)—and then when that was out he planned a boat trip through the canal to New York where he would visit the Dick Barthelmesses who are living there while Dick does a Broadway play. Bill hasn't been in New York, the scene of his early poverty and frustrations, since 1930, and he'd really enjoy a trip there if he can go by boat, but if he has to stand by two weeks for retakes the nearest he'll get to a boat will be an old rowboat in Westlake Park. As far as I could gather, Mr. Stromberg won.

Bill had been playing tennis with a professional for two hours straight before I came but wasn't the least tired out. He has never looked to me like the Athletic Type but when he gets on that tennis court with Ronnie Colman or Warner Baxter on the other side of the net he is Battling Bill himself. Right now he is taking strenuous tennis "work-outs" because he has the idea that he is getting fat. He really isn't, but it's something for him to worry about and Bill wouldn't be Bill if he didn't worry. He is one of the foremost Worriers in Hollywood. But he always worries with a sense of humor, so he never gets to be a bore or a problem child. He's really getting a big kick out of worrying over the Powell estate which he will assure you will make a pauper out of him any day now, but my secret opinion is that Bill loves that place, is tickled pink over it, and wouldn't sell it for anything. After he had shown me through the house that afternoon and I was taking my departure, (I don't know when I've had so much fun), Bill leaned against the door jamb and started laughing. He said, "It all reminds me of that cartoon in the *New Yorker* of the little man with quite a puzzled look on his face standing in the middle of an immense room filled with statues reaching up to the ceilings. The caption of the cartoon is: 'I started it as a book-end but it got away from me.' Well, believe it or not, I started to build a simple little country house with five rooms and gingham curtains—but it got away from me."

Perhaps there is something "low" in my nature, there has been a lot of talk, but it is always the playroom of a house that intrigues me most—not the formal drawing-room, (which is just as well in this case as Bill's formal drawing-room hasn't taken form yet), nor the dining-room, nor the library, nor the bedrooms—but always the playroom. Just a play girl at heart, I suppose. I have "made" quite a few playrooms in Hollywood in my time but I don't think I have ever liked one as much as Bill Pow-

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rinin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c at all drug stores.

"A Woman may Marry whom She Likes!"



—said Thackeray. This great author knew the power of women—better than most women do. Men are helpless in the hands of women who really know how to handle them. You have such powers. You can develop and use them to win a husband, a home and happiness. Read the secrets of "Fascinating Womanhood"—a daring book which shows how women attract men by using the simple laws of man's psychology.

Don't let romance and love pass you by. Send us only 10c and we will send you the booklet entitled "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood"—an interesting synopsis of the revelations in "Fascinating Womanhood." Sent in plain wrapper. Psychology Press, Dept. 86-C, 585 Kingsland Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

ASTHMA—HAY FEVER BRONCHITIS - SINUS - CATARRH

A famous New York physician of 30 years experience, former chief, for 14 years, of Ear, Nose, Throat Clinic of a noted New York City Hospital, desires to inform millions of sufferers about results obtained from his successful home treatment. No injections for Asthma and Hay fever. No operation for Sinus. Write for Free Trial Medicine, literature and symptom chart. Send 10c in stamps or coin to defray costs of packing and mailing.

FREE TRIAL

D. Friedman, M.D., Department D-3
815 S. Hill St., Los Angeles, Cal.

KNO GRAY ENDS GRAY HAIR

If you are dissatisfied with your hair inquire for unique method KNOGRAY. Entirely different from anything you have known. Any shade from one bottle. Not a restorer. Colors roots perfectly. Free Booklet. MADAME TURMEL, Dept. 14A, 256 W. 31 St., New York

NEURITIS Relieve Pain In 9 Minutes

To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in 9 minutes, get the Doctor's Prescription **NURITO**. Absolutely safe. No opiates, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—must relieve your pain in nine minutes or money back at Drug-gist's. Don't suffer. Use guaranteed **NURITO** today.

MAKE \$18.00 WEEKLY at HOME

ADDRESSING and MAILING POSTCARDS and LETTERS. Experience unnecessary. Steady work. Supply furnished. **START NOW**. Complete particulars send 10c to cover mailing expenses.

NATIONAL INDUSTRIES,

17 Locust, Dept. 22A, Springfield, Mass.

ITCH STOPPED IN ONE MINUTE

Are you tormented with the itching tortures of eczema, rashes, athlete's foot, eruptions, or other skin afflictions? For quick and happy relief, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D. Prescription. 40 years world-wide success. Its gentle oils soothe the irritated skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at any drug stores, proves it—or money back.

D.D.D. Prescription

ell's. Perhaps because it is so much like Bill. I recall once discussing Bill Powell with Director Woody Van Dyke. "What's Bill really like?" I asked. "Bill," said Van Dyke who directed "The Thin Man"—"is as near the character he played in that picture as it is possible for a man to be. You have no idea how much of that dialogue that drew such raves from the fans was *ad libbed* by William. You remember that opening shot of him where he is shaking up a shaker of martinis? Well, he was clowning on the set and was doing that scene so much better than it was written that I had him *ad lib* the whole scene—though we brought down fire and brimstone on our heads later from the old diehards who insisted that a good martini should be stirred and not shaken. Oh, that Bill Powell is a grand guy."

But to return to the playroom, and if I only could every day, I'm no interior decorator, so expect no fine points of artistic detail from me, I'm only interested in it as it reflects the *Thin Man's* sense of humor. Behind the very attractive bar where one ordinarily finds a bar stool for the bartender is a love seat which leads me to believe that Master Willie shakes up most of the cocktails for his guests while Jeanie looks on. Near the bar is a picture of a distinguished old man with hoary locks—an old man, say of eighty, but with quite a familiar look about his eyes.

"You don't recognize him?" said Bill, "it's Dick. Dick Barthelmess. It was painted by one of his fans in 1930—a beautiful boy with nice glowing apple cheeks, and lovely waving hair. Dick gave it to me for my birthday that year with a note on it to the effect that the portrait was a shining example of what good clean living would do for one. I hung it over the bar. Every time Dick dropped in for a drink I would take my brush in hand—oh, I'm quite an artist in my way—and add a few circles under the eyes and a little blotch to the apple cheeks. I kept this up until *Tol'able David* had bags practically down to his neck and a series of double chins. Dick finally got fed up with the whole thing, stole the picture one night when I wasn't looking, had a professional painter repaint it until it looked like a jolly old man of eighty—and then gave it back to me.

"And this bit of art," said Bill showing me one of the most horrible things I have ever seen," is this year's Christmas present from Ronnie Colman." It was a picture of two babies, horrible, unhealthy looking

babies with rows and rows of curls on their heads made out of human hair. You have no idea how awful. On the white mat was written, "From one art lover to another—Ronnie."

Bill and Dick and Ronnie, I suppose you know already, are the "Three Musketeers" of Hollywood, "all for one and one for all." They never get tired of kidding each other and playing jokes on each other, but if it ever came to the acid test each would be glad to lay down his life for the other. Their friendship is really a beautiful thing in Hollywood where friendship is usually here today and gone tomorrow.

One of the big thrills Bill and Dick and Ronnie get out of life still is packing off on a boat together and going some place. "But with Ronnie working all the time, and Dick married," Bill complained, "it's getting more and more difficult for us to get away at the same time."

Next to Dick and Ronnie, Bill's best pals are Walter Lang, director, and Warner Baxter. Warner is his favorite tennis opponent, and at the end of a hard day at the studio there's nothing like dropping in at Walter's for cocktails, dinner, and a whole batch of laughs. Often Carole Lombard is there, and humor simply goes mad all over the place. Despite all rumors to the contrary Bill and Carole, the ex-Mrs. Powell, no longer have "dates" together. Carole seems to be rather interested these days in Robert Riskin, writer, and Jean still seems to be the leading lady in Mr. Powell's off-stage scenes.

Oh yes, the playroom. Across one side of the room is a huge fire-place large enough to roast a pig on a spit. And that's exactly what Bill likes to do. And when the pig is roasted to a turn everybody draws up to the fireplace and starts an attack on it without benefit of knives and forks, just a good old Anglo-Saxon custom.

Of course you can't be around Bill's house very long before he starts showing you his gadgets. He invented most of them himself and is as proud of them as a small boy with his first electric train. By the side of his bed are more buttons than grandmother used to wear on her Sunday foulard. Bill pushes one of them and the massive front gates close by radio control, (I just can't wait until a car gets caught in them some day). He pushes another and he can hear what is being said at the gates, (and I hope he heard what I said when I was leaving). Another button



Dick Powell and Joan Blondell (Mr. and Mrs. isn't the name yet, but will it be in the near future?), and Mr. and Mrs. James Cagney, are seen here as they met at one of the recent Hollywood social gatherings.

Wide World

I CAN'T GET
OVER HOW
SKINNY YOU
WERE A FEW
WEEKS AGO

NOW I KNOW
THERE IS NO
EXCUSE FOR
BEING SKINNY

Amazing Gains in Weight with New "7-Power" Ale Yeast Discovery

EVEN if you never could gain, remember thousands have put on solid, naturally attractive flesh this new, easy way—in just a few weeks!

Not only has this new discovery brought normal, good-looking pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Scientists recently discovered that thousands of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now the richest known source of this marvelous body-building, digestion-strengthening Vitamin B is ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of blood-building iron in pleasant little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to build you up, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Then, day after day, as you take them, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. Constipation and indigestion from the same cause vanish, skin clears to normal beauty—you're a new person.

Try it—guaranteed

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time, and note the marvelous change. See if they don't build you up in just a few weeks, as they have thousands of others. If not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 263, Atlanta, Ga.

LOSE FAT

By Safe
**FOOD
METHOD**
No More
Drugs!

Just like
Eating Candy!

At last! You can reduce SAFELY by the new FOOD METHOD...no dangerous drugs. Losing fat with SLENDRETS is like eating candy! But unlike candy, delicious SLENDRETS take fat off, quickly! You lose weight by a safe new FOOD PRINCIPLE which converts accumulated fat into energy. You feel better, look years younger! SLENDRETS contain no drugs...no dangerous dinitrophenol, no thyroid. Not laxative.

Read How Others Lost Fat: "I reduced 48 lbs., look 10 years younger," writes Mrs. Sims, Iowa. "36 lbs. of fat gone. Never felt better," writes Miss Angell, N. Y. "Lost 5 lbs. this week, leaves no flabby skin," writes Miss Nolan, Calif.

REDUCE QUICKLY...or NO COST!

If you are not entirely satisfied with the wonderful results from the very first package, you get your money back in full. You can't lose one cent.

ACT ON THIS OFFER TODAY!

Don't give FAT another day's start...but be sure you reduce the safe SLENDRETS Food Method Way. Don't use drugs! Send \$1 for generous-supply package containing 84 SLENDRETS. Or, \$5 for 6 packages. (Currency, Money Order, Stamps, or C.O.D.) Sent to you in plain wrapper.

Scientific Medicinal Products Co. Dept. S336
Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Calif.

Please send me on your money-back offer

- ☐ The \$1 package containing 84 SLENDRETS
☐ 6 packages of SLENDRETS for \$5
(Enclose payment. Or if C.O.D. send 10c fee)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



Eunice Skelly SAYS
"YOU CAN REALLY LOOK
YEARS YOUNGER!"

Foremost Authority on Face Rejuvenation. Your face, not your birthday, tells your age. Look young! This amazing new YOUTH METHOD drops years from your apparent age, corrects oily or dry skin, overcomes wrinkles and flabbiness.

10 DAY INTENSIVE TREATMENT \$1

produces thrilling results. Special 1936 introductory offer. Send today Check, Money Order, C. O. D. if preferred.

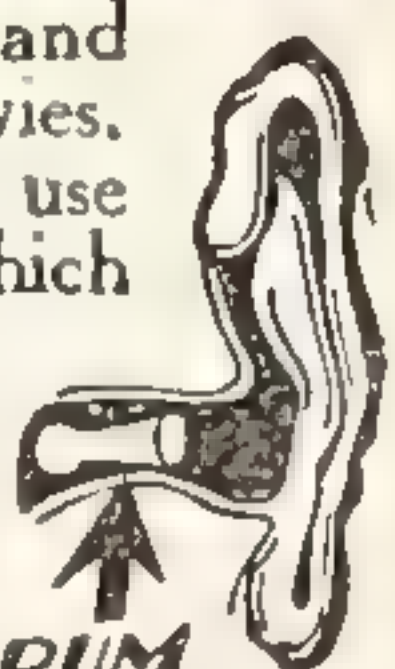
FREE with or without order, her beauty booklet, "How to Look Years Younger and Grow More Beautiful as You Grow Older".

EUNICE SKELLY, Salon of Eternal Youth
Suite V-3, Park Central, 56th St. & 7th Ave., N. Y.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY



Many people with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy Conversation, Movies, Church and Radio, because they use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.



A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 178, 70 5th Ave., New York

starts the radio. Another throws the sound of the radio to the playroom, another gets Denver, another gets China—and really, not having a technical mind I cannot do justice to Mr. Powell's gadgets and will have to leave them to my betters to describe for you, but I was that amazed.

Speaking of radio control gates recalls to mind my favorite picture of Bill Powell, the one I shall carry with me to my dying day. It seems that Jean Harlow also has radio control gates and one rainy night during her recent illness she phoned Bill at the studio to bring her some ice cream on his way home. But she forgot to tell the butler to open the gates. So when Bill drove up to the Harlow estate in his little Ford there was no way in the world he could open those gates, or get through those gates. After contemplating climbing them, and deciding not to, Bill merely sat down on the running-board of his car and casually ate the ice cream while the rain trickled down his neck. He was just scooping out the last sliver of chocolate when I passed by.

When Van Dyke said that Bill was exactly like the *Thin Man* he made one mistake. Bill is no detective. He has tried awfully hard to be but he never can solve anything. "It used to be very embarrassing," Bill said, "when I was making all those *Philo Vance* pictures and I would go to parties and immediately the hostess caught one glimpse of me she'd shout, 'We'll play *Murder* and Bill can be the district attorney!' Huh, I wasn't even clever enough to catch the criminal when I committed the crime myself. The game of *Murder* and my character of *Philo Vance* practically ruined my social career."

Bill's humor is the spontaneous, intelligent kind that is terribly difficult to repeat. He can have you in stitches all afternoon, as he did me, but still when you leave Bill you can't repeat anything he said and have it sound as utterly amusing. Like most actors he has his moods, good and bad. When he's in a good mood he will give you the world, but when he's in a bad mood methinks you had better keep a mile away. He is always charming to his leading ladies but never falls in love with them. He is adored by everyone on the set but strange to say they treat him with respect. Usually if an actor become palsy walsy with the picture crew they "Toots" him all over the place, and the stage manager will say, "It's only good old Bill, give him a canvas dressing-room, he won't mind." But no, it's Mr. Powell from his fellow workers, and Mr. Powell gets the best dressing-room on the lot. Still he's the "pet" of the Metro studio, especially with the publicity department. He is crazy about poker and plays a good stiff game with the boys, but he can't stand bridge and immediately he gets caught in a bridge game with a bunch of old fussies he begins to clown and makes life so miserable for them that they call the whole thing off after the first rubber. He calls his mother "Nettie" and she and his father and aunt live in a house next door to his. He's a left-handed tennis player and also writes with his left hand. He has a son ten years old, Bill, Jr., whom he thinks is going to be a producer because he takes a great interest in the price of pictures. When Bill, Sr., was a boy in high school he re-wrote Shakespeare, in fact his re-write of "Twelfth Night" should have been one of the classics of literature. Strange to say they are still using the Shakespeare edition and not the Powell abridged edition. Now he has lost all desire to re-write anything, and criticizes the lines tossed to him by the scenario department less than any other actor in Hollywood. He loves to travel but can't bear to travel alone.

I like to travel, too, and I can't bear to travel alone. Dear me, there must be something I can do about Loy and Harlow.

SCHOOL OF THE THEATRE

"A Stepping Stone to the Movies"

Two year complete practical course trains you for career on stage, screen or radio. Many big names in pictures today acknowledge their success to Pasadena Playhouse training. These include Robert Young, Victor Jory, Douglass Montgomery, Gloria Stuart, Onslow Stevens, Ann Shirley, and others. If you wish to prepare sincerely for a career in the theatre or pictures, write for catalog and copy of "A Stepping Stone to the Movies". Address General Manager.

GILMOR BROWN, Director CHAS. F. PRICKETT, Gen. Mgr.

PASADENA COMMUNITY PLAYHOUSE ASSN
32-S-EL MOLINO AVE-PASADENA-CALIF

GREEN MOUNTAIN ASTHMATIC COMPOUND has brought quick relief to thousands for whom other remedies failed

Asthmatic paroxysms are quickly soothed and relieved by the pleasant smoke vapor of Dr. Guild's Green Mountain Asthmatic Compound. Standard remedy at all druggists. Powder, 25¢ and \$1. Cigarettes, 50¢ for 24. Write for FREE TRIAL package of 6 cigarettes. The J. H. Guild Co., Dept. WW10, Rupert, Vt.

PSORIASIS

Don't suffer with this ugly, scaly skin affliction. PSOR-IATEX, the guaranteed treatment, relieves the most chronic cases, no matter how long afflicted. Positive relief guaranteed or money refunded. Write for free information. Don't delay. PSOR-IATEX LAB., INC. Dept. O-20, Real Estate Trust Bldg., Phila., Pa.

TYPISTS

If you COULD use \$15 to \$20 weekly, while not employed, or earned in spare time, at home, send us your name and 3c stamp, at once, for proposition typing manuscripts for authors. It is easy work, well paid, and earnings are according to time you can devote. Write

NATIONAL STORY SCOUTS

Box 5608—Dept. A

Cleveland

Ohio

KILL THE HAIR ROOT



The Mahler method positively prevents hair from growing again. Safe, easy, permanent. Use it privately, at home. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success. Backed by 35 years of successful use all over the world. Send 6c in stamps TODAY for Illustrated Booklet.

We Teach Beauty Culture

D.J. MAHLER CO., Dept. 296C, Providence, R.I.

Learn Profitable Profession in 90 days at Home

Salaries of Men and Women in the fascinating profession of Swedish Massage run as high as \$40 to \$70 per week but many prefer to open their own offices. Large incomes from Doctors, hospitals, sanitariums, clubs and private patients come to those who qualify through our training. Reducing alone offers rich rewards for specialists. Anatomy charts and supplies are given with our course. Write for details

National College of Massage & Physio-Therapy, 20 N. Ashland Avenue, Dept. 382, Chicago, Ill.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Earn Extra Money Home Spare Time ADDRESS ENVELOPES. Do Sewing Work, List names. Many other kinds of work offered. Send 3c stamp for full complete details.

\$50.00
to
\$100.00
a month.

WOMEN'S AID BUREAU, Dept. SU, 276 High St., Holyoke, Mass.

SONGS FOR TALKING PICTURES BIG ROYALTIES

paid by Music Publishers and Talking Picture Producers. Free booklet describes most complete song service ever offered. Hit writers will revise, arrange, compose music to your lyrics or lyrics to your music, secure U. S. copyright, broadcast your song over the radio. Our sales department submits to Music Publishers and Hollywood Picture Studios. WRITE TODAY for FREE BOOKLET. UNIVERSAL SONG SERVICE, 604 Meyer Bldg., Western Avenue and Sierra Vista, Hollywood, California

Alphabet Scoop

Continued from page 63

horse during production of a motion picture. Edwina Booth has suffered a lingering illness following her return from Africa, supposedly from a disease picked up on the dark continent.

Odd and sundry are the uses of the alphabet on the part of the screen stars. For instance, there are *Lilian* Harvey and *Lillian* Bond, but no matter how you spell it, it's still the old-fashioned Lillian in pronunciation. *Evelyn* Brent spells her name with an *E*, but *Evalyn* Knapp exchanges that letter for an *A*. James and Josephine find their last name does very well spelled *D-u-n-n*, but Irene tacks an *E* on the end for some reason. *Carole* Lombard does the same with her first name. Mae *Clarke* appended an extra vowel, too. Helen *Hayes* inserted an *E* into her name; perhaps she will confess why some day. *Adolphe* Menjou indulges a temperamental fit if you spell it *A-d-o-l-p-h*. What, no *E*! Then, of course, there are *Bette* Davis and *Betty* Compson, *Marian* Nixon and *Marion* Davies, *Laurence* Olivier and *Lawrence* Grant, and *Mae* Clarke and *May* McAvoy.

A few of the stars have "miserly" points of view on their names. Sue *Carol* is far more conservative than Nancy *Carroll*. *Fredric* March pares his first name to fundamentals. Warren Williams decided he is a singular person, so he now calls himself Warren *William*. *Ba*clanova re-

duced her name by completely eliminating her given appellation. Metro followed by billing Greta merely "Garbo," and Paramount did likewise with Dietrich.

Contrary to the frugality displayed by those stars, there are such wasters as Johnny *Weissmuller*, Carl *Laemmle* and Anna Q. *Nilsson*, who display a shocking disregard for thrift by using respectively an extra *S*, *M*, and *S* in their names.

Many appellations are quite applicable to the individuals that bear them. Bessie *Love* fell in love and married. Blanche *Sweet* is very much so. Irene *Rich* is. So is Loretta *Young*. Alice *White* is not black.

On the other hand Sally *Starr* never achieved stardom. If we reverse her first and last names, Marion Nixon, who wed twice, certainly can't advise *nix on marry-in*. And Owen *Moore* is wealthy and owes nobody.

If you've enjoyed this little resume of ALPHABET SCOOP, assemble your friends some rainy afternoon and tell them how to play it. Then give them pencils and paper and see how many interesting name-facts they can discover.

In closing, may I point out that the most flagrant waste is exhibited by a lovely blonde star—while Dorothy Tree is satisfied with just that, Helen had to be Twelvetreese!

Tagging the Talkies

Continued from page 15

Chatterbox

RKO-Radio

A little picture with lots of charm, sweetness, and simplicity. Anne Shirley as a small-town Hepburn, beautifully unsophisticated, yearns for the stage against the wishes of her stern grandfather. Phillips Holmes is the boy, and the scene between his father, played by Granville Bates, and the grandfather, Edward Ellis, is tops. But the brightest star is little Anne Shirley, playing with great skill and charm.



In character! Edward Arnold as you'll see him in his next important film, based on the novel, "Sutter's Gold."

The Bohemian Girl

Hal Roach

A perfectly grand Laurel and Hardy comedy, with music, built around this vintage operatta. There are several spots with good five-minute howls, and these comedians were never funnier than as they appear here as the gypsies, whose torture chamber session will put you in stitches. Operatic interludes have been beautifully done, with superb choruses. Jacqueline Wells sings like a bird the famous "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls." Don't miss it.

The Old Curiosity Shop

British International

If you are a Dickens fan, and particularly if "The Old Curiosity Shop" is an especial pet, you'll enjoy seeing *Little Nell*, *Quilp* and the others as they materialize on the screen against the authentic backgrounds in this English film. But that about begins and ends the attractions of this picture. The story has no sustained interest in itself as revealed here, and the production technically is only so-so.

Skull and Crown

Reliable

An action story—suspense and hair-breadth escapes, with Rin-Tin-Tin, Jr., distinguishing his famous name. He is Regis Toomey's pal, and Regis is a member of the Border Patrol, hot after smugglers. In a fight, poor Rinty is knocked cold, and Regis' sister is killed, so the blame for not protecting her falls on the dog. He proves his mettle in another fight. Molly O'Day and Lois January supply the feminine appeal.



You simply can't expect to have sparkling eyes, a clear youthful complexion and plenty of pep, unless you insist on regular elimination. Never wait a second day. Take a beauty laxative.

Olive Tablets gently and safely help nature carry off the waste and poisonous matter in one's system; keep you looking and feeling fine and fit. And they're non-habit-forming.

Keep a box of these time-tried beauty laxatives handy for the times when nature skips a day. Three sizes, 15¢-30¢-60¢. All druggists.



Brush Away
GRAY HAIR
AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER



and BROWNATONE does it. Prove it—by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair.

Used and approved—for over twenty-four years by thousands of women. BROWNATONE is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

BROWNATONE—only 50¢—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee, or—

SEND FOR TEST BOTTLE

The Kenton Pharmacal Co.
383 Brownatone Bldg., Covington, Kentucky
Please send me Test Bottle of BROWNATONE and interesting booklet. Enclosed is a 3c stamp to cover partly, cost of packing and mailing.

State shade wanted _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Print Your Name and Address

Here's Hollywood

Continued from page 66



Author team: Frances Marion, writer of many screen successes, and James Hilton, British author, whose novel "Goodbye Mr. Chips" is soon to be filmed, seen as they prepare to collaborate on an original scenario.

IT GETS you sooner or later, meaning old *Mal de mer*—seasickness to you. Shirley Temple sailed all the way to Honolulu and back and was in the very pink of condition all the way, even though the ocean did considerable rolling and tossing at times. But the other day on the "Captain January" set she had to do a scene on a boat in the studio tank when suddenly Miss Temple turned as white as a sheet and had to make quickly for the rail. They had to take her to the studio hospital and it was quite some time before she regained her sea legs—and sea stomach.

WITH Clark Gable's horse "Beverly Hills" entered in the big race the opening day of the Santa Anita race-track at least two-thirds of Hollywood planked down their dough on "Beverly Hills on the nose." Beverly Hills never did finish the race—he just got bored with it all and stopped. All of Clark's pals, (and some of them not so pally after that), looked high and low for Clark to give him the ribbing of his life, but Clark, it seems, was rather bored with it all, too, and hadn't even bothered to go to the track. Hollywood found out later that Beverly Hills doesn't even belong to Clark any more—the nag is owned by Mrs. Rhea Gable.

STROLLING on the "Indestructible Mrs. Talbot" set at RKO yesterday, imagine our amazement to find Ann Harding and Herbert Marshall toasting marshmallows in front of a large open fireplace! The scene was an Adirondack camp with a *real* fire burning in the huge open grate—that was the first surprise. Usually they simulate these things. Ann sent out for the marshmallows, and between scenes she and Marshall toasted them for the cast and crew. A trifle gummy, but awfully good, we beg to report.

PAUL MUNI went poking around in a Chinese butcher-shop—and found an actor. Lee Fong Chin, patriarch of San Francisco's Chinatown, will journey to Hollywood and play a part in the "Good Earth"—a silent part, as he is too old to begin learning English now. In fact, he doesn't even know how old he is, but remembers how exciting it was way out in the wilds of California when they heard a Civil War had broken out! Thinks he was about twenty then.

"MAKE your child as different as possible from Shirley Temple if you want her to be a success in pictures. Studios do not want copies of success. They want to discover something entirely new." That is the casting-director's advice to ambitious parents. Mrs. Rose Granville, mother of 12-year-old Bonita, refrained from curling her little girl's hair and teaching her to tap-dance, as her friends advised. She has always urged the child to be individual, and the answer is an important rôle with Miriam Hopkins, Merle Oberon, and Joel McCrea in "These Three."

HAVE you a little auction in your neighborhood? If so, and it's anywhere near where Pat O'Brien and Jimmy Cagney could travel, you'd be sure to see them. The two screen collectors, who are close friends in private life, attend the local auctions weekly. Jimmy is a collector of rare paintings. Pat's interest is in antiques and books for the new library now being added to his Brentwood home.

IF YOU enjoyed reading "Tortilla Flat" as much as I did, you will be delighted to hear that it is going to be transferred to the screen. There is some talk of George Raft playing *Danny*, and that would be swell if they don't slick him up too much.

WHEN Governor Allred of Texas visited Hollywood recently he naturally took a great interest in the studios, as who wouldn't, but the only movie star he asked to meet was Ginger Rogers. At a big Texas party given at the Biltmore, Governor Allred made Ginger an admiral in the Texas navy—Ginger, of course, sort of being the "local girl makes good." For it was in Dallas, Texas, that Ginger, a gangling school girl, won the Charleston Contest that also won her a vaudeville tour. Did you know that Ginger had the opportunity of being the Shirley Temple of her day? When she was three or thereabouts her mother was employed in the old Balboa studio on the West Coast in the script department and little Ginger used to make mud-pies and cut out paper-dolls back of the studio. A director saw her one day, and, completely captivated, asked Mrs. Rogers' permission to put the child in pictures. But Mrs. Rogers didn't think much of the idea, and maybe she was right, for after all the only "baby star" to succeed in pictures when grown up is Madge Evans.

And we mustn't forget the moral. When Mrs. Rogers was working at the Balboa studios she was writing scenarios for Baby Marie Osborne, and unless you are very young you certainly remember Baby Marie, who *was* the Shirley Temple of her day. Well, when Mrs. Rogers saw all the money Baby Marie was making she was sort of tempted to trot out Baby Ginger, but she thought better of it. Now, Baby Marie is Ginger Rogers' stand-in, and very happy to have the job.

DRIVING out to see some friends in Brentwood the other evening, we were amazed to see lights all over Gary Cooper's new house, which is nowhere nearly completed. Well, our friends who live practically next door said the Coopers just couldn't wait, so they were moving in anyway, and the carpenters would just have to work around 'em.

BOB MONTGOMERY, Chester Morris, and Sir Guy Standing strolled into the quiet and well-bred Victor Hugo restaurant, and disposed themselves for a leisurely luncheon. Imagine their embarrassment to find it was fashion-show day, and be vies of lovely ladies flocked in, droves of them. The models got the worst of it. The girls were so busy noticing the actor's table, they hardly looked at the new Spring creations.



Another popular pair teamed! We see here, Madge Evans and Franchot Tone acting in their first film together.



The Happiest Girl in the World...

AND why shouldn't she be . . . for she holds romance in her hands —hands that reflect the perfection of her grooming and the fastidiousness of her nature. For hands *do* express things that mere words cannot say. If you would be irresistible (yes, hands *can* be irresistible) with graceful, tapering, satin-smooth nails, then use PLAT-NUM, the favorite nail polish of millions of lovely women. Whether you prefer a creme or transparent polish, you may choose from 12 different true-tone shades, any one of which will blend with gown, complexion, lipstick or rouge. PLAT-NUM is really a superior polish. It goes on smoothly, sets evenly and has a lasting quality. It conceals nail imperfections and does not crack, chip, peel or discolor. Gives to your nails a soft, shimmering, shell-like surface. Try a generous, over-size 10c bottle of your own particular shade today. PLAT-NUM is on sale at any 5 and 10 cent store. See the newest shades.



FREE



this booklet

This interesting, informative stiff cover bound booklet will be sent to you upon receipt of 4c in stamps to cover postage.

PLAT-NUM

Nail Polish

PLAT-NUM LABORATORIES • 80 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK



— and Chesterfields
are usually there



...they're mild
and yet
They Satisfy